

THE

SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

The Passionists in China

**ATTWATER
BELLOC
HOMAN
GURN**

**GOULDING
BURTON
BRADY
LAW**

For Catholic Press Month:

THE CHRIST-LIFE OF THE CHURCH

By Fulton J. Sheen

**LANG
MOODY
GORMAN
O'CONNOR**

**CLEGG
GWYNN
WALKER
EDWARDS**

The Sign-Post: Communications

The Passionist Missionaries (*Care of The Sign*) Union City, New Jersey

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Catholic Press Month

THE month of February is annually set aside by the leaders of the American hierarchy as "Catholic Press Month." Pastors and priests are requested, in their sermons and instructions during this month, to urge wider and stronger support of this admirable and worthy form of Catholic Action. Editors of Catholic publications run feature articles and, in some cases, special editions for the purpose of arousing interest and enthusiasm.

Last month, in commenting on the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic Truth Society of England, we took occasion to remind our readers of the exceptional opportunities afforded them by the Catholic Press of bettering themselves intellectually and spiritually. In the same article the evils and errors of the secular press were pointed out.

The foregoing paragraph is not set down by way of apology. There is no need to apologize for returning so soon to such a vital and serious problem. The word problem is quite in order, for the existing state of the Catholic Press is a problem that disturbs more than a few of the country's zealous prelates and hard-working Catholic editors.

AS Affairs stand at present, the generality of American Catholics take the influence, the splendid accomplishments and the crying needs of their Press far too lightly. Adequate support is lacking. Interest is at a low ebb. Neither is this the bleat of a crank or a pessimist. Facts and figures prove the justice of such complaints.

There are approximately 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States. Serving these people are 314 Catholic publications of various types and in different languages. Their combined circulation is 7,500,000, or slightly better than one-third of the total Catholic population. The disparity of these figures is further accentuated when one reflects that thousands of Catholics subscribe to several different periodicals at once, so that the actual coverage of the publications of the Catholic Press is in hopeless disproportion to the Catholic population. It is the old story of a few good carrying the major share of the burden.

Some may say that the Catholic Press itself is to blame for this indifference; that it is antiquated; that it has mediocre writers; or that its offerings are dull and uninteresting. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Catholic Press of the United States is better organized and gives better service than any denominational press in the land. The Catholic Press has rallied money and talents to its service to a degree that is quite generally unappreciated. Catholic newspapers and magazines are thoroughly modern, up to date in appearance, lavish of pictures and news items and run at a great expense which leaves practically no profit.

Among Catholic editors there are self-sacrificing laymen who could easily earn big money in the secular newspaper and magazine fields. Some of the authors and contributors whose names are familiar to Catholic readers are among the most notable in the literary world. These editors and writers have given their time and talents to this cause of the Catholic Press in season and

out of season and, some of them, for years on end without hope of financial gain. Their work and self-sacrifice have placed the Catholic Press in an enviable position in American journalism. The thought that hurts is caused by the amazing apathy of thousands of professed Catholics who do not give proper coöperation to such a noble cause.

WE fully realize that in writing this we are, in a way, pleading our own cause. Neither is there any need for apology on that score. THE SIGN would long ago have folded up and ceased publication if something better than a desire for material gain had not inspired its editors, its contributors, its loyal employees and, yes, its readers. These last have been a constant source of encouragement during the early and dark days. The great numbers of them who renew their subscriptions faithfully, without any reminders or without the use of high-pressure methods, have helped to convince us that THE SIGN does its own unique part in the great work of the Apostolate of the Catholic Press.

It has been, from the very beginning, our persistent endeavor to make THE SIGN a worthy member of that great organization known as the Catholic Press. Our resources have been taxed at times to attain our desire to send out a well-printed magazine containing the very finest sort of religious-cultural fare. We have obtained some of the best known Catholic writers in the English-speaking world. The contributions of these men and women have brought forth much praise and favorable comment. We are proud of them and their work, and grateful to them for the unselfish spirit which they evinced in graciously accepting as payment sums which, of a necessity, were much smaller than what they might have received from a secular magazine.

WE are of the opinion that the authors appearing in the present issue form a genuinely representative group of the very best in contemporary Catholic journalism. We would like to call attention to the predominance of American Catholic writers. Some of these are already well-known. Others are youthful writers, a few even appearing for the first time in print. These young writers show great promise, and THE SIGN intends to do everything in its power to encourage and support worthy young Catholic authors.

THE SIGN is doing its utmost to help the cause and increase the prestige of the Catholic Press. For this it needs the support and coöperation of all its readers. We, therefore, appeal to all the readers of THE SIGN to become co-workers, to become apostles, to share in the glorious Apostolate of the Catholic Press. If this letter should fall into the hands of any who are not subscribers to THE SIGN or supporters of the Catholic Press, we beg them to heed our plea.

Father Theophane Maguire, S. J.

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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

THE result of the plebiscite in the Saar, conducted under the authority of the League of Nations, has resulted in an overwhelming verdict of ballots in favor of return to Germany.

The Saarlanders Choose The Reich

The result has surpassed even the most sanguine hopes of the Nazis. Among the 90.4 per cent who voted for reunion with the Reich, a large Catholic vote must have been included. This shows that despite their deserved antipathy to Reichführer Hitler for his attacks on Christian churches, and the Catholic Church in particular, the ties of race and blood triumphed over every other consideration. If the truth were known, it was not because of Hitler, but in spite of him that they voted as they did.

It is to be hoped that this decisive vote may sober the impulsive and ruthless Hitler and his cohorts, and inspire them to carry on the remainder of the process of taking over the Saar without offense either to the peace of Germany or of Europe. Certainly he has received a solemn mandate not to offend the Catholic citizens of the Saar by unreasonable and unjustified attacks on their faith and liberty of worship. And all those who voted against reunion should not be treated as pariahs and traitors, for having exercised a right and privilege granted to them by the League of Nations. Later dispatches from the Saar, however, furnish grounds for grave anxiety that the Nazis have not yet learned moderation.

ON January 10, Mary Pickford, known among screen devotees as "America's Sweetheart," was divorced from Douglas (Don Juan) Fairbanks in Los Angeles in three minutes. The suit was not contested. They were married secretly in 1920, after both had been divorced from their first partners. In the

Hollywood's Ideal Marriage on the Rocks

movie kingdom they were regarded as the "ideal couple." But that was long ago.

We can appreciate the wave of sympathy which came from Miss Pickford's admirers over this crisis in her matrimonial career, for she always seemed so wholesome and lovable a lady. Looked at from the Christian viewpoint, however, there seems little cause for wonder that Mary and Doug, as the movie fans called them, reached the parting of the ways. There was nothing, it would seem, to keep them united but mutual attraction. Mutual attraction is a very frail foundation to build a union-until-death upon. It has a way

of vanishing when the years begin to tell on one's beauty and form, and the bloom of the rose fades. This is especially the case when some one with more "attraction" comes along. Unions which are founded on the flesh go the way of all flesh, which is like "the grass of the field, which is today, and tomorrow is cast into the oven."

Sigrid Undset makes a shrewd observation in this connection in her book, *Stages on the Road*. She says that she does not believe that any woman will be faithful to a man, unless she has something outside and superior to themselves to which she may cling. The same holds true for the fidelity of a husband towards his wife, for there is no double standard in Christian morals. For Christians this rock of support in the storms which assail the frail bark of matrimonial fidelity is supplied by the Sacrament of Marriage, which bestows divine grace to enable fickle hearts to be ever faithful to their plighted word. There is no divine grace bestowed on unions which are the result of mere natural attraction.

Miss Pickford has written a book entitled *Why Not Try God*. She tells of how much consolation she derived from asking God to help when all other means failed her. In her present realization of the fickleness of human fidelity she has an opportunity to put her faith to the test. We hope that she does, for she can be assured that God will refresh and comfort her, according to His word.

THE movement to encourage and train Catholic laymen and laywomen to carry the message of Christ and His Church to the people of the United States by addressing street corner

Catholic Campaigners for Christ

meetings and other open-air gatherings has grown to considerable proportions. The interest manifested at the last "National Catholic Evidence Conference" held in Cleveland was most commendable. The field in which the seed of Catholic truth can be sown is as wide as our beloved land. Not only in rural districts, where Catholics are generally few and the Church unknown and even hated, but also in large cities where citizens have many opportunities to learn the truth about the Catholic Church, there is need for the message of Catholic Evidence Guilds.

Mr. David Goldstein, the zealous and noted convert from Judaism and co-founder, with the late Martha Moore Avery, of the Catholic Truth Society of Boston—the parent unit in this commendable lay campaign, suggests that the name of any organization in this field, and the terminology to be employed by members of such groups in their work, be distinctly American. No matter what names and terms may be used abroad to designate the groups and their work, he maintains,

and quite reasonably, that more profit will result from adopting familiar American terminology and American methods.

Thus, he suggests the choice of the name "Catholic Campaigners for Christ" instead of "Catholic Evidence Guild." The former has a positive and an offensive (in a strategic sense) character. Whereas, according to Mr. Goldstein, the latter name reflects the traditional negative and defensive character of Catholic Apologetics. Instead of "pitches" to designate meetings—the term used in England—he suggests the simple, old-fashioned, American phrase "Open-air-meetings." The speakers should not be called "licensed speakers," but "authorized speakers." The expression "licensed speakers" connotes, in many minds hostile to the Church, such things as dogs, autos, and saloon keepers.

Mr. Goldstein's ideas have merit and deserve zealous consideration by those engaged in bringing the message of the Church to the man-in-the-street. There is probably no American Catholic layman more experienced and wiser in such affairs than the same Mr. Goldstein. It is always good psychology to make one's approach to the person known as "John Q. Public" in the language and manner familiar and acceptable to him. St. Paul did this in the Areopagus at Athens. The Catholic Apostle of the Twentieth century cannot do better than imitate him.



AN eminent attorney has undertaken the defense of a man under indictment for a revolting crime. By his own admission he expects no monetary reward for his labors but

Publicity and Prayer

he smilingly admits that he will be amply repaid by obtaining a million dollars' worth of publicity. Such being the temper of the times and the value placed on the enormous amount of free advertising in our newspaper and radio age, it should afford us Catholics a modicum of comfort to reflect that the persecution of the Church in Mexico is giving her world-wide publicity. But there is more in the matter than this surface consideration. A million dollars' worth of self-advertisement will not make it possible for defense counsel to prove the innocence of his client. That can only be established by indubitable facts. In the case of the Catholic Church, persecution not only brings publicity, but it also advertises a fact—a sound a proof as one could desire—that she is the Church founded by Christ—that the principle by which she lives is Divine. "If you had been of the world," said her Divine Founder, "the world would love its own, but because you are not of the world but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, she is also the persecuted Church. She has endured and triumphed over the fury of the Jewish synagogue, the ferocity of Roman Emperors, the savage violence of fanatical Mohammedanism. She has survived the revolt of Luther and his state allies. She has preserved her identity in the defection of England, Scotland and Wales; she presented a rock-like stability during the raging terror of the French Revolution. The present persecution is only another world-wide advertisement of the fact that her vitality can have only a Divine source.

We must not however remain in complacent contemplation of this miracle of the Church's undying life. There is an urgent need of earnest, pleading prayer that all men may recognize and acknowledge her as the true Church of Christ. Nor can any amount of protests and memorials take the place of prayer for our suffering brethren in the Faith. For them the issues are momentous, eternal. Besides the hatred of the wicked, there is also a Divine permission by which these persecutions are allowed to take place. Who can be indifferent, who can remain satisfied with only an occasional prayer as he reads the awful sentence in the Gospel: "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He (the Father) will

take away: and every one that beareth fruit, He will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit."



THE value of the week-end retreat as a major adjunct to the cause of Catholic Action was particularly emphasized at the recent National Conference on Lay Retreats held in Washington at the Catholic University.

Week-end Retreats An Aid to Catholic Action

Bishop Gannon of Erie—Bishop McNamara of Baltimore—Bishop Albers of Cincinnati—Bishop Ryan of the Catholic University—and, preeminent among them, His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, voicing the *Mens Nostra* of His Holiness, Pius XI, were, to the Lay Delegates from the United States and Canada, lights of inspiring leadership and noble zeal in the development of this splendid branch of Catholic Action.

And at the Conference banquet the Delegates and their friends sat in rapt attention listening to the eloquent Hon. John A. Matthews of Newark and to the inspiring words of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic University.

Monsignor Sheen, in his remarks on the "Value of Being Impractical," seemed to strike home to the essential philosophy of the whole retreat idea. With the most practical problems in the social, economic, political, and religious world before them, men turn away and do a very impractical thing by hiding away in a retreat house—down on their knees—searching for the solution of their problems by the light of prayer—a highly impractical way to reform society.

However, "It is the soul of society that is sick," said Monsignor Sheen, "and if we are to reform society we must follow the very impractical way that you have taken, by beginning to reform ourselves. We can look forward to no great betterment until the retreat movement and all it stands for spreads throughout the world and particularly this great country of ours." He calls for, of all things, "a rebirth of monasticism in the broad sense of the term." "We need men who will simply bathe themselves in a Pentecostal spirit. We will solve the problems of our day by living close to God."

The reformation of society by the reformation of oneself. Was it not Socrates who began all philosophy with his "Know Thyself"?

Was it not Shakespeare who said "To thine own self be true—Then thou canst not be false to any man"?

And someone else very wisely said: "If every man sweeps in front of his own door the whole street will be clean."



AS this is written Bruno Richard Hauptmann stands in the shadow of the death chair, charged with the murder of a child—the son of a famous father. More than 400 reporters

Reason and Sentiment

and special writers have been assigned to cover the trial and it is estimated that 1,000,000 words a day are sent out over the wires. Whatever the outcome of the case, it is certain that no verdict of guilty will be rendered against the accused man simply because of the extraneous fact that the father of the dead boy is held in universal esteem and has attained international fame and reputation. Nor will the jurors sentimentalize over the sad fate of a child, so suddenly snatched away from a home that afforded every luxury and from parents who guaranteed a future bright with promise. That would be a travesty on justice, which can be served only when a verdict is based on cold, hard, indisputable facts, on evidence sufficient to convict even a murderer of a child of the people, no matter how poor or unknown to fame.

The reader may smile at our simplicity in putting the matter in just this way, but the sober truth is that countless men and women base many of their moral judgments and decisions on pure sentiment. Murder is murder whether the victim is a 20-month-old or a living, unborn child. The right to life is there and no reason in the world can justify a violation of that right and yet this crime is perpetrated today for motives that rest solely on sentiment. In the same way illicit birth-control tries to make a crime against nature and God appear as an act of social and economic prudence instead of the vile, ugly sin that it is. The reasons advanced are nothing but emotional appeals, tearful descriptions of the poverty in city slums and harrowing accounts of family sickness and distress. With the opening of Congress there is bound to be a renewal of this sickening propaganda for birth-control, and Catholics are warned to judge the morality of this important matter, not by the specious pleas of sobbing sentimentalists, but in the light of the immutable Law of God.

The only tears this subject can draw from Christian people, the only sentiment in which they can indulge, must spring from the awful thought of the vast number of children who, through these unspeakable sins, will never call God their Father, and who will never behold the splendor of a heavenly home merited by the Blood of Christ.



AN official letter from Mr. J. H. Meier, Secretary of the Catholic Press Association, carries the information that dishonest solicitors for subscriptions to Catholic publications are active in various sections of the country. **THE SIGN** is asked to relay this news to its readers. Agents authorized by the Catholic Press Association carry, and should be asked to show, identifying credentials. If any agent should arouse suspicions, the police should be notified immediately.

A Communication from the Catholic Press Association

THE SIGN, as we have reminded our subscribers before, has no agents nor does it employ the services of any subscription agency.

We also take this occasion to congratulate the Circulation Vigilance Committee of the Catholic Press Association on the splendid work it has accomplished in the matter of exposing bogus agents and fraudulent agencies.



THE note of alarm manifest in the letters of our missionaries, to be found on Page 416d, is tempered by two far different notes—zeal and determination. The heroic priests and Sisters were, in most cases, the last to leave the war-torn sections of Hunan; the newly-consecrated bishop and his consular are still in the besieged city of Shenchow. Their concern was all for others, lastly for themselves.

The Passionists in China Are Not Defeated

The Passionist missionaries in China have been driven out of their mission territory before. They have had to stand by and see the work of years destroyed by bandits in the pay of the Soviet. Three of them have suffered martyrdom in their consuming zeal for souls. The latest outbreak has not conquered that brave apostolic spirit. Continuing the magnificent traditions of a missionary Church, they will not admit defeat. The present Communist wave of destruction cannot deter these spiritual warriors stationed on the outposts of God's kingdom—far off Hunan. As soon as ever the Reds have exhausted their fury, they will start back to begin again for Christ Crucified.

May we ask your increased spiritual and material coöperation for these men and women in their sad hour? A church

that ceases to be a missionary church, ceases to be a living church. We are all members of the glorious Mystical Body of Christ—His Church. We are all partakers of His plentiful redemption. But too many, these days, prefer to stay on the fringes of the Body which Christ created and which He vivifies.

The present hour is an hour of crisis and in an hour of crisis one's religion meets its severest test. The missionaries have not faltered or failed. Shall you fail them—and Christ Crucified?



THE long awaited report of President Roosevelt's Committee on Economic Security is most encouraging. Most of us have come to distrust reports of committees and investigations and such governmental goings-on. They are generally boresome and futile. This one, however, manifests a decidedly hopeful and forward-looking spirit. In the words of the well known commentator, Walter Lippmann, the report in question "is as good an example as any one could wish of what disinterested experts who are really expert can do to clarify and guide public policy."

Three major economic problems were investigated and discussed and remedies offered—unemployment insurance, old age pension and insurance, and aid for widows and orphans. There is a promise of a form of health insurance some time in the near future.

It is now squarely up to business and the State governments. Sad to relate, some of the most progressive legislation of President Roosevelt, notably section 7A, the collective bargaining clause of the NRA, has suffered immeasurably from schemes and subterfuges to circumvent its usefulness. Of course the plan, as offered at present, is in need of several changes but it should not be allowed to be dickered with too much by our congressional "experts."

What is proposed offers only the minimum of security for the unprivileged and unfortunate class of Americans. However, even this is a tremendous step ahead and a long march beyond the conditions prevailing in the old order. Other countries have preceded us in this humane business and are already far advanced and successful.

Viewing the thing as a whole forces the acknowledgment that once again President Roosevelt has offered to Congress and the nation reform measures that are in accord with the principles of Catholic ethics, especially as they are set forth in the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII.



TO Very Rev. Msgr. Raymond A. Kearney, on his appointment as Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of Brooklyn. Bishop-elect Kearney is the youngest member of the Catholic Hierarchy, being only thirty-two years of age. †To John O. Riedl, of the Department of Philosophy, Marquette University, on his election as President of the American Catholic Philosophical Association. †To Msgr. Nelson H. Baker, of the Shrine of Our Lady of Victory, Lackawanna, N. Y., on his splendid three-year record of 618 Negro converts. †To Rep. J. P. Higgins, of Massachusetts, on his forthright and courageous condemnation of the Mexican Government. †To Rev. Michael J. Ready, Assistant General Secretary of the NWCW, on being made a Monsignor. †To the Catholic Women's Club of Los Angeles, on its remarkable financial and spiritual record for the past year. †To the Catholic Association for International Peace, on its plan for holding regional conferences at Catholic colleges in various sections of the country.

Toasts Within the Month

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

CANDLEMAS

By Mazie V. Caruthers, in the "Times" of New York.

CANDLES, which holy Church has blessed today,
Gleam through thick shadows on our journey's way!
Symbol of purity and blessedness,
Shine on all childish heads with tenderness,
Comfort the dying. Point their weary feet
Down the dim vale to pastures green and sweet.
Lighten the darkness of our mortal mind—
When peril threatens, grant us guidance kind,
So through this year in safety we may pass—
Burn, radiant tapers, blessed at Candlemas!

COMMUNISM AT CLOSE RANGE

THE well known writer, I. A. R. Wylie, gives an unbiased picture of conditions in Soviet Russia, in her series of articles appearing in the "Saturday Evening Post." Following are a few excerpts:

Coming out of Russia has been like waking from a hypnotic dream. Gradually, reality slips into place. I realize with grateful astonishment that the old landmarks are still standing. The sentries keep guard over Buckingham Palace. If they are singing the *Internationale*, it is not audibly. Whitehall is not, after all, a sea of blood. And New York, from all I hear, is still very much New York.

On the whole, was amazed at the amount of horrors that I was shown without shame and even with a certain complacency, and I came to the conclusion that the average U. S. S. R. citizen is too self-satisfied and too ignorant of Western standards to realize that they are horrors. And they are no doubt encouraged in this point of view by those queerly constituted American and English travelers who scream to high heaven if a Communist is knocked over the head in their own country and accept forced labor and shooting without trial in the U. S. S. R. without a murmur. If the Communist lies—which he does frequently—it is instinctively, almost unconsciously, and from the best Communist motives. The end crowns all.

Every office I went into was decorated with charts—exquisite charts in all the colors of the rainbow. They represented months of delicate draftsmanship and artistic endeavor. But all too often very little else. Finally I decided that when a Russian has drawn up a plan for a factory which is to produce so-and-so many tractors, he considers that the factory is already built and the tractors on the road. I visited one tractor factory which, I was told, turned out five hundred tractors a day. Actually, it produced seventy-five. What my guide meant was that it could turn out five hundred—if it was working properly. But for some reason or other, it wasn't. It didn't seem to her that it made much difference. She was rather annoyed at my insistence on such trivial matters of detail.

I have a vivid but not exhilarating recollection of a huge coöperative farm in the Ukraine—a scattered collection of little whitewashed houses surrounded by a vast treeless expanse of open country and linked together by a dusty road that, in wet weather, would have been impassable for a car. As it was, we were able to track down the chairman of the board and interview him in the communal dining room. It was a bleak barnlike structure, unadorned save for the inevitable charts and slogans and portraits of Lenin and Stalin. Two depressed and morosely silent peasants sat at the same table with us and devoured black bread and cabbage soup and listened to the chairman's glowing account of increased pro-

duction with set and enigmatic faces. The chairman himself glowed not at all. He might have been reciting a carefully learned lesson. Yes, everything was better. They had had an excellent harvest. They were making money. They had everything they wanted—a few more tractors perhaps. These would come in time. But as I rose to go, he motioned to my cigarette case. "If the comrade could spare a cigarette—" I gave him all I had, and for the first time I saw him smile.

There were women outside, beating beans with old-fashioned flails. I asked one of them if I might see her home—I remember her clearly because she was one of the few good-looking women I saw in Russia—and we went together across the fields to a little two-roomed house set in an untidy yard. The rooms were small and dark, and incredibly untidy and squalid. There was the inevitable Russian stove and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. But one wall was bright with gaudy ikons, and these, I could see, annoyed and disconcerted our local guide, who had already shown strong symptoms of wishing to side-track us. I asked our hostess, did she believe in God, then—and a faint, almost mocking gleam of laughter danced in her bright eyes as she glanced at the guide's glumly disapproving face. "Why not?" she said.

The wonder, to my mind, is not that the Bolsheviks have done so well, but that they have not done better. And for whatever good they accomplished they have paid a monstrous and silly price, not only in human life and happiness but in human values. They have thrown on the funeral pyre attributes that humanity has taken centuries to acquire. And what has come out of the holocaust seems to me ugly, perverted and sterile.

Now that I have been there myself I am more than ever convinced that we have nothing to fear from Russian Communism and very little to learn from it. It is at once too immature and too old-fashioned. It makes the mistake, common to all immature minds all the world over, of confusing mechanization with civilization, pedantry with culture, and contentment with economics. It is floundering in the morass of a Victorian bourgeois materialism which, typically enough, it thinks it has discovered and from whose drab and stifling clutches we are just beginning to escape. For Russia it may be a part of an inevitable evolution from barbarism. But for us to retrace our steps would be an act of sheer perversity.

CLASS DISTINCTION

JOHN O'REN, in the "Baltimore Sun" relates the unfortunate experience of a lady member of the horse set with a hitherto untested branch of the American family:

To avoid assassination or its equivalent I suppose I should place the subjoined anecdote in Leonardtown or Frostburg. Actually it happened considerably nearer.

As chairman of the local horse show committee the people of the village selected the lady of the manor, one of the old school who are never out of the saddle—or hardly ever. Her first stipulation was that the financial affairs of the committee should be kept in order. No lagging bills, no delinquent entry fees. She thought the whole thing should be cleaned up within a few days after the show. Well, when the committee met for the last time the treasurer reported that there were still bills outstanding and that several entry fees remained unpaid. The chairman rose in all her manorial majesty.

"I have worked with grooms," she announced in frigid tones; "I have worked with Negroes, I have worked with the aristocracy, but this represents my first venture with the middle class, and it is my last."

BUTTON! BUTTON!

A GENTLEMAN who was bored by all this button business voices a complaint and offers a few vital statistics in a letter to the "Times" of New York:

To the Editor of The New York Times:

In his letter to THE TIMES our friend Tavitian shows by the trend of his thoughts on the subject of "hour-pounds" of clothes-carrying what comes of the departure from ancestral custom in bathing as frequently and as reflectively as he says he does. Now I do not complain of clothes-carrying, since clothes are, in my case, merely the tare which is not 6 per cent of the useful load which goes by the name appended hereto. My grievance is with buttons.

Almost any morning that I decide to accoutre myself in raiment fresh from the laundry, from the skin out I must perform the following operations:

Description	Buttonholes Cleared
Remove pajamas	7
Remove right cuff link from previous day's shirt....	2
Remove left cuff link from previous day's shirt....	2
Remove rear collar button from previous day's shirt..	1
Remove front collar button from previous day's shirt..	1
Button up underwear	7
Button up shirt front	6
Button small buttons on shirt arms above cuff links...	2
Put right cuff link into place	4
Put left cuff link into place	4
Put rear collar button into place	1
Put front collar button into place	1
Put on collar	3
Remove galluses from previous day's trousers.....	6
Put on trousers, including galluses.....	12
Put on vest	6
Put on jacket	2
Put on overcoat	3
Total (spats omitted)	70

Button and unbuttoning jacket and coat during the day-time, and vest after meals, and disrobing at night probably brings the total of daily buttoning operations, save when one is confined to bed, to 170 or more, about 1,200 a week, 63,000 a year, or 3,500,000 in an ordinary lifetime, not counting such assistance as we must render others. At an average of five seconds per button, without the handicap of a smashed thumb, we spend the equivalent of practically two years of office work buttoning and unbuttoning buttons.

My jacket and coat, being double-breasted, are freighted with eighteen supernumerary buttons which embarrass me by working loose, becoming lost, destroying the appearance of symmetry in my garb and contributing to my general untidiness. I can see no good in them save, perhaps, that making them gives employment to people in Scranton who would otherwise have to wait for phonograph record orders to come in to keep the presses busy—and that business is not what it used to be, either.

I still think the Moujik's blouse is the best bet in its line. You allow it to descend on you, loop the business at the waist, hook the collar and, presto!—the job is done! You don't even have to tuck the tails in! We can learn from those Russians.

—A. J. FRANCK, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

FOR SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

THE poetry of the beloved Joyce Kilmer has been reprinted and quoted times without number. Still, his beautiful tribute to Our Lady in "A Blue Valentine" has lost none of its freshness and power to charm:

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentinus,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect

And I kiss your episcopal ring.

It is not, Monsignore,
The fragrant memory of your holy life,
Nor that of your shining and joyous martyrdom,
Which causes me now to address you.
But since this is your august festival, Monsignore,
It seems appropriate to me to state,
According to a venerable and agreeable custom,
That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart.

It is like the light coming through blue stained glass,
Yet not quite like it,
For the blueness is not transparent,
Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul cannot be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton,
infantile, wise.
And noble.
She wears, Monsignore, a blue garment,
Made in the manner of the Japanese.
It is very blue—
I think that her eyes have made it more blue,
Sweetly staining it
As the pressure of her body has graciously given it form.
Loving her, Monsignore,
I love all her attributes;
But I believe
That even if I did not love her
I would love the blueness of her eyes,
And her blue garment, made in the manner of the
Japanese.

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my pleas
are the most exquisite and maternal Brigid,
Gallant Saint Stephen, who puts fire in my blood,
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But, of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favour:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with roses
because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
I beg you, say to her:
"Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants
yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown."

DEPRESSION

THE sentiments of John Doe in an article in the "Christian Century" are quite different from those expressed by The Forgotten Man in the pages of "The Sign" last month:

After five years of this depraving, depriving depression what a changed man I am! When I look into my mental mirror, I scarcely recognize myself. In fact, if it were not for a few mental scars that recent experiences have deeply carved into my memory, I could easily be persuaded that I am not the same person that went about life so complacently previous to 1929.

I suppose that I ought to say just here that I am one of the ordinary common-garden-variety American citizens. There is nothing that distinguishes me from tens of thousands of

other John Doe's. Previous to the time that I was "let out" (early in the spring of 1930) I had worked, off and on, for the J—— steel company for seventeen years. I had seen "hard times" before, but I took it stoically and unconcernedly. It was just a part of the system and there was nothing to do about it. I cannot recall that I ever gave one challenge to the absolute right of the company to hire and fire at its discretion. In fact, I remember saying that it was only right for a large industrial plant to turn the fire hose on those "striking radicals" on a certain sub-zero day.

At last that October of 1929! It is too long a story to repeat here. My unemployment came early. From that first lay-off until the present I have made less than \$300 a year. Our family has run the whole gamut of human emotions and suffering. We lost our home; the oldest boy in sheer desperation wandered away from home and we do not know his present whereabouts. Helen (she was the youngest) took sick, and no one can ever tell me that her death was not due to undernourishment and exposure. We have been hungry, cold, destitute. I have stood in breadlines to receive doles of food. Jane would humiliate herself and take the children to the Red Cross for clothing. We would send the children to the nearby soup-kitchen. I owe bills that it will require months to pay even if I have steady work.

For the past three months I have been working again. But it seems to be the same old future. If the orders come in I will get some work; when the orders stop, unemployment for me! We are living like hunted animals. Every night when I come back from work there is the unasked question on the faces of my wife and children: Do you expect to go back tomorrow? The mere writing of this on a piece of paper brings an extreme fright. I was with the A.E.F. for nine months, but the over-the-top order never brought the fear that the thought of having to go through another depression brings. Unemployment will bring again that hell of the past five years!

Well, I swear by the high heavens that I'll never consent to this situation being continued. Never will I go back to the plan whereby the rugged individualism of a few makes millions of us ragged individuals. Those memories of a wife and children huddled around a little laundry stove, our last piece of coal burning in it, empty bellies, scrawny bodies, black despair—and I, an able-bodied man tramping the streets trying for any possible employment and getting only humiliating taunts! God! the memories of those weary walks home at the end of the day and no work!

No, I'll never go back! If that is capitalism (whatever that means) then I am pledged to combat it forever. I am through with the system of the past. I swear that I will die in combat against such a monstrous thing.

I make one last plea. I make it to my President, to Congress, to the men who wield financial power on Wall Street, to the industrial giants, to the American Federation of Labor and all other labor organizations, to anyone that can help: *Don't drive me radical!* I want to save the good that the past has created. I want to help build a better world for my fellowmen. When I think about the things that we could do if we would all get behind the plan that is for the common good, I get real religious feelings.

I don't want any of this dividing up stuff—yet. I want to work and save and live. Not only that, but I want to help others to live. I tell you I get thrilled with the idea that we can save future generations from the suffering that millions have experienced.

Don't drive me radical in my attempt to attain this for my family and every other family! Don't make me "red." I want to live, let live, and help to live. But I serve you this warning: I'll never go back to the old system. I'll go "red!" I'll fight—and with real guns! I'll die before I'll ever go back to the horrors of 1929-1934. Don't drive me (and remember that I am only one of the millions of John Does) radical!

CHINA'S NARCOTIC PROBLEM

THIS editorial from the "China Critic" of Shanghai sheds a new light on opium traffic. It is heartening to learn that the blame for this infamous business is slowly being lifted from the shoulders of the white man:

China remains a victim of the narcotic trade today as she was in the days of the Opium War. The chief difference lies in the fact that the main profiteering nation now is Japan instead of England. It is true that in many parts of the country poppy is still raised and that in many provinces there is government monopoly of the sale of opium. But it is equally true that the Nanking government is determined upon the extermination of the drug evil and that the government monopoly of its sale is but a step towards that end, as evidenced by the regulations governing the sale. Even a casual reader of the vernacular press will remember that in the past few months more than one order was issued from Nanking and Nanchang urging all local officials to exterminate the evil under the penalty of severe punishments. Only last week another order went from Nanking to the Fukien authorities that any one who raises poppy in the province shall receive capital punishment. If Nanking persists in its present policy, and if there were no other complications, we may look to the not distant future, when China will be freed from the curse of the narcotics. However, as certain as the Chinese government is bent upon ending the drug evil, there are international complications. Is there not an international ring that makes it its business to supply the Persian opium as well as other narcotic drugs to the Chinese victims and reaps at the same time a fat profit? But their trade, big as it is, is in no way comparable to that of the Japanese smugglers, for "Manchukuo" has designated, according to its own official bulletin, 177,750 acres to the cultivation of opium poppy this year, and, as it was freely reported sometime ago in the vernacular press, Japanese army trucks were carrying loads after loads of opium from beyond the Great Wall into the demilitarized zone. No denial of the veracity of such reports has been, so far as we are aware, issued by the Japanese. If additional proof is needed, we need but to point out that Dr. Sherwood Eddy in a recent speech in Nanking stated that he had bought such drugs from the Japanese and taken pictures of the victims. As this is being written, comes the report from Geneva that the Japanese delegates to the League Advisory Council on the international trade of narcotics had great admiration for the Chinese plan of campaign. If the Japanese are sincere, let them prove it by their action in co-operation with the Chinese government, i.e., suppression of their own narcotic dealers.

FINDER PLEASE RETURN

ONE of the newest exploits of scientists is revealed in this item taken from the pages of the "Evening Transcript" of Boston:

It may be some time before the data reaches Boston. But science bides its time and lets nature take its course, waiting, watching. Now it's whales. What does a whale do with itself when it isn't just playfully spouting?

The Boston Fish Bureau expects to know, sooner or later, just what. Seems, through the secretary, F. F. Dimick, it was announced that an expedition has just left London for a trip to the Antarctic.

Equipment includes 3,000 steel bullets, each inscribed, "Will the finder please return all data about this whale to Royal Reserve Society, London?"

Whalers will kill these critters who have been "shot but not seriously wounded," then will "submit data" about them. This, in turn, will be checked with numbers of the bullets and the place the particular whale was "tagged." So, 3,000 "tags," 3,000 dead whales, maybe, will result in the advancement of science in the matter of what do whales do with their time, etc.

THE CHRIST-LIFE OF THE CHURCH

Since the Church is a supra-personal unity of mankind reunited to God, a corporate life infused with the Holy Spirit, it has presented to all men from the very beginning the four distinctive marks of any living thing: it is One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. *Et unam, sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam.* These four notes are found in the fourth section of the Nicene Creed, which is read in the Mass. They come in the Creed immediately after the first three sections which treat of the Blessed Trinity. The four notes are therefore in some way the temporal extension of the Eternal Life and are bound up intrinsically with that Divine Life. In a certain sense, these marks of the Church are a reflection of the Trinity. The Trinity is one, because the Three Persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, have only the one nature which is the nature of God. The Trinity is holy, because holiness is fixity in goodness; hence the triple "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," addressed to each Holy Person. The Trinity is catholic because the Godhead is possessed by each Person in all its fulness. No Person is more God than another. Finally, the Trinity is apostolic, for apostolic means original, and the Trinity is the source, the origin, the fount and principle of all the life, truth and goodness in heaven and on earth.

By Fulton J. Sheen, S.T.D., Ph.D.

OUR Lord is the only Person in the world who ever had a pre-history—a pre-history which is to be found not in the slime of primeval jungles, but in the bosom of the Eternal Father. This history in time begins with the Incarnation and continues in the Church which is His "fulness," for the Church is the edifice of which He is the foundation; the branch of which He is the root; the organism of which He is the soul that vivifies. The Church continues Christ, expresses Christ, develops all the virtualities, potentialities of Christ, makes it possible for Him to extend Himself beyond Palestine as a space and thirty-three years as a time; to prolong His influence unto all ages, and all men—in a word, it de-temporalizes and delocalizes Christ so that He belongs to all ages and all souls. The garments Christ wore in His earthly life He permitted to be stripped from Him as He began the great work of Redemption, in order to declare to all men that His sacrifice was not peculiar to any race or any hour.

As He pre-existed His Church as the "first born of creatures," so He co-exists in His risen life as its Glorified Head in Heaven. Hence, those who lived during His Galilean existence had no great advantage over us who see His Mystical existence in the Church. Faith is required on the part of both. They saw only

the Head, but they had to have faith in the Body which was to be vivified by His Spirit; we see the Body which is vivified by His Spirit, but we have to have faith in the Head Who is one with it in glory.

Without the Church, Christ would be incomplete! This is a strong statement, and yet it is precisely this that the Scriptures mean in saying the Church is the fulness of Christ, and that Christ must grow to His full stature. *The Incarnate did not exhaust Himself in the Incarnation.* As the earthly Christ grew in age and grace and wisdom, so must the Mystical Christ grow, but neither can grow without a body. The physical body reached its perfect stature, humbled itself in death and then was exalted to glory; the Mystical Body must likewise grow, be humbled and enter into its glory. Through it Christ re-lives, re-grows, re-dies and is re-glorified, and without it He would lack His fulness, and would be circumscribed by time and space. It certainly is not fitting that the Creator be limited by His creation.

And yet despite the fact that the Church is His fulness, it adds nothing to Him, for He is its principle and its origin. Just as in creation there was no more Being than before, but only more things which had being; as there was no more Truth, but only more true things; as there was no more Love, but only

more lovely things, so too after the assumption of His Mystical Body, there was no more Divine Life; there were only more human natures to possess it. Every influx of Life, and Truth and Love which the Mystical Body receives is the endowment and the gift of the Head. Without Him there would be no Mystical Body. There is no more light in the sun because it happens to shine in one window of a house than because it happens to shine in ten windows; the quantity of light is fixed; those who share it vary. Likewise in the Church, the Life of Christ is Infinite because Divine. It admits of no increase; it remains the Inexhaustible Source regardless of how many members of the Mystical Body voluntarily receive it. But without it the Mystical Body would have no life whatever, for He is the Universal Principle of Life in it.

BUT if Christ is the Head of the Church, which is His Body, it remains to inquire if the relation between the two is something like that which existed between the Divine nature of Christ and the human nature in the mystery of the Incarnation. The answer is in the affirmative, but with reservations. In the historical Christ there was a human nature and a Divine nature in the unity of the Divine Person of the

Word; the human nature was visible, the Divine nature was invisible, but their joint action in the unity of the Word constituted what was called a *Theandric* action.

Now the Church has a human element and also a Divine element, though the union between them is not Hypostatic. The human element is the regenerated humanity which we are; the Divine element is its Head, the Risen Christ, whose Life vivifies His Body the Church; and the two are one "in Christ Jesus," as St. Paul expresses it. The actions of the Church are therefore *Theandric* actions inasmuch as they involve a human and a divine element, a visible and an invisible something. When the Church forgives sins through the instrumentality of a priest, the Life of Christ flows into the soul of the penitent, the priest being merely the channel of the grace, but not its creator. He is the visible "forgiver" united with the invisible "forgiveness," and these two elements—the human and the divine—are one.

IN the administration of this sacrament and in the administration of the others where the actions are *Theandric*, something takes place similar to that which took place when Our Lord cured the blind man by rubbing dust and spittle in his eyes. The mixing of the dust and spittle was the action of human nature, but an action inseparable from the action of the Divine Nature in union with the Person where resided the power to give sight to the blind. The Church then, the *totus Christus*, (the whole Christ) as St. Augustine calls it, is continuing the Incarnation by prolonging the *Theandric* actions of the historical Christ.

The Church, then, is not a human society, a mere grouping of men in a collective life; it is the most august of realities. It is a body animated by a living soul—the Spirit of Our Lord Jesus Christ. To the Holy Spirit has been committed for all time the sublime office of applying the merits of the Redemption of Our Lord. We are members of that body and are, therefore, under the Third Person of the Trinity as truly as the Apostles were under Our Lord. The presence of the Eternal Son in a visible human nature was the center of their unity; the presence of the Holy Spirit is the center of our unity. As the Father manifests His Divinity by sending His Son into this world, so likewise the Son made flesh, in order to render the last proof of His Divinity, asked the Father to send the Spirit, their mutual eternal bond of love. The descent of the Holy Spirit was therefore one of the fruits of the Passion and Resurrection and Ascension of Our Lord, the final term of the mysteries of the earthly life of Jesus, and the beginning of His Mystical Life through the abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit.

In this great drama of Pentecost is revealed the answer to the questions all thinking men must, at one time or another, ask themselves: "How can I know the truths of salvation?" "What is the rule of Faith?" "Where must I go to know Christ and His Mysteries—to a book or to a Church?" Pentecost gives the answer: the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles not in the form of a book, but in the form of tongues of fire. In other words, the Spirit of Truth, which Christ promised to send and now sends, is to be found primarily, not in a Bible, but in a Voice! Was it not by a living voice that Christ came to us in His physical body? Should it not be by a living voice that He comes to us in His Mystical Body? During His life, He did not write except once and that was in the sand, when the Pharisees would have stoned the woman taken in sin. There is no record that He ever commissioned His Apostles to write. But there is every record to prove that He sent out His Apostles to preach. He ever reminded them that the Spirit of truth, which He would send, would recall to their minds the things He had told them.

Fittingly, then, as His teaching in the flesh was not given by the written word, but by the living voice, so His teaching in His Mystical Body would be not through a book, but through a tongue, and a tongue of fire whose property is to warm, to enlighten, and to purify. The Old Dispensation under Moses was given to Israel in the midst of fire and the New Dispensation under Peter was also given to the New Israel by fire, but fire without the thunder, as an eternal reminder that the new law is not a law of fear, but a law of love in the Holy Spirit. And since the Holy Spirit came only to the *collective whole* under Peter, we must always look for its working in and through a corporate community of which that Spirit is the soul.

WHERE find the truths which we are to believe? If the Church is the body, and Christ is its head, then we are to find the truths in a voice, but in the voice of one who was first to speak after the gift of the Holy Spirit and who, ever since, has been first by a Divine commission: the voice of Peter rising in the multitude and saying: "This Jesus hath God raised again, whereof all we are witnesses. Being exalted by the hand of God, having received the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath poured forth this which you see and hear."

A Church which is the extension of the Incarnate life of Christ through space and time, can express itself only in a living way, and the living way is by a tongue and not by a printed word. As a matter of fact, no living thing can be comprised and expressed in a few sentences, because it is forever bursting

the temporary, throwing off the shackles of the literary, and breaking the bonds of form. The complete biographies of men can be written only when they are dead. A book might reveal their greatness up to a certain point, but at anytime some heroic act or great deed of charity or pervading reform makes the character break out of the two covers of a book into something as big and large as life. The stream of life cannot be checked and stopped, it flows on despite all our attempts to cabin, crib and confine it into a fixed and rigorous form. Only the dead can be adequately delineated in writing. The moment then, that one starts with the supposition that Christ is life, that He lives in His Body, which is the Church, and that that Body is growing unto His Mystical fulness and is vivified by His Eternal Spirit, then one must logically conclude that the rule of Faith of that Christ-life is to be found in a living voice, continuous with the fiery tongue of Pentecost. It is this fact, and this fact alone, which explains the beautiful submission, the loving obedience and the childlike simplicity which we, the members of the Mystical Body, render to that voice of the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

THE members of Christ's Mystical Body, therefore, derive their faith *mediately* from the Bible, and *immediately* from the Church. The reason is obvious. The Church was anterior to the Bible. The Church was already waking the souls of men throughout the Roman Empire at least twenty-five years before even the first of the Gospels had been written. Even when oral communications were written down and read in the various Churches at Corinth, Galatia, Rome and Ephesus, they were always supplementary to the oral teaching. The Gospels do not answer the question: "What is truth?", but rather, "Upon what authority do you preach Jesus?" Their aim is to convince readers that Jesus is the promised Messias, with authority from on high, which authority is attested by His works. What is more, they are not vindicating the authority of a dead Messias, but of a *living one, who still speaks and acts and teaches* through the Apostles whom He called and sent.

The Acts of the Apostles continue the same idea. The truth which they point out is the same as the truth of the Gospels—not the dead letter of the written word, but the voice of the Living Messias. The Epistles introduce a new element, for they give us not the words of Our Lord Himself, but the same doctrine. In the Gospels, Christianity is coming; in the Acts, the coming is described. Then there is a gap, and in the Epistles we discover only the after process—the adaptation of Christian principles to the needs and circumstances of the age. In the order of time, the Church actually ante-

dates all three written documents by two or three decades. By this time a tradition had begun, the written word confirming that tradition rather than originating it. As Father Leslie Walker has so picturesquely put it: "In the historical books we watch Our Lord preparing a banquet to which He invites us; in the Acts He is serving it, but we do not partake; while to the latter books, where we hoped to discover it, is affixed a notice, 'banquet already served,' and inside we discover only menu cards, portions of some of the dishes, and essays and how to digest them."

FROM another point of view it is impossible for the Bible to be a fundamental rule of faith. The Bible is really not a book, but an anthology embracing seventy-two distinct books. A mind can no more begin with it as fundamental, than it can begin with the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, for there immediately arise such questions as these: "Who gathered the books together?" "Why do they begin where they do, and why do they end where they do?" "Why were certain books, probably written by some of the Apostles, not included, and why were other books, not written by the Apostles, included?" When one answers these questions, one gets back to something behind the book, namely a board of editors or a Church already in existence. As a matter of fact, it was the Church which gathered the books together, fixed their number, and even this was not done finally until the year 393.

The Church preceded the Bible, gave us the Bible; it can, therefore, hardly be alleged that the Bible is opposed to the Church, or the Church is opposed to it. Nor must it be believed that the Bible stands outside the Church as an independent source; rather does it stand within the life of the Church. It is the Church which makes its meaning clear. What understanding could we possibly have of the words: "Do this in memory of Me," were it not for the Mass? Where would be the meaning of the words: "Whose sins you shall forgive," were it not for the Sacrament of Penance? What could Saint Paul's stricture of the Corinthians be without a belief in the Real Presence? Within a Spirit-guided Church, whose authority is vested in a Living Voice, a written book may be of inestimable value, for the Church can testify to its inspiration. But without that Spirit-guided Church, a written book is useless, except as witness to historical fact, or as expressing human opinion.

Once get rid of the Living Voice and then the book becomes a dead letter which every individual may twist and turn to his own conceits. As St. Peter himself wrote: "In the Epistles of our most dear brother Paul are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do

also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." Therein lies the reason why the Bible, when once taken out of the body of the Spirit-guided Church became subject to all manner of misguided critics and interpreters, until today, they who were once supposed to be its greatest protagonists now deny its inspiration, and the Church, which was called its greatest enemy, is almost the only one which believes it to be absolutely the inspired word of God.

Since the Church is a supra-personal unity of mankind reunited to God, a corporate life infused with the Holy Spirit, it has presented to all men from the very beginning the four distinctive marks of any living thing: it is One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. *Et unam, sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam*. These four notes are found in the fourth section of the Nicene Creed, which is read in the Mass. They come in the Creed immediately after the first three sections which treat of the Blessed Trinity. The four notes are therefore in some way the temporal extension of the Eternal Life and are bound up intrinsically with that Divine Life. In a certain sense, these marks of the Church are a reflection of the Trinity. The Trinity is one, because the Three Persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, have only the one nature which is the nature of God. The Trinity is holy, because holiness is fixity in goodness; hence the triple "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," addressed to each Holy Person. The Trinity is catholic because the Godhead is possessed by each Person in all its fullness. No Person is more God than another. Finally, the Trinity is apostolic, for apostolic means original, and the Trinity is the source, the origin, the fount and principle of all the life, truth and goodness in heaven and on earth.

ALL misunderstandings come from regarding the Church as an organization. It is not an organization like a club; it is an organism like a body. It was formed not by men coming together unto Christ, like bricks are piled together to make a building; it was formed by the life of Christ going out to men like the life of a cell expands and diffuses itself from the inside out. The Church was not formed by the faithful; it was the faithful who were formed by the Church. The Church did not spring into being when the Apostles heard the message of Jesus, and then on the basis of their common faith agreed to form a society which is called the Church. No! The Church was in existence before Peter or James or John or the other Apostles became believers. It was in actual existence the very moment when the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, for at that moment Christ assumed human nature, becoming the "pattern man" like unto which He would mould us by the fingers of His Love and the Power of His Grace.

It should not surprise us to learn that we derive our individual Christian life from the Church. Do we not derive our individual political life from society? How did each of us become an American? Certainly not by reading our history, studying the doctrine of, let us say, George Washington, following his example and then concluding that we should become members of this nation! No! We were born Americans; we belonged to America even before we chose it. In like manner we do not become Catholics by going back nineteen hundred years and studying the life of Christ and imitating His example, and then concluding we would like to attach ourselves to that great Personage. No! The Catholic is born in the womb of a religious corporate society, just as a citizen is born in the womb of a political society. He lives by it, before he knows it, before he judges it, before he seeks its sources, before he knows its traditions. It creates him spiritually by baptism of the Spirit as his fatherland creates him by the birth of his flesh. Later on he may accept or reject the Body of Christ; as a man may expatriate himself from his country, but in the beginning the spiritual society creates him.

THE Church begets us; we do not beget the Church. And we do not beget the Church because the Church is Christ Who first loved us, even before we were made. Any suggestion, therefore, of the Church being an obstacle to our union with Christ, is based upon a misunderstanding of the meaning and beauty of the Incarnation of Our Lord. For, just as Our Lord lived a physical life two thousand years ago in a body taken from Mary, so now He lives a Mystical Life in a body drawn from the womb of humanity. To the eyes of every member of that Church, the Eternal Galilean relives the events and crises of His Life in Judea and Galilee. The written Gospel is the record of His historical life. The Church is the living Gospel and record of His present life. The life of the Church is the life of the Mystical Christ—a life whose history is already written because it has been lived in pattern by the Christ Who is its Head. The Church is the only thing in the world whose history was written before it was lived.

His Eternity cannot be limited by time, nor His Omnipresence by a lake and a mountain country. America, Europe, Asia, the frozen North, the torrid South, the contemplative East, the active West, all parts of the world must show His Presence, feel His Love and draw healing from His Wings. But how can this be done except by assuming another Body in which He will live and through which He will march down the boulevards of time and the corridors of space as the Eternal Christ, the "same yesterday, today and forever"?

ON FOOT TO ROME

By Aileen Mary Clegg

A FOOT pilgrimage has enormous advantages over any other sort of pilgrimage, and only one disadvantage—it takes time. I lately went on foot from Paris to Rome. But perhaps it is unjust to speak of the adventure in the singular for there were two of us, both of us women and both of us middle-aged. I do not recollect at the moment exactly how long we had allowed ourselves for the journey. Perhaps it was twelve weeks. Actually we covered the fifteen hundred kilometers in less than ten weeks. This, of course, is far from a record for speed. But then rapidity of transport was not what we were out for. For there is a sense in which it is true that the slower you go the more you see. We saw many and varied people and things as we made our little trek across the map of Europe, and every person we met was worth the meeting, and every thing we saw was worth the seeing. There was never a dull moment. There was never one to be regretted. Every incident fell into place as something definitely willed by Providence for the souls and bodies of two small creatures who had decided to trust themselves to an adventure in His hands.

The pace was slow to begin with, for, owing to the fact that we were carrying heavy knapsacks, that we were both out of training and that our feet blistered abominably, we achieved only a beggarly average of eighteen kilometers a day. But as our backs adapted themselves to their burdens and our feet hardened and we got into more athletic condition, the day's tally grew to an average of twenty-five kilometers which lengthened occasionally to thirty and even more. The day we sighted the dome of St. Peter's it was literally impossible to stop walking. That day we did thirty-four.

Our packs weighed twenty kilos each. This may seem unnecessarily heavy. Indeed, we often thought it so. But we could never see any way to reduce them. The trouble was that we started walking in mid-September, so that all the time we were verging towards colder weather; and even in the south, when mid-day is apt to be hot, nights can be very cold. We were walking, too, at continually varying altitudes, sometimes in the plain, sometimes over a mountain pass. So we had to be prepared for extremes of temperature. The pack had to include, therefore, besides the change of garments, and the night attire, and the toilet apparel reduced to a minimum, woollen pullover, raincoat, second pair

of walking shoes, first-aid outfit, shoe-cleaning outfit, clothes-brush, maps, writing-materials, passport and papers, missal, purse and daily ration of food. I, personally, added to my pack an old pair of sandals to wear when we got to our night's lodging. They proved inestimable, especially when bedroom floors were not too clean.

Our feet, at first, caused us much suffering. It was afterwards confessed that one pilgrim at least thought the other would be compelled to give up. But if necessary we sat down by the roadside, like the tramps we were, and anointed them, and in ten days we were over the worst of our troubles and walking bravely. We had no trouble after that unless our shoes became saturated through walking in wet weather and then our feet softened again. But in that case they were fairly quickly reeducated.

ONCE, becoming proud, we tried walking barefoot. We had an idea that, if we could manage it, we could cast away a pair of shoes. But we were quickly humbled. We managed a hundred and fifty metres, and we had undone in a few minutes the good work of days of hardening, for our feet had blistered again in other places. It is a very different matter to walk barefoot and to walk in shoes.

Your shoes must be old friends on a foot pilgrimage. Mine were laced brogues fitting well around ankle and instep but leaving lots of room for the toes. They were also big enough to admit of woollen stockings and an extra pair of socks. This is an invaluable hint for those unused to walking. For comfort there is all the difference in the world between one layer of wool and two. I had not the courage, however, to adopt a custom prevailing in the French army, and for aught I know in other armies too. This is, never to put one's feet in water but to content oneself with wiping them with a damp towel. It was too much joy to plunge them into water, hot or cold. The old soldier who gave us this piece of advice gave us another one which I followed with increasing gratitude. He told us always to carry our knapsacks as high as possible on our shoulders. After he had told us that we used to notice how high soldiers on the march *do* carry them.

The grassy edges to the roads were a great comfort to us. Those who go about in motor-cars and who walk little

can have no notion what a devastating mortification the motor road, whether tarred or concrete, is to those who go on foot. One can walk at least four times as far on an uneven surface as on an even one. I mean, of course, a moderately uneven one. One would not, by choice, walk over ploughed fields or roads covered with loose stones. But the feet get terribly tired if the muscles do not get that ever changing play which comes into use in going along a grassy track or an ordinary country road. Our great joy was to walk over the well-beaten sandy roads of Italy, providing, however, that there was no wind, and that no car stirred the placid surface of the road. You gather that we *did* find certain disadvantages. But then every one of them was, directly or indirectly, a blessing in disguise. If it did not wear the face of a blessing it wore the back of one.

As to maps, in France we were able to get army maps which were, with few lapses, excellent for our purpose. But army maps do not seem to be available for the ordinary traveller in Italy. So we tried to put up with motoring maps, but a motoring map for the foot traveller is an inarticulate thing. It shows you all the roads except those most suitable to the pedestrian—that is to say, the ones with the fewest motors—and it rarely shows you contours. So you are compelled to try to guess at the position of mountain, hill and river, and this is not very satisfactory. Our own preference was for avoiding the valleys and making for the heights. It is *always*, so it then seemed and still seems to us, preferable to climb. How otherwise attain to vision? It needs a saint to discover heaven in a cellar.

IN addition to my passport I carried the recommendation of a Bishop. This was in Latin and stamped with the Bishop's seal. It proved to be of greater spiritual blessing than of practical use. I produced it twice, once to a French *gendarme* who could not understand it and did not appear to be impressed, once to an Italian lay-brother who understood it so well and was so impressed by it that he sent two middle-aged women to look for lodgings in an institution for the protection of young girls. The Bishop, who is a friend, must be delighted with the few and strange adventures of his spiritual letter of credit.

In addition to the various impedimenta already mentioned we both took with

us another essential ingredient in a successful pilgrimage, whether it be on foot to Rome or a life pilgrimage towards eternity. This was a free mind. It came into action many times in the nine hundred miles that lie between Paris and Rome. There is the matter of food, for instance. From the moment we left England we had to say farewell to all those cherished dishes which, from lifelong habit or whatever other explicable or inexplicable reason, so naturally content a national palate. Instead we were compelled to take to a variety of other nutriment, some of which were far from pleasing to a ready-made taste.

There were times when we suffered forcible mortification on this account. There came a day when we blessed an ever-watchful Providence for a piece of bread at a cottage door, for half-cold coffee full of grounds and ashes, for sour wine, for the unvarying veal, for the—to me, at any rate—increasingly uninteresting macaroni. For occasionally we were truly hungry, and that was another of the many blessings of the pilgrimage—to learn that one could be very hungry indeed and not be the worse for it, that after one had believed oneself to have reached the utmost extreme of exhaustion one could still tramp on, that, confident in God, one could apply almost anywhere for a bed. Sometimes, now the pilgrimage is over, I see or imagine the sort of inns we ate and slept in. In cold blood now I wonder that we dared to go in.

In the nine and a half weeks of tramping, though we had all sorts of queer adventures, and were, just now and again, in situations that might have been dangerous, nothing adverse ever came upon us. And there is another astonishing fact. Though we were hungry, though we were tired, though we tramped through days of rain, though we slept in unhealthy rooms, though we ate strange food in strange places, we at no time suffered in health. It is true that we got thinner. By the time we reached Rome the garments we had started in were so many times too big for us that they resembled clothes hung on scarecrows made of poles. So much the better. For three months of our lives we were perfectly fit.

I HAVE occasionally met non-Catholics who still believe that the Catholic peasant is not a cleanly person. It is good to be in a position to explode so wild a superstition as that. For, apart from mosquitoes, I think we only twice came upon insects, and these of a comparatively unobnoxious type. As to the mosquitoes, I personally was insulated from them by the very fact that my companion attracted them. She had a resourceful way of dealing with them. She carried an umbrella hooked to the strap of her knapsack and this she formed into a

mosquito curtain at night by the simple process of draping it with a piece of net. In the daytime the umbrella protected her from sun and rain, and sometimes served to hook down blackberries in moments of thirst. I myself had not the courage to take an umbrella. I should have lost it the first day.

THE police we seldom came in contact with. Once we were held up and that, not in Italy as I had been led to expect, but in France. We were rounded up by *gendarmes*, one coming upon us from behind as we were harmlessly saying our rosaries, the other two, evidently telephoned for, heading us off in front. The contents of our knapsacks were examined. We had to open our purses. We were made to produce papers and passports. These were in English and Latin so they were no use to the *gendarmes*. The document that most reassured them was entirely valueless. It was a list of banks. (I have heard that an insurance policy will work wonders in similar circumstances.) Finally, after a warning against begging and smuggling, we were allowed to proceed.

The police did twice visit hotels we were staying at in Italy, on both occasions when we were staying in little country inns. They formed strongly contrasting episodes. In the first case the policeman came in full regalia—cocked hat with silver braid, silver braided uniform, and sword in silver sheath. (If it was not silver it looked like it.) In the other case we were visited by plain clothes policemen, each with a cigar at an acute angle in the corner of his mouth. In France we were nearly always taken for eccentric German travellers. In Italy we were recognized as pilgrims. In Italy they think little of going to Rome on foot. It is almost expected of the devout Catholic.

In a sense, of course, we were often in danger. Two women who have the appearance of being at least moderately well-to-do must be carrying a certain sum of money, and are therefore fair game for the unscrupulous. But I believe we were only twice cheated in the matter of prices, and the most unprepossessing ruffians, when appealed to for some service, proved courteous and kind. In the beginning I was the more nervous pilgrim. In the end I became almost rash. I remember once being passed on a lonely road by a man on a bicycle. He called out "*Dove vanno?*" "*A Roma!*" I replied. My companion cried out in horrified protest. "How impossible of you! I never saw a more criminal type!" He had slowed down and I looked at him more carefully. He was far from attractive. But we were not robbed or murdered. And I have often wondered if he understood. So many Italians know English.

Talking of lonely roads leads to an-

other memory, a recurring one. So often when we came to cross-roads in open country and we were at a loss which way to take, we would find someone leaning against stone or tree as though waiting there for the express purpose of directing us. This happened again and again, so frequently that after a time we were led to expect it. Sometimes, without our enquiring, we would be directed to a short cut. Angelic visitants, in the sense that they were in truth Heaven's messengers, even though angels very much disguised.

How many things we learnt, most of them useful, all of them interesting, in those multitudinous hours on the road! We got to know the country we were walking through as no one in a motor-car ever can know it. We got to know the people, living, as we were compelled to, their lives. How much kindness we received! And what true friends we made! It happened more than once that we left our night's hostess embracing her, parting from her with regret. The heart of the poor is none the less a heart of gold because it is worn on the sleeve. We had continual fun, too, over the language problem. I often think of a delightful evening we had in Italy, when we supped in the cottage of an old woman who was aunt to the parish priest. She gave us a wonderful meal which ended with colossal walnuts and which included some exceptionally good wine. We all chatted together most amiably and she showed us the family portraits. But I have often wondered since what we really said to her and she to us.

PART of the fun of a walk of the extent of ours is, of course, planning the route and then playing the game of seeing how nearly it is possible to stick to it. The first part of it was pretty easy to decide. Nevers, Ars, Paray-le-Monial, Lyons, were all too nearly on our road for us to pass them by. After that the Mont Cenis pass into Italy was the obvious one, then to Turin to venerate the Holy Shroud, then over the mountains to Genoa and by the Riviera coast through Rapallo to Sestri Levante and La Spezia. There would be two routes beyond, the more direct through the plains via Pisa, the lovelier, through the mountains and hills of central Italy, by Lucca, Siena, Orvieto, Viterbo! How not choose this last! Who could resist such joy, such wealth of interest?

Joy and sorrow, comfort and hardship! And three things a continual source of solicitude! The hour of Mass, the provision of food, the goal for the day. Where we should sleep when we reached it we left entirely in the hands of God. The goal chosen was, naturally, the town or village at about the limit of our walking powers. Sometimes we stopped short of it. Sometimes we had

to go a number of kilometers further than we had planned. Something always happened before we had reached the limits of extreme exhaustion. Once we were picked up by a motor car, once by a lorry, once by a farm cart. Several times we had to take a motor bus off our route or the train to the nearest station in order not to be stranded. But we never resorted to such an expedient unless we were compelled to. As for the day's provisions, we carried with us a very little bread, fruit and chocolate as an emergency ration. We breakfasted on dry bread and coffee, luncheon consisted of bread, cheese and wine, we made ourselves tea when we had settled

in our night's lodging, and dined at night. As to Mass we seldom missed hearing one, occasionally two Masses, every day, but the hour of Mass varied enormously with the district we happened to be in. In the south of France and the north of Italy it was very early. Once, in order to hear it in the chapel of a silk factory, we got up in the starlight at half-past four. But the factory girls were already there before us. The stumbling blocks to daily Mass were in country districts, when the time of Mass was apt to be uncertain. The priest rang the bell when he was about to vest, and that might be at any hour. This was disconcerting to us who were anxious to be

out early on the road. But the villagers could not understand our keenness for exactitude. They lived so close to eternity. What mattered time?

And so the days went by and autumn leaned to winter and from sunny skies we turned to sullen ones. Towns, valleys, mountains, castles, rivers, the blue, the creaming sea, all these at last slipped by us and, when we sighted the dome of Saint Peter's, became as though they had never been. The rest is beyond describing. How should I, who am breathless with memory, describe in a word, *Catholicism!* Enough that we had made our pilgrimage and were blessed by Christ's Vicar on earth.

CATHOLIC LEAKAGE

By Stuart D. Goulding

EACH year when profit and loss within Church ranks is audited, a great lament for the leakage arises that echoes itself up and down the country, spending itself in the pages of the Catholic press. Then for a season it subsides to flare up as regularly as Christmas and Easter. Seldom in these peregrinations, however, is any attempt made to answer the query: Why should it be? The suspicion arises that susceptibilities might be offended were the response forthcoming.

Nevertheless, there is a leakage in the Catholic Church and where there is a leakage there must be a leak. The good plumber stops the leak, leaving it to those who called him to mop up the water that has been spilt. Possibly we have not yet called the plumber, nor even know of one.

What causes people to leave the Church? Why, when they are in the one body on earth that holds out to them something more than mundane considerations, do they turn their backs upon it? What sudden adolescent reversion causes them to turn against the one hand that feeds their spirit? In short, why do they drop away?

Since statistical experts have found no major cause for the leakage it is as well to make a beginning anywhere. One answer is that many are pushed away from the Church, or feel that they are. In view of what the Church is, what it means, what it holds out, one would imagine that the great cause would be another Reformation, another revolt of less than angels, another John Knox or John Calvin. On the contrary most of the leakages arise from causes seemingly so trivial that they hardly

rate attention of those who seek causes. For example, the plight of those who feel pushed away.

Such a simple thing as moving from one city to another will sometimes cause a whole series of leakages. For example, Mr. A. and his family having found better work, or any, in a city some hundred or more miles away from their home parish, set out on uncharted seas. They arrive, take up new residence and hunt about for a Church. Having found the Church they will begin attending Mass. Sunday after Sunday, and often in between, they will attend Mass faithfully. If they are fortunate they will find themselves in a parish overflowing with human kindness and love where they are at once taken into the body of the Church visible as well as invisible and made to feel at home. If their fortune is the average they will enter as strangers into the new Church. The collector at the door will receive their ten or fifteen cents. They will timidly seek out a pew by themselves, wondering whether they are occupying someone else's. Thereafter the miracle of the Mass holds them until the priest leaves the altar. As they pass out people they do not know will bow to each other but not to them. Warmth has been swallowed up with the end of Mass. This will occur week in and week out with disheartening frequency. Unless the heart is stout discouragement may find its way in.

If the new parishioner is fortunately placed he will be visited by pastor or curate. But the writer has lived two years at different times and in different parishes without an inquiry being made at his door by anyone wearing a Roman

collar. True, the contrary has happened, so that while there has been night in some parishes the brilliance of the sun in others has been enough for its warmth to carry over the cold periods. But often there is no such saving grace. Frigidity on the part of a congregation and neglect by, shall it be said, an overworked priest, have conspired to discourage. Now the wise will say that a Christian must have a poor heart indeed if he allows coolness of congregation or pastor, assuming such an absurdity to be true, to prevent him from fulfilling his spiritual obligations. But Christians, as we are taught and know, are weak like other men and they languish from spiritual neglect. Actually much of the leakage may be traced to indifference on the part of the Church, and to neglect where no neglect is intended. Trivial? Certainly it is trivial.

"CONVERSIONS," recently said an understanding pastor, "are made less on theological argument than upon emotion." Few of us, after all, are theologians unless we are priests. Doctrine we leave to the clergy. According to our natures we are influenced in varying degrees by formal knowledge. Emotion plays a strong part in our worship. We love God and we fear Him. We both love to go to Mass and fear not to. Of the two motives which proves the stronger? "Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," say the Scriptures. Like children we must fear before we love. That is to say, we must understand as fully as human minds and hearts can allow us to understand, what fear means before we can understand the fullness of love. Inversely, where there is no

feared there usually is no love. This, of course, is a theological argument and best left to theologians. But it has a behavioristic aspect.

Today's papers in this city carry the following quotation from a clergyman not of our persuasion who, apparently speaking for the whole of Christendom, says, "The Church has failed," then goes on to tell why without ever saying whose Church. Tomorrow's editorial probably will parrot his utterance believing that as a man of the cloth he should know what he is saying about the Church. A week later a syndicate columnist will repeat what the editorial said. Thereafter it will pop up in a magazine article by some noted broker or advertising man to be followed eventually by a novelist discussing life in the terms of Greenwich Village. Finally it will become a household phrase, or rather has already become a household phrase since today's preacher in no wise originated it. In other words, it has become legend that the Church has failed. What Church, or failed what or whom, do not matter. Add to this the general contradiction of spiritual and moral truths heard everywhere and one has the ground laid for indifferentism on the part of anyone whose faith never was stronger than his ability to trace fallacies.

ONE columnist today asks why God should take any more notice of humans than humans take of ants. Well, a theologian of the Church would answer that query in a moment. But the millions who read the particular column religiously are not theologians. Even where they reject it, the worm of this thought burrows deep, leaving doubt in its trail. The nineteenth century's scientific theories on religion are now as dead as the scientists and their protagonists who spread them throughout the world; the odor, like that of a Patagonian skunk, however, lingers in the secular schools and colleges. More than anything else they have brought about the doubt and indifferentism that remains on all sides. Indifferentism is one great cause of Catholic leakage and it results from contacts of the faithful with those less faithful, and their unpreparedness to argue down the irritating but effective negative arguments of their fellows.

Another cause of Catholic leakage unquestionably is the mixed marriage. Apparently mixed marriages cannot be prevented. The day is gone when a father marries his daughter where he pleases. She pleases herself and usually does well at that. Frequently, especially in small towns where Catholic girls outnumber the boys, mixed marriages are almost inevitable. Catholic youth are not always the most enterprising youth. Often non-Catholic youths with college education and a position in father's bank

or business are earlier prepared for marriage than our Catholic boys. So, the Catholic girl frequently marries the banker's son and betters her material condition.

Often she brings her husband into the Church. And there, I daresay, we may find the majority, or nearly the majority, of the 40,000 odd converts we receive each year. The girl does it because the man sees the Church through her eyes and finds it at its best.

Frequently, however, the husband (or the wife) does not come over. And here we have potential leakage. Sometimes the husband is so devoted to his own creed, or so indifferent to his wife's, or so critical of it, that he does not even consider it. In such instances he may kill his wife's religious faith by ridicule, by his own indifference, by his open hostility. Especially may he kill it if it never was too firmly inbred in his wife.

Again parties to a mixed marriage may have their marriage and their faith shattered at the outset by a priest. Now it ill becomes a layman to criticize the clergy, especially since they are so sensitive to criticism and like to take it ill, nevertheless the fact remains that the clergy sometimes wreck marriages unwittingly. Despite all the examples to the contrary there are priests, and every auditor will visualize at least one in the back of his mind, who must play the autocrat. Untactful, possibly un-understanding, he will antagonize his spiritual daughter's potential husband by sheer bluntness. Agreed that the Catholic Church is the one Church, the great prelates of the Church never won diplomatic victories by slapping their antagonists in the face with the fact. To tell a man that his creed is baseless, his church base, is to alienate him at the start. To alienate him is to lose him. One priest, now gone to his rest, actually told a couple in the presence of relatives and friends in the church rectory, that the marriage he had performed was no marriage in the sight of God. Impossible, it couldn't be, no priest would dare say such a thing. But it did happen and it was said and the marriage over which this vial of wrath was poured has produced several children, none of them Catholics. It is possible to drive Catholics out of the fold.

SIN drives many Catholics out of the Church. There are many sensitive boys and girls who, emerging from adolescence, but yet not arrived on the threshold of sense, who break the Sixth Commandment. Away from family and friends, often, they will also stay away from confession. The weight of sin, oppressive always, will keep them away from the very Mass almost any priest would tell them they need attend, whether confessed or not. So they stay away

from one Easter duty, then another, until they are Catholic only in name, and so are lost to the Church. Usually these unfortunates are to be found in large cities or among those who have left home and are working in other cities. The lack of anything like the over-despised Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A., keeps them from Catholic contacts. Frequently, if they are given time, they die Catholics, since their hearts have remained loyal. Nevertheless, in the statistics they are to be counted among the leakage.

Still another contributor to the leakage column is the innocent party in a divorce who, turning his back on Church ban, remarries and hence is lost until his mate dies. His number is legion.

YET another is the man overcome by the brilliance of non-Catholics and their heritage in the affairs of the day who, for the sake of getting ahead in his own field, throws over his own spiritual heritage and goes over to the other side.

First inclination is to scoff at such trivia and to scorn the apostates who quit for insufficient cause. There is something that impels awe in the rebellion of Lucifer against God and in his crash into hell, there is nothing spectacular about the leakage from the Church. Usually it is the less hardy who drift away so silently that we do not realize they are gone. Like Longfellow's Arabs, they silently fold their tents. They are the Hessians of today who desert into the brush. They lack character and stamina to think out their spiritual problem or fight out their battle. Hence we incline to scorn them and like the Pharisee say, "I thank, Thee, Lord, I am not like one of these."

Yet it is not the spectacular but the unspectacular person who is causing Catholic leakage. For everyone who, nailing his thesis to the door, boldly stalks out to meet his fate, there are thousands, perhaps millions, who merely slip away. Usually we overlook them.

In most of the writings, most of the laments, there is little of self-accusation. Leakage is never in one's own family but in the other man's. It is not looked upon so much as a personal problem as a highly impersonal one. There is a leakage in the Church, it is terrible, we ought to do something about it. I wonder what causes it, who could it be? Yet the leakage is somewhere and most likely it is in our own pipes. There is the place to begin stopping it and where, while it is yet a small leak, we may have opportunity to repair without the necessity of calling in a plumber whose existence we are not quite certain of and whose methods we do not know.

As to how that stoppage may be made effective the next man knows as well as I. Attention to the details of Christianity as well as to the larger view might possibly mark a beginning.

Propaganda Literature

Ideas Are More Important Than Forms Or Expressions

By William Thomas Walsh

AN interesting sign of the times is the frank acknowledgment of Communists that literature to them means nothing but propaganda for their own cause, and that no writing which may be described as "counter-revolutionary" in any sense may expect a hearing where the red flag flies. This is particularly significant, coming from that left wing of articulate humanity which has most loudly deplored the use of literature for propaganda purposes in the past. It now becomes apparent that what liberals and radicals objected to was not propaganda, but propaganda on behalf of Christianity or any ideas which are its logical corollaries, as for example, monogamy, the right to own private property, and chastity. It makes a difference whose ox is gored. "Orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy."

In the era of liberalism which now seems to be drawing to its appointed close, it was fashionable to say that art should exist for its own sake, and should not be the medium for the transmission of ideas from author to public. Theoretically, the "creator" of a literary work was endowed with an almost divine objectivity which enabled him to look down impartially on the struggles and desires of mere humanity and to let the rain of his words fall alike on the just and unjust. Zola and his imitators (chief among whom in America are Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser) seemed to believe that by eating the apple of private judgment they had become as gods, and could hold themselves aloof from and above all mortal sects, beliefs and opinions—which in their minds were virtually one and the same thing.

Such was the theory and it was widely accepted. It is still widely accepted today, to some extent even among lay Catholics. But in practise it has been successful only insofar as it has restricted the freedom of Catholic authors, and made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to print a full, clear and cogent explanation of the Catholic faith in any of the popular magazines, or in the ordinary channels for book distribution.

The following incident illustrates my point:

A Catholic writer in the United

States, on finishing a novel some time ago, submitted it for criticism to a Catholic woman friend who teaches in a certain university, and who also writes. Her comment was, "The book is too Catholic. It is clearly full of religious propaganda. Propaganda is all right in its place, but it doesn't belong in the novel."

"Did you ever, by any chance, read *The Way of All Flesh*," asked the novelist, "by Samuel Butler?"

"Yes!" A note of enthusiasm came into her voice.

"How did you like it?"

"Very much."

"And yet," said the novelist, "that book is stuffed with anti-Christian propaganda of the most diabolical sort. You call yourself a Catholic, and I know you wouldn't miss Mass on Sunday for anything short of your own death, and yet you object to Catholic propaganda in a novel, and you don't object to anti-Catholic propaganda. How do you explain this?"

The lady explained at some length, but the novelist doesn't understand yet, and neither do I.

THE fact is—and let us give the Communist credit at least for recognizing openly what has never been a very well concealed secret—that all serious literature is propaganda of one sort or another, and always has been. Art has to do with human conduct, and human conduct, as Aristotle observed twenty-five centuries ago, is either good or bad; that is to say, man is a moral being, and since literature is written about man for man, it cannot avoid taking one view or another of human problems. As Brander Matthews remarked, "Shakespeare did not think morality was something that could be put into a play, he thought it was something that could not be left out of a play." The author may not be conscious of his bias, but it is there just the same. He can no more leave out of his work his deepest convictions about the destiny of man and man's relations to God and his fellow-men, than he can keep out of his face, his gestures, his speech and his whole bearing, the revelation of what sort of man he is. "He who is not with Me is against Me." Zola might think he is impartial, but he was the inveterate enemy

of the Catholic Church and, therefore, of Christ; so was Anatole France, and so are Marcel Proust, James Joyce, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson. These men, in spite of themselves, cannot be indifferent to Christianity. They are constantly referring to it, wrestling with it, mocking it, denying it; and even so good a man as Thomas Hardy, who surely was a great artist, failed to keep out of his novels, the later ones at least, the poisonous Manichean pessimism which was gnawing at his own soul, and so became the propagandist of death rather than of life. If I had space I could go through novel after novel and play after play, and find at the core a thesis which would be directly, or indirectly, a defense of Christianity or an attack on Christianity—only too often the latter. Even an apparently light comedy or trivial motion picture will frequently contain propaganda against Christian marriage or some other Catholic ideal. And even in antiquity, before the sword-like word of Christ came into the world, we find Æschylus teaching in his plays the beauty of heroic virtues and the ugliness of vice, together with reverence for the gods, while Euripides becomes the propagandist of unbelief and sensuality, for which he is censured in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes.

THIS is no apology for the sort of novel or play that is really a sermon or tract, whether Catholic or otherwise. Every art has its end and purpose, and it is not the function of the novelist to expound in the manner of the essay or in the tone of the pulpit. Nevertheless the novelist or playwright who leaves his most profound convictions out of his work is doomed to shallowness and triviality. Is there not a Catholic novelist in the United States whose work suffers in just this way, even if it is popular with the masses? In the long run people tire of beating around the bush, and demand sincerity, whether one calls it propaganda or something else. The proletarian novel of the Communists has taken the bull by the horns, and has asserted exactly what we Catholics should have been the first to proclaim: that ideas are more important than forms or expressions. In short they have stolen our thunder. Are we going to let them keep it?



What's Mine Is Thine, Brother Juniper!

By Helen Walker Homan

WHEN I declare that what's mine is thine, Brother Juniper, I must confess that the statement is not, as might appear at first glance, impelled by an inherent and noble generosity. No. Rather I must own, is it the fruit of a conviction painfully earned from life that, on recognizing the inevitable, it is wiser to succumb to it at once than to wear one's self out in fruitless opposition that can only end in defeat. So I say, dear Brother Juniper, you may help yourself to anything I possess, and welcome—(although if it's not asking too much, you might just leave me my typewriter; there's a good Brother Juniper!).

At first, on discovering your taking habits, I have to admit, being rather attached to my possessions, that I hesitated, attempting to strike up a friendship with you. But then I began to reflect how you would, if given the chance, unquestionably put those possessions to a far worthier purpose than they had to date served; and having also by that time become desperately fond of you, I decided to be utterly reckless. This, right in the face of what appears in cold black and white in *The Fioretti*:

"Friar Juniper . . . was not content with giving away his tunic, but likewise gave books and church ornaments and cloaks, or anything he could lay hands on, to the poor.—And, for this reason, the friars never left things lying about the friary because Friar Juniper gave all away for love of God and in praise of Him."

Indeed, it would appear that you took everything that wasn't nailed down—and also a great deal that was. Of course it's to be admitted that you began first on yourself, parting with all you had until you were down to your last pair of breeches, before starting on others. And it seemed to surprise you greatly when those others objected. Loving you dearly, yet were they constrained to think you somewhat illogical. But I, on the other hand, while granting that a slight feeling of uneasiness was justifiable when you were around the house, yet maintain that you were the most logical of persons. Convinced as you were that all things belonged to God, you could not possibly see when the need arose why they should not be put to His holy purposes—no matter in whose hands they

happened to be for the time being.

Had you not been taught, for instance, that charity to the sick is a primary Christian duty? What more reasonable then, when that poor suffering friar whom you compassionately visited confessed that he longed for nothing in this world as much as he longed for a succulent pig's-foot, that you should promise to procure one? It is beside the point whether same was good for him—or not (as is most probable). After all, you were not his doctor nor his infirmarian, but his friend—and had he not, according to *The Fioretti*, averred: "Much comfort and great solace would it be to me if I might have a pig's-foot"? Obviously, he wanted it badly. It was unfortunate, you must have thought to yourself, that you didn't own a single pig—but happily there was a whole drove of them feeding yonder in the wood—and as luck would have it, there was a knife lying handy on the kitchen table. Before you knew it, you were in possession of the delicacy, had cleaned and cooked it; "and having well dished it up, carried the said foot to the sick man with much charity. And the sick friar ate thereof . . . to the great consolation and joy of Friar Juniper." You remember that you and he were having a lovely time until what seemed to you an unreasonable fuss was started. The misguided swineherd had unaccountably run in "much bitterness" to his master with the tale—and his master had just as unaccountably run to Saint Francis, furiously calling

AMONG the first and most renowned of those who joined the Order founded by Saint Francis of Assisi in the thirteenth century, and whose deeds are recorded in that delightfully quaint volume *The Fioretti*, (Little Flowers of Saint Francis) was Brother Juniper. His holy and humorous activities have endeared him to all readers of medieval lore. Mrs. Homan, in her own inimitable way, herewith writes him personally. His reply, if forthcoming, will be worth it.

the friars "hypocrites, thieves, false knaves, and wicked rogues!"

Poor Saint Francis, who hadn't known a thing about it all, "bethought him the while the other friars stood all stupefied, and said in his heart: 'Can Friar Juniper have done this thing out of indiscreet zeal?' So he bade call Friar Juniper secretly to him, and asked . . . : 'Hast thou cut off that pig's-foot in the wood?' To whom Friar Juniper answered right gleefully . . . : 'My sweet father, true it is I have cut off a foot from that said pig. . . I went out of charity to visit a certain friar that was sick . . . considering the consolation this friar of ours felt and the comfort he took from the said foot, had I cut off the feet of a hundred pigs . . . I believe of a surety God would have looked on it as a good deed!'"

NOW my own supposition is, Brother Juniper (for *The Fioretti* make no mention of it), that dear Saint Francis was even sorer for the animal that he was for its master—and while he scolded you, bidding you run after the owner and promise reparation, I'm sure he really felt that first apologies were due the pig. But he had to give up arguing the owner's rights when you frankly said: "Fear not, father mine, for anon will I repay him. . . . And wherefore should he be so troubled, seeing that this pig, whose foot I have cut off, was God's rather than his own, and a very charitable use hath been made thereof?" The logic was all on your side. Anyone could see that—but the owner. The amazing part was that you eventually made him see it too. His wrath completely disarmed by your simplicity, you remember he ended in tearful contrition, by making the friary a free gift of what was left of the pork.

Perhaps in swallowing it a few of the friars may have choked a little over your notions of property—but Saint Francis understood them, although naturally he felt they should be discouraged. Hence, after his comments on your porcine experience, I seem to see your holy depredations limited to the confines of the Order—which was, after all, perhaps just as well.

Take that sacristan, for instance, who at Christmas had with such pains decked out the altar of the friars' own church—Saint Mary of the Angels. Do you remember how, as you knelt in prayer, he asked you, in a reckless moment, to guard it while he went to dinner? All would have been well had not that "poor little woman" happened in and besought alms. "Now there was," relate *The Fioretti*, "on that altar a hanging of gold, richly and sumptuously adorned with little silver bells of great worth. Saith Friar Juniper: 'These bells are a superfluity.' (Oh, yes, Brother Juniper?) "So he takes a knife and cuts them all from the hanging, and gives them out of compassion to this poor little woman." It was

unfortunate that "no sooner had the sacristan eaten three or four mouthfuls than he remembered the ways of Friar Juniper." But unlike myself, he had not yet mentally succumbed to the inevitable. He might just as well have peacefully finished his dinner. But he gave himself nervous indigestion by rising "straightway from the table in much dread"; and hastening to the church, "lo, he beheld the hanging hacked about and the bells cut off—whereat he was beyond all measure perturbed."

Now did you really think you could smooth him down merely by saying: "Be not troubled about those bells, for I have given them to a poor woman that had very great need of them." This made no sense at all to the sacristan—of course he went tearing madly about the town looking for her and the bells. But she knew a good thing when she had it, and naturally was nowhere to be found. His further actions I consider deplorable, Brother Juniper. Surely it was unnecessarily fussy of him to take the hanging to the minister-general, crying: "Father-general, I demand of you justice on Friar Juniper, who hath spoiled this hanging for me . . . look now, how he hath destroyed it and stripped off all the little silver bells!" (Doesn't he sound exactly like an interior-decorator, Brother Juniper?) But it seems the general had rather more of my own attitude toward the inevitable. "Friar Juniper hath not done this," he said, "rather hath thy folly done it; for thou oughtest by this time to know his ways well. And I say unto thee, I marvel that he hath not given away all the rest!" Indeed, so do I.

BUT of course this official had to fulfill his duties, so he declared: "None the less will I correct him for this fault." I felt terribly sorry for you when I read how he called all the friars together and then "bade call Friar Juniper, and in the presence of the whole house rebuked him very harshly because of the afore-said little bells." I'm afraid this wasn't the first time you had caused him such annoyance—for "he waxed so furious in his wrath that by raising his voice so high he grew quite hoarse." But I was enchanted to read with what sweetness you took the scolding, thinking only how you might procure a remedy for his throat! Watching that familiar, predatory look kindle in your eye, the other friars would have done well to run and lock up their medicine-chests. Perhaps they did—for it appears you made off for the city; but I'm relieved to note you must have remembered Saint Francis's admonitions, for you burgled no chemist—in fact, in the most careful, orthodox manner you "ordered a good dish of porridge and butter" for the minister-general. So I see you, dear Brother Juniper, always giving (if sometimes

other people's things) and forgiving. Considering however the way your methods upset the pig-owner, the sacristan, and the general, I am not at all surprised to find in an Italian dictionary that *Ginepro* (in English, Juniper, of course) really means "prickle-bearing!" You pricked people, all right—but I'm of the opinion it was mostly in that spot known as conscience. As for that part of your own nature, I suspect you of a child-like manner of thoroughly hushing its complaints, at the same time gaining your own way with complete satisfaction. I've used the same tactics myself, though I blush to state never for such charitable causes.

THAT time over your tunic, for instance. "Friar Juniper," relate *The Fioretti*, "would take off his tunic and the cowl from his cloak, and give them to the poor. . . . Therefore the warden commanded him by obedience not to give away the whole of his tunic. . . . Now it fell out that Friar Juniper, 'ere a few days had passed, happened on a poor creature well-nigh naked, who asked alms of him for love of God; to whom he said with great compassion: 'Naught have I save my tunic to give thee; and this my superior hath laid on me by obedience to give to no one . . . but if thou wilt take it off my back, I will not gainsay thee.' He spake not to deaf ears, for straightway this poor man stripped him of his tunic and went his way with it, leaving Friar Juniper naked. And when he was back at the friary, he was asked where his tunic was, and he answered: 'An honest fellow took it from my back and made off with it.'" Which was all perfectly true, wasn't it, Brother Juniper? And you had not literally disobeyed the warden—though I'm afraid some minds, not as logical as yours and mine, would accuse you of quibbling.

Incidentally, toward this garment you seemed to share more the attitude of Saint Francis himself than did any of the other friars. He also was continually giving his away—much to the distress of the warden. Between the two of you, this official must have had a hard time of it. And I have a suspicion, although it may be entirely wrong, that his ideas and Saint Francis's of what constituted a proper tunic, differed markedly. Being a warden, did he not take some pride in seeing the friars dressed in nice, clean fresh ones? Yet Thomas of Celano tells me that the first brothers, emulating their leader, "were content with a tunic patched sometimes within and without." And he adds definitely: "No elegance was seen in it."

Elegance or no, I'm sure that all of you were delightful-looking people—although goodness knows you strove hard enough to make yourselves unattractive to the eye! But for all the peculiar things you did to your hair and your whiskers,

they could not have extinguished that light which must have shone from your countenances. It irresistibly drew men and women—although perhaps not always the younger feminine element, if we are to believe the *Three Companions'* words concerning you first friars: "Rather did the younger women, seeing them afar off, flee in terror." Well, what could you expect, Brother Juniper, when no elegance was in your tunics; and when also, according to Brother Thomas, some of you cultivated the longest whiskers—and when, as Saint Bonaventure has said, the Pope "made all the brethren wear narrow tonsures"?

But you had at least one woman friend—the holy Lady Clare. And I find it rather surprising that you did not seek her advice in what was truly your woe-ful ignorance of cooking. That story, dear Brother Juniper, is enough to make all feminine flesh shrink. You must blame *The Fioretti* for recording it: "Friar Juniper being on a time left alone in a small friary . . . the warden saith to him: 'Friar Juniper, all we have to go abroad; look to it therefore that when we return thou have some dish ready cooked for the refreshment of the friars.' Friar Juniper answers: 'Right gladly! Leave it to me!'" Well, he left it to you, all right. It is related you said to yourself: "What unprofitable care is this, for one friar to be lost in the kitchen and far away from all prayer? Certes, if I am left here to cook, this time will I cook so much that all the friars . . . shall have enough to eat for a fortnight!" Certes, that was a brilliant idea, Brother Juniper—if only you had understood the noble art of canning.

BUT alas—I am appalled to read of you: "He goes very diligently to the city and begs several great cooking pots and pans, and procures fresh meat and salt, fowls and eggs and pot herbs, and begs much firewood, and puts everything on the fire, to wit: the fowls with their feathers on, and eggs in their shells, and all the other things one after the other." Heaven help us—and no mother to guide you! So, "when the friars came home, one . . . entered the kitchen and beheld many great pots and pans on a raging fire. And he sat him down and looked on with wonderment and said no word." Indeed, who would not have been speechless? And your own discomfort! "Now the fire was very fierce, and since he could not get very close to his pots to skim them; he took a wooden board and bound it closely to his body with his cord, and then leapt from one pot to another so that it was a joy to behold." Apparently your fellow-friar was holding his sides with laughter.

Then at last, "Friar Juniper comes into the refectory all ruddy with his toil . . . with that meal of his and saith to the friars: 'Eat well, and then let us all to

prayers'" (the time to pray was before eating, it seems to me) "and let no one have any care about cooking for days to come, because I have cooked so much today that I shall have enough for more than a fortnight!" And he served up this hotch-potch to the friars, and" (please excuse me, Brother Juniper, for quoting the rest; but as indelicate as it is, I think you should be apprised of your biographer's frankness) "there is no hog in the whole of Rome," he declares, "hungry enough to have eaten thereof." Poor Brother Juniper, it must have been awfully discouraging after you had worked so hard, when they wouldn't touch a mouthful. They paid no heed to your plea: "Now look you, fowls such as these are comforting to the brain"; but not so comforting to the eye, they thought, with all the feathers on) "and this mess will keep the body moist, for 'tis right good." In truth, I'm afraid a mess was exactly what it was.

BUT I felt so sorry for you when I read how the warden, "angry at the waste of so much good food," rebuked you harshly. After all, you had only meant to be helpful—so I could have wept over your humble admission of the mistake, your penitence—and at this: "Thus he departed all sorrowing; and all that day was not seen of any friar."

But I note with satisfaction that Saint Francis had such faith in you that, unlike the other friars, you were privileged to journey unaccompanied. "Meanwhile Friar Juniper," relate *The Fioretti*, "comes alone, for because of his perfection he had license to go forth . . . alone, even as it pleased him." And I love the means you employed on these trips to avoid any fuss being made over you. That time you approached Rome, for instance. *The Fioretti* narrate that the citizens to whom you were already famous, determined to send an honorable escort to conduct you with ceremony into the city. But apparently you considered a reception-committee the worst kind of boredom. "Friar Juniper, beholding so many people coming, imagined how he might turn their devotion into sport. . . . Now there were two children playing at see-saw; to wit, they had placed one log of wood across another, and each of them sat at his end of the log and see-sawed up and down."

Certainly I've always considered it one of the most beguiling of pastimes; and I'm glad to see you did also. "Away goes Friar Juniper and takes off one of these children from the log, and mounting thereon begins to play see-saw." The solemn escort was a little startled at the sight; "yet with great devotion they greeted him and waited for him to end the game of see-saw, in order to accompany him honourably. . . ." It would have been a shame to allow a dull escort of mere adults to stop the fun. "And

Friar Juniper . . . held very diligently to his see-sawing. And waiting thus a long space, certain of them began to weary thereof, and said: 'What a blockhead!' " Which was, of course, exactly what you had been hoping they would say. I can imagine your relief when at length they all departed.

Finding the society of little ones so much more pleasant than that of adults, it's no wonder that all evil fled at your approach. *The Fioretti* declare that devils would run miles to avoid you—and that Saint Francis himself held you up to them as a sort of bogey-man. "Wherefore Saint Francis, when the possessed were brought to him that they might be healed, was wont to say if the devils departed not straightway at his command: 'And thou depart not forthwith from this creature I will bring Friar Juniper up against thee!' And then the devil . . . would straightway depart."

But for all your playing at see-saw—for all your cooking and running around after pig's-feet and cough remedies—for all your assiduous dispensing of your own as well as other people's property—I yet know that none of this mingling with mankind brought you the greatest happiness. That I'm sure you found only in those long separations of solitude and prayer.—"For his time," explain *The Fioretti*, "was his own, and oft he abode in woods and desert places."—Here it must have been, rapt in contemplation, that you experienced those heavenly solaces which are said to have been yours. And what absolutely astounds me is that when the tumult of the world grew too importunate, you found it a simple thing to keep absolute silence for six months at a time. How on earth does one accomplish that?

You probably won't like it a bit, Brother Juniper, but I cannot end this letter without telling you that you are the most charming of all those charming first friars of Saint Francis.

THE simplest and the humblest of his simple and humble family, one does not marvel on reading his oft-repeated cry: "Would to God, my brethren, that I had a whole forest of such junipers!" I too, in my utterly unworthy and earthy way, think such a forest would be delightful. For this materialistic age knows that while the juniper is prickly, yet is it a worthy bush, holding in its berries an ingredient of what some consider a merry brew—and also that it usually spreads its roots in soil under which frequently lies a rich deposit of oil. Is my allegory too strained when I thus see you representing prickles, yes—but also merriment, and the only riches that amount to anything—the riches of the soul?

And so in closing, I say again, dear Brother Juniper—what's mine is assuredly thine! (With perhaps the exception of that typewriter.)

The Monetary Struggle

One of the Many Problems Facing the Present Congress

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

THERE are many problems before Congress, unemployment relief, taxes, the budget, and scores of other no less pressing and just as perplexing questions. Some of them will be solved and others will not. Some will tend to bring back better times, and others might aggravate our current problems. In fact, much as the Congressmen might like to, they will find it all but impossible to steer away from a most ticklish puzzle, namely the monetary issue. Whatever they tackle, will smell of "money."

Suppose Congress takes up the budget, the deficit and our huge public debt which now totals about twenty-nine billion dollars (a new record), or approximately half of the total annual income of the American people. Opposition is bound to be aroused by the spending program of the Federal Administration. Many questions will be flung at the government and its Congressional friends: What will the government take for money? How is this debt ever going to be paid? Will taxes be piled up sky-high? Or will the President "just issue" the money?

Now let Congress switch its deliberations to unemployment relief. Admitted that the Federal government cannot care for all of the unemployed, attention turns to the States and local governments. But Congress will find out in no time that neither the States nor the local governments are in any position to produce additional funds for the purpose. In the past year, ten States issued relief bonds totaling about one-third of a billion dollars, further increasing the already heavy debt of the States; the municipalities, as is well known, are in no better financial shape. Therefore, it is one thing for the Federal government to decree with a stroke of the pen that four million unemployable persons will be turned back to State and local care—and it is an altogether different proposition for the latter governments to solve the new difficulty and burden. In the end, the question will be: where is the money to come from?

Or Congress may—and in all probability will—take up the debate on the veterans' bonus. There are two sides to it, as far as they are officially represented. President Roosevelt is against immediate payment of the bonus because the needy among the veterans are on the relief payroll, anyway; because payment now would cost the government 1 billion 620

million dollars above the present certificate value of 2 billion 100 million dollars; because when some years ago one billion dollars was paid out to veterans, there was no appreciable stimulus to business and no aid to recovery. If there was none at that time, it may be expected that there will be none this time.—On the other side of the fence, the veterans maintain that more than three million ex-service men borrowed on their adjusted service certificates which shows the dire need of these men and their families; that, furthermore, billions are spent on public works, construction projects and other features of the emergency program—why not the veterans? But when all is said and done, the issue boils down to the question: is there money for the bonus, or is there not? The President says NO, the veterans say: if there is not, let the government make it or print it or borrow it. In short, once more it is a monetary question.

Regardless of the issue, in some way or other it always leads down to the question of money. If people want something, they want it through the medium of money. If people lose something, they lose a monetary value, at least in the world of economics. So it has come about that our modern economic world particularly in these years of depression, is centered around the monetary angle. The link between money and what makes money has been buried under the avalanche of importance attached to bank credits, money in circulation, collaterals, investments, gold holdings, interest rate, discounts, dividends, and the like.

ALL this may be important—but it has not helped the government, nor the taxpayer—or the veteran, for that matter. Nor has the government spending orgy helped any to remind the people that good money will be *earned*. This is no different in life than it is in economics. "Easy" money turns rarely out to be "good" money. You may have seen men clean up on a stock, or a sweepstake ticket, but have you ever seen them *stay* in the money? By the same token, there have been many a country which tried to "get rich quick" or at least to get rid of their debts by the simple process of printing money. But have you ever seen one of them missing a financial collapse?

One does not have to strain one's mind

to recall that at the beginning of the world there was no money. But there was something else: there was life, activity, hustle and bustle. There was production of primitive things, there was bartering and exchanging, there was hoarding and speculating; in essence, there were many of the quite human characteristics which we are inclined to ascribe to the post-war era, or perhaps to the machine age, or the gold standard. These activities, we know, led to the issuance of money, first in its very clumsy form, later in the more refined style of silver and copper coins, and today principally in the form of credits and of paper money.

TO be sure, this is all very well known. But the fact behind it is only in the rarest instances developed and applied logically. The fact that stands out through the centuries of economic and of monetary history, is simply this: **NOT MONEY HAS CREATED PROSPERITY, BUT PROSPERITY HAS CREATED MONEY.** If the veterans, the silver people, some Congressmen and a great part of the American people had this modest principle firmly and indelibly impressed in their minds, they would never think of clamoring for money. It would be clear to all of them that one first has to create some sort of value before one can ask for the money to show and express it. Perhaps it is one of the most astounding results of psychology that in every-day life people know that they cannot get money for nothing. They have to work for it, slave for it, give their time, their interest, their studies. Yet, of the government they demand that money be produced—just like that.

Consequently, it is not the demand of the veterans for a few billion dollars; the United States would not that easily be driven into bankruptcy. It is not the cry of debtors for further devaluation of the price of the dollar; it is not even the demand for inflation of the currency that spells danger. It is solely the disavowal of an age-old principle which pushes us ever more closely to the edge of inflation. Up to now we have recognized the need of work before money. But now it is claimed that if we had only money, we would be on the road to recovery. Let those that are ignorant beware that history does not crush down on their heads.

A BOTTLE of WINE



By
M. S. Bowen

THE papers had predicted rain for the day, but at ten o'clock there was still no sign of it. One could see great distances up and down the streets, save where a corner or an elevated structure blocked one's view. The morning had drenched everything in its clarity, easing the eye and restoring to each object its pure and shining dominion. Strolling carelessly along the sidewalk, the young man took notice of all this and was glad with a joy simple as the new clean world in which he walked.

He had reason to be glad. During six days now, wind, sun and rain had sweetened and ripened the blue air, but in vain. For throughout that time he had stood in a small iron cage, working a lever and taking people from floor to floor of a gloomy apartment building. The hours had dragged stubbornly and stupidly by, but at this moment he scarcely remembered them. For it was Saturday today and he was at liberty, freed both from the cage and from the poverty which during the gray months behind had bound him to it. Tomorrow, he knew, was Sunday and he must begin another six days. But the thought had no immediacy for him.

He stopped before a bookstore and looked over the titles in the window-display. There were books there which he wanted, of course, but it was not a book which he would get today. Once a month only, the money for his board and room being paid from his meagre wage, he could afford to buy a book or to attend a concert or a play. This indulgence it was that could make the long month bearable and could cause him so jealously to watch over the little, necessary expenditures for laundry and tobacco. Then, when the end of the month would arrive, he could hold in his hand the one or two small, foolish pieces of green paper which were release from his servitude.

There were two dollars in his pocket this time, a fact which joined with the freshness of the spring morning to hearten him towards the least thing which he saw. For many days now he had known, exactly what it was that he would purchase with the money. He had known, in fact, from the evening on which he had noticed in the paper the advertisement offering Spanish sherry at a dollar and ninety cents a bottle. It

was impossible to say how many times, turning the lever of his elevator, he had tasted the wine in prospect, sipping it, twirling the stemmed glass slowly and breathing in its thin, radiant odor. He felt that he had only to look into its cool amber richness to be transported back into an earlier and a statelier age.

The picture glowed in his mind and his step quickened as if in anticipation. He left Fiftieth Street and turned south on Broadway. Fluid and undisciplined as water, the crowd streamed around and past him, spilling over the curb and losing itself in the cross-current at the next corner. But the young man was not conscious of it. In his imagination he sat beneath the soft beams of his reading lamp, the close, dingy walls of his small rooms clothed in shadow and his world reduced for a space to the circumference of a small circle. Beside him on the table was the bottle of sherry and in his lap Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. The *Eve of St. Agnes* he must read also, and the *Urn-Burial* of Sir Thomas Browne: every manner of live and sensitive prose and poetry must be there, its brilliancy stained and burnished in the wine and the yellow light. He would sit enthroned among riches.

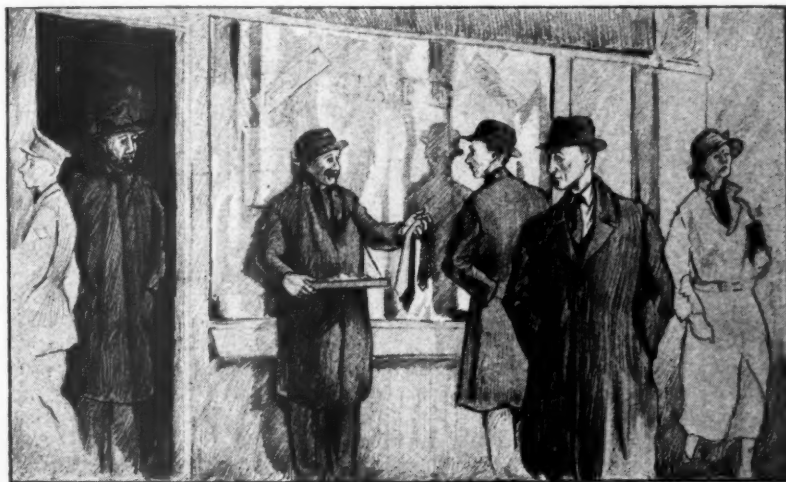
Far away and unseen, a barrier raised itself suddenly across the current of traffic, checking, halting, finally solidifying it. And in that suspended moment, walled-in by shuffling and impatient

humanity, the stroller became aware of someone, of an individual: aware with a pang whether of fear or of recognition he knew not. Over the meaningless heads of the people between, his gaze fell at once upon the figure of the stranger.

The man stood with bent shoulders and motionless, as if in an eddy, near a section of wall separating two shop-entrances. Almost visibly the weight of misfortune seemed to rest upon him and to find voice, though mutely, in the torn, ill-fitting rags which were his clothing. He was grimy and unwashed, and his beard and hair seemed not to have been cut in many weeks. But dignity spoke also in the calm level of his eyes, resting dispassionately upon the thronged street. He seemed not to have seen the young man who stood staring so intently at him.

IT was only when the stroller had worked his way inwards through the crowd, now again moving off, that the eyes of the two for a brief instant met. There was nothing personal, either of accusation or appeal, in the stranger's glance, but immediately the young man felt the meaning of the anonymous pang of a moment ago. He knew without reason or hesitation the claim, compelling and final, of this stranger upon anything and everything which he had. There was fear in the realization.

He stood before the window of the clothier, pretending to be interested in the articles within. From the corner of his eye he could see the man, now no longer aware of him. He appeared to have created about himself a small island of infinity, in contrast to which the passing stream of faces was as the petty and particularized movement of time itself. To the beholder the astonishing thing was the stability, the port even of ownership in the person of this outcast. Certainly the land he stood upon was his



THE EYES OF THE TWO FOR A BRIEF INSTANT MET.

in a manner in which it could never belong to the well-fed but uprooted and drifting ones about him. There came to the mind of the young man the memory of the Beatitudes: Blessed are the meek. . . . They *do* inherit the earth, he thought. . . . Blessed are the poor in spirit. . .

The stranger had not looked again at him. He must give him something, of course. Though he used the word "give," he knew unreflectingly that to help this man would be not to extend a gratuity but to discharge a debt. He felt the crisp, folded bills in his pocket; somehow they were no longer his. As he saw that, illogically the image of the bottle of sherry revived in his imagination and the old excitement, though blurred now, began once more to tremble in the back of his mind. He was obscurely troubled.

SO precise and so infinitesimal in time was the act of his will that he scarcely knew that he had made a choice. Only he was faced with myriad obstacles, springing from ambush to prevent him access to this stranger. He thought of the comfortless days awaiting him. Had he not a right to this little pleasure he had promised himself? He was poor, also; barely able to hang on until better times returned,—if ever they would. Others were in a position more easily to help the fellow. The case was bad, of course; but injustice was everywhere; his two dollars was a ridiculous and hopeless weapon. Then, there was a certain

pride, too, in the man's bearing. Probably he would resent it were someone to offer him in the street a gift which he had not asked. As he looked vacantly at the spring suitings in the window, the young man dwelt upon these considerations. He did not see them as empty, having come after his decision had been made. He left the shop-window and, sauntering a little too carelessly, moved off with the crowd.

By the time he had reached Thirty-fourth Street, the stress within him had a bit relaxed and the foretaste of future pleasure had replaced it. He was almost carefree again when he came to the store to which he was going. There were two or three other customers inside, and he avoided for the time the glance of the clerk who stepped towards him. Childishly, he wished to postpone the gratification of the actual purchase.

Behind the counter there were shelves far up above the level of his head laden with bottles of strange and exotic shape; the French and Italian names on the labels pleased him oddly. In the center, an entire section of shelf had been given to his sherry. It stood there before him in its squat brownish bottle, redolent of sunlight and mountain vineyards and the supple grace of good leather. He was still looking at it when one of the clerks moved over to him and asked for his order. He could not turn and leave the store now. He would appear ridiculous in the eyes of the clerks and other customers in the store.

Taking down the bottle indicated, the clerk rolled it in a layer of corrugated paper and another of wrapping paper. When he had finished, the shape which had so pleased the young man was no longer distinguishable. He placed the package upright and stood waiting.

Realizing at last that it was over, the other put his hand into his pocket for the money. But his fingers had not yet closed upon the bills when swift and cataclysmic the sense of his guilt burst in a wave over him. Within his mind the tattered figure of the outcast took on a new and terrible distinctness. His thoughts were suddenly in turmoil, darkly spinning and twisting. What right, he asked himself, had he to force upon this man the indignity of being required to ask for what was already his? He had thought his two dollars ridiculous. Was justice then something to be dealt with only in bulk—in systems? Or was it served and betrayed, built and undone, in such trivial incidents as this? Was there *anything* trivial? He had spoken of pride. Certainly God's poor had pride, and dignity also: it was their inheritance and just. Were they not in an especial sense the children of God? Bearing the character of likeness to God's Son, their presence in the world was a command, not an entreaty.

Thinking these thoughts, he was overcome by shame so that he could not look up at the clerk. The desire seized him of refusing the wine, of saying it was all a mistake: he had never wanted that wine, he had mistaken the label. But he realized now that he had been standing there a long time; two clerks were already looking at him and he was embarrassed. It was too late now. He laid the two dollars on the counter. When he went out he carried the package under his coat, as one might in trying to hide a stolen article.

IT was no longer sunlight in the street. Imperceptibly the sky had grown overcast and a chill wind sprung up from the east. The young man crossed over when he came to Broadway and walked up the opposite side. After he had gone a few blocks he recognized the building across from him. The stranger was still there, unmoving as before, his coat-collar turned up against the wind and the few fine drops of rain now beginning invisibly to fall. Watching him through the maze of traffic, the other knew a swift impulse to go over and place the package in his arms. But the foolishness of the act balked him. Besides, he could not face the man now.

When he tasted the sherry that night, it was bitter and vinegary. He could not bring himself to drink it. Even the *Conquest of Mexico* was colorless. Afterwards he lay for a long time thinking and listening to the rain outside before he fell asleep.



WHEN HE TASTED THE SHERRY THAT NIGHT, IT WAS BITTER.

The "Something" That Leads to Nothing

By John Moody

IN Cardinal Newman's fascinating story of Callista (St. Cecelia), Polemo the philosopher was asked by her, "Do you believe in one God?" His answer was, "I believe in one eternal, self-existing 'something.'" And Callista replied:

"I feel that God within my heart, I feel myself in His presence. He says to me, 'Do this; don't do that.' You may tell me that this dictate is a mere law of nature, as is to joy or to grieve. I cannot understand this. No, it is the echo of a person speaking to me. Nothing shall persuade me that it does not ultimately proceed from a person external to me. It carries with it its proof of its divine origin. My nature feels toward it as towards a person. When I obey it, I feel a satisfaction; when I disobey, a soreness—just like that which I feel in pleasing or offending a revered friend. So you see, Polemo, I believe in what is more than a mere 'something.' I believe in what is more real to me than sun, moon, stars and the fair earth, and the voice of friends. . . ."

Is it not true that the great mass of modern people, whether they profess any religion or not are much like the philosopher Polemo? They generally believe in "something" of a mysterious nature as being back of all life, whether they call it "God" or not. Even the agnostic will agree that there must be some unknown energizing cause in the universe, while the average atheist, when pinned down, is forced to admit that nature did not "just happen;" that something mysterious and unexplained is responsible in some way for it all.

There are, however, relatively few professing atheists in the world, and not so many agnostics as most of us suppose. *This is a believing world.* The vast majority of men and women (outside of the Catholic Church) are pantheists or nature worshippers, even though most of them do not so label themselves. Pantheism, in its fundamental meaning, is the view that God and the universe or cosmos, are one. But there are many types of pantheism and semi-pantheism; the name covers a multitude of sins. Taken in its strictest sense, as identifying God and nature as one and the same thing, it leads logi-

cally to atheism, for if nature is a self-creating, self-evolving entity, the man himself is but a chip of nature evolving with the cosmos, and his brief life on earth has no meaning.

The most modern pantheists, like the philosopher Polemo, seem to believe in "one eternal, self-existing 'something,'" though they define this "something" in a host of different ways. It is called "the One," the "Unknown," the "Absolute," the "Conscious," the "Unconscious," the "Cosmic Consciousness," the "Idea" of being, the "Will," the "World-Soul"—to name only a few of many definitions. Pantheistic definitions of God are invariably characterized by extreme vagueness; by an utter lack of objectivity. Often, they are purely negative, as with the late Matthew Arnold, whose favorite definition of God was the "Not-self"—"The power not ourselves that makes for righteousness."

These vague pantheistic conceptions of the Deity have prevailed among men as far back as we can glimpse into the twilight of prehistoric times, and probably far earlier than we can ever know. The ancient Vedic hymns of India are full of pantheism, and it has always been the outstanding characteristic of the faiths of India, ancient and modern. We find it in the more modern Vedanta teaching, which has been brought to this country within the last generation by Yogis from the East, and seems to have a fascination for certain

types of American minds. In the Vedanta pantheism, which is largely based on the ancient Upanishads, the impersonal nature of Brahman is insisted upon, being made the vague, spiritual "unity" back of all phenomena. But what is this "unity?" The Vedanta cult defines it as follows: "Many names have been used to describe It, and It has been left unnamed; but all rest upon It. It has been called the All and the Nothing, the Fullness and the Void, Absolute Motion and Absolute Rest, the Real, the Essence. All are true, yet none is fully true. And ever the words of the Sages remain, 'Not this; not this.'"

What does all this mean? Why, it means no more and no less than Matthew Arnold's favorite definition of God as the "Notself." It is merely our old friend "something."

YET we do not have to turn to the Orient for pantheistic beliefs; we find them cropping up all around us, and in the most unexpected places. For instance, modernist Protestantism is filled with pantheistic notions; in fact, Protestantism has necessarily been becoming more and more pantheistic in its teachings and conceptions as it has shed, one after another, many of the original tenets which it took over from the Catholic Church. Many eminent Protestant thinkers do not deny this, but applaud it. They seem to take pride in the fact that (having lain aside or glossed over the main dogmas of Christianity, and turned the Apostles Creed into a mere statement of symbols) they have fallen back on purely subjective idealism—which is simon-pure pantheism.

We read much nowadays of the evaporation of the old Christian beliefs outside of the Catholic Church; "the decline of Christianity" is a favorite topic with non-believers. Though we of the western world still consider ourselves as living in a "Christian civilization," yet when we begin to count noses we find that the bulk of the non-Catholic population, even though they call themselves Christians, do not believe in the God of Christianity at all, but merely in the vague "something" of the philosopher Polemo.

FOLLOWED to the last analysis, there are, after all, only two logical positions from which to view life. Either God the Creator exists as He is defined by Catholic Christianity, or He does not exist. There is no middle ground. If He exists, then Catholicism has the only explanation why we humans exist; what we are, and what we are for. To really understand man is not merely to describe or analyze his nature, as the scientists and psychologists attempt to do; but to learn *what he was created for*; and to this Catholic Christianity gives the only adequate answer.

Now most of the Protestantism of our forefathers at least superficially endorsed the Catholic teaching that "God is the one supreme and infinite personal Being, the creator and ruler of the universe, to whom man owes obedience and worship;" and that the reality of His existence can be certainly apprehended by human reason. But today we find modernist Protestant thinkers and teachers in general agreement with the view that the only basis for any belief in the existence of God is "an immediate experience of God as imminent in the life of the soul;" that is, God has become merely a subjective emotion. Such is exactly the view of the atheist—only the atheist refuses to entertain the emotion!

The vagueness which attends the average non-Catholic idea of God is somewhat amusingly illustrated in an incident cited by Professor J. B. Pratt, in his brilliant study of the "Religious Consciousness," published some years ago. In his chapter on "A Belief in God," he says: "At a prayer meeting in a small village not far from where I live, the pastor asked those present to describe their idea of God. One good and very candid deacon, when it came his turn, responded that his idea of God was 'a kind of an oblong blur.' The answer probably represented fairly well the state of mind of most of his less candid neighbors."

This vague, pantheistic notion of the Deity is a piece with some similar notions of the nature of the human "soul," also cited by Professor Pratt in the same book. He says:

"For some years I have amused myself by collecting, from my friends and students, descriptions of the 'soul' . . . One lady describes the soul as 'a sort of round haze a little larger than a baseball, somewhere in our body near the heart.' Another makes it the size of a baseball and locates it in the air back of the left shoulder. Some say it is conscious, some not; but nearly all agree that it is that which goes to heaven when you die."

THESE amusing notions of God and of the human soul seem silly enough, but are they really any less convincing than the "Not-self" of Matthew Arnold, the "Not this, not this," of the Hindu, or the "immediate experience" emotion of the modernist Protestant? In their own way they are simple human attempts to objectify the pantheistic "something" of which the pagan philosopher Polemo spoke is Callista.

Now the great sheet anchor of Christianity from the very start was the belief in "God the Father Almighty." Before all else, Christianity is monotheistic, and not pantheistic, and the whole structure falls to the ground the moment we turn our back on this great

truth. Consequently is it not a fact that the failure of modern Protestant Christianity to "hold its people" is largely due to this decline in the belief in the personal God? If God is only a "cosmic consciousness"—a subjective emotion—then why believe in anything in particular? Why adhere to any church or institution which parades creeds or dogmas?

JUST such questions have been asked or thought of by thousands of people—yes, millions—who have drifted away from Protestant Christianity during the past two generations; moreover, such questions are continuously being debated in these days by the thoughtful within the Protestant folds. In almost any group of non-Catholic Christians one always finds a high proportion whose faith is but merely nominal, or at least is viewed as "non-essential." Inertia and indifferentism characterize many, but others who think a bit soon go the full way to agnosticism or atheism, or else are intrigued by "theosophy" or some other pantheistic cult. This situation, more than anything else, explains the rise in our times of pantheistic movements like Christian Science, Divine Science, New Thought, and the numerous "world-soul" cults which have been imported from the Orient. Disillusioned Protestants, sons and daughters of those who once believed in the God of Christianity, make the warp and woof of these modern cults. (Not that their forebears always held the true Catholic view of God; rather they too often viewed Him as a magnified man—a typically old-Protestant notion.)

Some time ago the attention of the writer was brought to an authoritative book on modern "Theosophy", as taught by the leading society of that name in this country. In the introduction the statement was made that "any Christian, Protestant or Catholic, can accept all the teachings of theosophy without contradicting anything he already believes." This statement was quoted by a certain Protestant church member as justification for his being both a theosophist and a Christian.

He apparently believed sincerely that he could harmonize these two contradictions! In other words, while professing to be a Christian, he was accepting the pantheistic "world-soul" idea of the theosophist, with its belief in "reincarnation", and its total rejection of the Divinity of Christ and the whole Christian Revelation. And he insisted that as a church member he was not exceptional in this regard; he stated that at least half of his Christian acquaintances believed fully in the doctrine of Karma.

Now the doctrine of Karma (with reincarnation) is as anti-Christian as any

belief can possibly be; it contradicts the entire Christian creed. Yet it probably is true that a majority of present day non-Catholic Christians, can take on this or almost any sort of belief "without contradicting anything they already believe." Ask a hundred average non-Catholic Christians if they believe in God, and while fifty of them may say "yes," most of these, if they are further questioned, will at once begin talking about a pantheistic sort of God,—a vague "something" which invariably turns out to be nature or the cosmos. Of course, any reasonably intelligent person will agree that if God is only nature or the cosmos (that is, if the universe is that impossible thing, a self-created mechanism), then one might just as well believe in Karma as in any other fancies that men may conjure up as an "explanation" of the riddle of life.

But none of this applies to the Catholic Christian, who cannot be a pantheist of any sort without contradicting everything that he believes. For before all else the Catholic recognizes the primacy of the *Supernatural*, and wholly rejects the primacy of the "Natural." With the Catholic, the human soul (which is the Principle of Life in the body), is the free gift of God, and comes from above; and is not, as with the pantheist, an "evolution" from below. Consequently, the conception of a human "soul" as a "divine spark of the illimitable cosmos," evolving through myriads of lives, as taught by the doctrine of Karma, is not only abhorrent to the Catholic, but fantastic. He knows that it has no basis in rational reasoning and is supported by no objective evidence whatever.

FOLLOWED to the last analysis, there are, after all, only two logical positions from which to view life. Either God the Creator exists as He is defined by Catholic Christianity, or He does not exist. There is no middle ground. If He exists, then Catholicism has the only explanation why we humans exist; what we are, and what we are *for*. To really understand man is not merely to describe or analyze his nature, as the scientists and psychologists attempt to do; but to learn *what he was created for*; and to this Catholic Christianity gives the only adequate answer. In the words of St. Augustine, "Thou hast created us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee!"

If, on the other hand, God does not exist, then atheism is the only answer for man; and every form of pantheism, in whatever setting, can be logically reasoned through to atheism—even as Buddha, the supreme pantheist, proved!

"So you see, Polemo, I believe in what is more than a mere 'something.'"

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

J. M. D., WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Catholic Mission Literature—A Hand List," compiled by Rev. Stephen J. Brown, S.J., is the book you want. It may be obtained from the Central Catholic Library, 18 Hawkins Street, Dublin, Ireland, 2/paper; 3/6 cloth. Here are a few entries: "The Conversion of the Pagan World," Manna-McGlinchey; "Catholic Missions in Symbols and Figures," Streit, O.M.I.; "Catholic Mission History" and "Catholic Mission Theory," [reviewed in the June 1934 issue of *THE SIGN*], Schmidlin; "Religion of the Primitives," Le Roy; "The World Missions of the Catholic Church," Schwager, S.V.D.; "A Catechism on Catholic Foreign Missions," McGlinchey; "The Workers Are Few," Manna-McGlinchey; "Catholic Native Episcopacy in China," Elia, S. J.

C. P., JAMAICA, N. Y.—It is perfectly legitimate to pray for a good Catholic husband, and much to be commended. St. Joseph is usually regarded as the Patron of such cases. Do not lose courage. He may come along any minute.

C. R. H.—It is difficult to answer questions of this nature. As long as you did not intend to deceive it is not clear that you made a bad confession. It might be well to reveal your doubt the next time you confess.

G. B., DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—John Rathbone Oliver, author of *Fear*, etc., was converted to the Catholic Church from the Episcopal Church, but after a few years back-slided. (See November 1934 issue, page 216.)

Sr. F., ATCHISON, KAN.—(1) Peter B. Kyne is listed among Catholic authors. We do not know whether or not he left the Church. (2) Bernice is an alternative form of Berenice. The latter is listed in *The Book of Saints* as a virgin-martyr of Odessa of the 4th century. Feast day October 4th.

J. G., BALTIMORE, MD.—The answer is too long to reprint. We are trying hard to catch up on our questions. Send 20 cents in stamps for the May 1934 issue.

M. G., CLEVELAND, O.—Very likely it was a dream without any significance. Better pay no attention to it.

M. M. L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Communicate with *The Catholic World*, 401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

J. K., YOUNGSTOWN, O.—St. Conrad was canonized by Pius XI on May 20th, 1934. He was known in the world as John Birndorfer, and was born in Parzham in Catholic Bavaria in 1818. His parents were simple, hard-working peasants. After a life devoted to Catholic activities in the world, he entered the Capuchin Order in 1849. His office was that of porter of the monastery. In this humble station he practised all the Christian virtues in a heroic degree. He died in 1894, when Our Lord opened to him the door of Heaven. Make up your own prayers to him, when you have no others.

W.P.L.—So far, the cause of Mother Seton's canonization is concerned with the examination of her writings. No miracle has been attested as yet, though many favors have been attributed to her intercession. In the *Life of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin* you will find authentic accounts of miracles, which were accepted by the Church.

ARE PONTIUS PILATE AND MARTIN LUTHER IN PURGATORY

In a talk over station WLWL a Paulist Father mentioned that Teresa Neumann, the Bavarian stigmatist, while in an ecstatic state was asked by her confessor if Pontius Pilate and Martin Luther were in Purgatory. She replied that they were and "that we should pray for them." Does the Church accept the remarks of this girl as authentic and infallible?—E. M., UNION CITY, N. J.

The Church has made no official pronouncement regarding Teresa Neumann. Her attitude is one of discreet and watchful waiting. While the Catholic faith teaches that God may communicate secrets pertaining to the world beyond the grave to the living, it does not follow that everyone who claims to have revelations should be believed. Prudent Catholics will follow the attitude of the Church in this matter. Moreover, we imagine that many of the faithful will be profoundly amazed if what Teresa Neumann is alleged to have revealed in regard to Pontius Pilate and Martin Luther is true.

UNWILLING PARENTHOOD

A harassed mother with insufficient income to feed her present family properly, and with the knowledge that another is coming, expressed the hope that some accident would befall her quickly that might spare her a doctor's bill and her unborn the miseries of this life. Would such an expression be a matter of confession?—MASS.

Without giving an opinion as to the morality of the desire, we advise that it be mentioned to the confessor, at least for the sake of obtaining encouragement and instruction.

We appreciate the fear which elicits such a desire, but we urge you to direct your mind to the grand mysteries of Faith, which are so full of consolation to the suffering soul. God's Almighty Providence has decreed that you should become the mother of another child. He shall arrange that that child shall be properly cared for. His power is infinite—which economics is not. This world is not run according to the laws of economics, but according to the will of God. Read Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. "If God so clothes the lilies of the field, which are today, and tomorrow are cast into the oven, how much more you, O ye of little faith?" In ways unknown to your human foresight God will provide for the life which He has given. Humanly speaking the lot of the Jews after they left Egypt was hopeless. But they had God for their protector. Forty years He fed them in the desert, causing manna to fall from heaven and quails to drop at their feet; by His power water gushed out of the hard rock; their clothes and their shoes did not wear out during their wanderings in the desert; He brought them as He had promised into the land "flowing with milk and honey." If He guided and protected them against all manner of difficulties, think you that He cannot sup-

ply you and your unborn child with the necessities of life? He feeds the birds of the air; how much more those made in His image? Besides, think of the soul of your child. It is destined to everlasting life. This is the principal end of human life—to increase the number of those who will glorify God forever. Moreover, this child may be the best of the family in every respect. You can't lose by trusting God. His word never faileth. "None hath hoped in the Lord and hath been confounded."

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BECAME CATHOLIC: PORK AND BEANS

(1) Did the Duke of Marlborough become a Catholic? (2) May a Catholic eat beans cooked with pork on Friday?—M. D., WATERVLIET, N. Y.

- (1) Yes, a few years before his death.
- (2) Yes. Fat of animals is allowed as a condiment on days of abstinence.

MEANING OF "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

Please explain the petition in the Our Father, which says: "Lead us not into temptation." A friend of mine said that this petition is incorrect, for God would not lead us into temptation.—M. F., CUBA, Mo.

Everything which exposes or entices a man to commit sin is a temptation. This petition reminds us of our infirmity and proneness to commit sin, and at the same time admonishes us to place our trust in God, Who, if we ask Him, will not permit us to fall into sin. "Lead us not into temptation" does not imply that God, unless we ask Him not to, will push us into sin, as Calvin taught, but rather it is a prayer that He will not allow us to sin by withdrawing His grace from us. "Let no man, when he is tempted, say that he is tempted by God. For God is not a tempter of evils, and He tempteth no man," says St. James (1:13); but He does allow us to be tried in the furnace of temptation, in order that we may prove ourselves true disciples of His. This petition is understood by St. Augustine to mean—"permit us not to be overcome."

FALL OF THE ANGELS

In a catechism lesson the question reads: "Did all the angels remain good and happy?" The answer to which is: "All the angels did not remain good and happy; many of them sinned and were cast into Hell, and these are called devils, or bad angels." How was this fact revealed to the Catholic teachers? If this is a fact, then if we attain to Heaven we may lose it again. This seems to contradict the teaching that at the end of this life we are either saved or condemned forever.—T. A. G., ALBANY, N. Y.

The above teaching is substantially correct. Exception may be taken to the use of the term "devils" to designate the bad angels. There is one only devil, who is called Satan. The other bad angels are called demons, evil spirits, and unclean spirits.

The angels were not created in supernatural beatitude. In other words, they did not enjoy the beatific vision of God as soon as they were created, but were put on trial, as our first parents were tested on this earth. What the nature of the trial was has not been revealed, but it is clearly taught in Sacred Scripture that many of the angels failed in that trial and so became demons. Those who remained faithful were rewarded by admission to supernatural beatitude, or the enjoyment of the beatific vision. This is the essential joy of Heaven, and can never be lost. The reason why the angels were put on trial is that Heaven, or the enjoyment of the beatific vision, is a reward to be merited by the right use of free-will. The angels having been created free had to choose to obey God or refuse to obey Him. This is conformable to right reason and common sense, for no one who enjoys free

will should be rewarded unless he has used his free will to choose God: "No one is crowned unless he struggle lawfully." (II Tim. 2:5.)

Our Lord said: "I saw Satan like lightning falling from Heaven." (Luke 10:18.) St. Peter wrote: "God spared not the angels that sinned, but delivered them, drawn down by infernal ropes to the lower hell unto torments." (II Pet. 2:14.) And St. Jude: "The angels who kept not their principality, but forsook their own habitation, He hath reserved under darkness in everlasting chains, unto the judgment of the great day." (1:6.) Finally, Our Lord revealed that the wicked who would be condemned to eternal punishment on the last day would merit the curse of the bad angels: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. 25:41.) Those who are saved, both angels and men, shall be saved forever: "But the just [shall go] into everlasting life," just as those who are lost, both angels and men, shall be lost forever—"these [the wicked] shall go into everlasting punishment." (Matt. 25:46.)

INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO BEADS

Do rosaries require another blessing if they are loaned, in order that the owner may gain the indulgences?—A. M. F., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

No, the indulgences attached to beads or rosaries and other religious articles are lost only when they are destroyed or sold. (Canon 924.)

JEW CANNOT BE A GOD-PARENT OF CATHOLIC CHILD

Can a Jew act as god-father at the baptism of a Catholic child? This question is prompted by a picture in an issue of the "Herald-Tribune," which showed a Jew holding the child of a Catholic ex-pugilist in his arms, and under the picture was the statement that "Mr. ——— had just acted as god-father at the child's baptism."—F. B., PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

The first requirement for the valid assumption of the office of sponsor or god-parent at Catholic Baptism is that the sponsor be baptized. Moreover, no one who is a member of an heretical or schismatical religion can act in this capacity. There are many other requirements listed in Canon Law for god-parents, but the above will suffice to show that no Jew can act as sponsor at such a ceremony. He may, however, be present as an onlooker, which was doubtless the case in this instance. Secular newspaper reporters and editors are notorious for their inaccuracy in regard to things relating to the Church.

MEAT BONE: DRIPPING: ANGELUS INTENTION: CLEANING TEETH BEFORE COMMUNION: FAST BEFORE MIDNIGHT MASS

(1) May a meat bone be used in chowder to season it on days of abstinence? (2) May dripping from bacon or other meats be used in cooking on abstinence days? (3) For what intention should the Angelus be said? (4) Should one rinse his mouth and clean his teeth before receiving Holy Communion? (5) How long should one fast before receiving Holy Communion at the midnight Mass?—M. A. K., WHITESTONE, N. Y.

(1) The law of abstinence forbids meat and the juice of meat, but not the fat of animals. Meat bones are included under meat; hence may not be used.

(2) Yes.

(3) The Angelus is an act of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which recalls the part which she was privileged to play in the Incarnation of Christ. The thought of this mystery should be uppermost in the minds of the faithful when they recite this beautiful prayer. It seems, however, that very few Catholics practice this devotion. An indulgence of 100 days is granted for every recitation of the Angelus thrice a day, and a plenary indulgence once a month for those who recited it thrice daily.

(4) It is permitted to clean the teeth and rinse the mouth before receiving Holy Communion. Care must be taken, however, not to swallow any water or other liquid.

(5) Strictly speaking, there is no obligation to begin fasting before the stroke of midnight, for that is the moment when the Eucharistic fast begins. But it is advised that those who intend to receive Holy Communion at the midnight Mass should begin to fast a few hours before midnight. When Pope Leo XIII granted the privilege of celebrating Mass immediately after midnight in the basilica of Lourdes, he added the condition that priests should abstain from food and drink for four hours before celebrating. This, of course, is a particular case, but it is offered to indicate the mind of the Pope in this matter.

RELATIONSHIP OF ST. JUDE AND BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Someone said that Our Blessed Lady was the aunt of St. Jude, the Apostle. How could she be if she was an only child, having no brother or sister?—N. N., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

St. Jude was the son of Mary, wife of Alpheus or Cleophas. This Mary is called the sister of the Blessed Virgin (John 19:25), not precisely because she was the sister of the Blessed Virgin in the strict sense, but because she was a sister in the sense given to that word by the Jews, which is either a cousin, or a more distant relative. The Jews did not seem to have terms to signify cousins, and so they used "brother" and "sister" to designate relationships which were not strictly those of brother and sister. Hence, this may be the reason for the opinion that the Blessed Virgin was the aunt of St. Jude. More probably he was a cousin or more remote relative. Although the New Testament is silent concerning the parentage of the Blessed Virgin and the presence of other children besides Mary, legendary sources teach that she was the only daughter of St. Joachim and St. Anne. This is also the tradition of the Church.

TITHES

Kindly give me some information about tithing. Is this a Catholic custom?—R. R. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Tithes is from the old Anglo-Saxon word *teotha*—meaning a tenth, and is generally defined as "the tenth part of all fruits and profits justly acquired, owed to God in recognition of His supreme dominion over man, to be paid to the ministers of the Church." They were paid by Abram to Melchisedech (Gen. 14), vowed by Jacob (Gen. 28), and regulated and made obligatory by the Mosaic law (Exod. 22; Lev. 27; Num. 18). The offering of tithes was made principally to God, Who transferred them to His sacred ministers. The Levites were allotted no land in Israel, but received tithes instead. When the journey to the temple was unusually long, money could be substituted for an offering in kind. Every third year was called the year of tithes (Gen. 26: 12).

Tithing was not peculiar to the Israelites, but was common to all ancient peoples, chiefly in support of the worship of their gods and the priests. The tenth part of one's goods is alleged by some authors to have been chosen because the number ten represents a kind of totality—every number and possible combination of numbers being included in it—and thus represents all kinds of property, all of which are by tithes acknowledged as due to the bounty of God. In some instances the payment of tithes was a civil custom, sanctioned by law.

In the beginning of Christianity those who served the altar were supported by the spontaneous contributions of the faithful, but since this method did not render the support of the clergy secure, laws were passed by ecclesiastical authorities making the payment of tithes obligatory in conscience. Later on Charlemagne made tithing in support of the clergy an obligation of the civil law also. Tithing was early practiced in England, but it was not until the Statute of Westminster of

1285 that it was made obligatory by statute law. Many abuses crept into the system—clerics alienating tithes in favor of laymen for protection, etc.—so that the Third Council of the Lateran in 1179 decreed that clerics could not alienate tithes to the laity without permission of the Pope. Where a species of tithe still exists, as in the Church of England, it is really a kind of rent. In English-speaking countries today—so far as Catholics are concerned—the clergy receive no tithes, but are supported by the voluntary contributions of the faithful.

The present Code of Canon Law says that the payment of tithes (*decimae*), and first fruits (*primitiae*) shall be governed by the special laws and laudable customs of each country (Canon 1502). While the support of the clergy and the maintenance of ecclesiastical institutions is one of the precepts of the Church, in most dioceses in the United States the salary of the clergy is fixed by the Bishop, but though fixed it is still obtained by contributions from the faithful, the amount of which contributions is not regulated by law, but left to the conscience of the individual according to his means.

COUNCIL EXCOMMUNICATING POPE: FORGED DECRETALS: DOUBTFUL POPES

The following questions are concerned with statements made in "The Medici," by C. F. Young: (1) During the reign of the Medici, the author says that the bishops of the Church in Tuscany excommunicated the Pope. Can this be done? Was it done? (2) He also states that the Pope's claim to supremacy in the Church is based on documents called the "Forged Decretals," and that these have been acknowledged by Rome to be forged. What are these documents? It is my impression that the claim to the supremacy of the papacy is based on Christ's words to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it;" and "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." (3) During the times when there were various claimants to the papacy, was there ever more than one rightful Pope?—A. H. C., MALDEN, MASS.

(1) C. F. Young's *The Medici* is most unreliable from a historical standpoint, especially in matters which are concerned with the Church. While the author exhibits great industry and wide reading, his opinions are generally biased and follow the Protestant pattern.

What the author probably refers to is the Council of Pisa in 1409. The cardinals of Gregory XII, who is placed in the line of legitimate Popes, and Benedict XIII, the anti-pope, met to settle the issues of Pope and rival Pope, in order to bring peace to the Church. The Council declared both Popes deposed and excommunicated, and elected another, Alexander V. Neither Gregory XII nor Benedict XIII recognized the Council of Pisa; so instead of healing the schism the Council only served to make matters worse. Instead of two rival Popes, there were now three. Alexander V, the Pisan choice, lived only eleven months after his election. He was succeeded by John XXIII. Another Council was held in Constance in 1415, in which Clement XII resigned, Benedict XIII was forced to abdicate, and John XXIII, the successor of Alexander V, was deposed. A new Pope was elected in the person of Martin V, thus bringing to an end the most serious internal disorder which has ever affected the Church.

The Council of Pisa has never been regarded as a legitimate Council. It was called by the Cardinals of the rival obediences on their own initiative. While the conditions of the times explain their usurpation of authority, it does not excuse it. No Ecumenical Council of the Church is valid without the consent of the Supreme Pontiff. The body of bishops cannot validly act in Council without the approval of their head. The supremacy of the Roman Pontiff is based on the express words of Christ, some of which you have cited. Peter and his successors are to confirm their brethren, but he is to be confirmed by no one (Luke 12:32), not even the corporate body of bishops. Hence, it is clear that no Council can depose or

excommunicate, or use any authority over a legitimate Roman Pontiff.

(2) Mr. Young errs again in following the Protestant position in regard to the "Forged Decretals." The supremacy of the Roman Pontiff is founded on the revelation of Christ, as made known in the New Testament and the Tradition of the Church—not on a false or falsified document. The author of these Decretals is supposed to be St. Isidore, though the Saint was two hundred years in his grave when these Decretals were alleged to have been forged; that is to say, around 850, A.D. In an effort to protect themselves from the predatory nobles and the excessive authority of the metropolitans, the bishops of the West-Frankish Church had recourse to ancient canons, in which they endeavored to prove the injustice of the temporal and spiritual lords. They mixed the true and the false in these canons, and increased the power of the Holy See so that those against whom they were opposed might be made afraid. Even sober Protestant historians admit that the Forged Decretals had no bearing on the real position of the papacy. (See *The Sign-Post*, November 1932, page 228.)

(3) During the Great Schism of the West (which was really not a schism properly so called, but a contest between legitimate and illegitimate Popes and their followers), there was an uninterrupted line of legitimate Roman Pontiffs. The Popes in succession to Urban VI (1378-1389) were the legitimate Popes. They were Boniface IX (1389-1404), Innocent VII (1404-1406), and Gregory XII (1406-1415). There were two anti-popes of the Avignon faction, Clement VII (1378-1394), and Benedict XIII (1394-1415); and two anti-popes of the Pisan party, Alexander V (1409-1410), and John XXIII (1410-1417). All Europe was divided in their allegiance. Even Saints followed different claimants to the Papacy. It was a most distressing time. But the peace was re-established at the Council of Constance in 1415, A.D. There was but one legitimate Pope during these times, but it was not certain to all the faithful who the legitimate pope was.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS NOT A JEW

I am enclosing a clipping from THE JEWISH WORLD for October 13th, which claims that Christopher Columbus was not an Italian, but a Jew. It says: "documents say his name really was Cristobal Colon and he was born in a Spanish province, the son of Jewish parents who were forced to embrace Christianity." There is a lot more of this nature, as you can see for yourself. Will you please give me the correct information regarding Columbus's nationality?—M. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The contention that Christopher Columbus was not an Italian, but a Spanish Jew, is of comparatively recent date. It was first published, it seems, by Don Celso Garcia de la Riega, a Spanish historian. But his opinion is at variance with the historical data accepted by all the world. There is evidence from documents of unquestioned historical authenticity that the family of Christopher Columbus was established in the territory of Genoa from 1429 until the end of the century and even beyond. Columbus himself, his son Ferdinand, and the greater part of his contemporaries testify that he was a Genoese. These documents are so numerous and so explicit that there is but one way to set them aside, and that is to deny that they relate to Columbus, and to misrepresent the record. This Señor de la Riega and his followers have not hesitated to do. Any one with common sense can see that this is a very convenient method of falsifying history.

Columbus's son wrote a life of his father and said that at Lisbon his father found several of his countrymen of Genoa—"della sua nazione Genovese." In Ferdinand's will he describes himself—"don Fernando Colon, higo de D. Cristobal Colon Ginoves."

The name Cristobal Colon is simply the Spanish form of the Italian name.

It is significant that *The Jewish Encyclopedia*, while it de-

votes several pages to the relations of Columbus with the Jews, never even hints that Columbus was a Jew. Further, a decree of expulsion was directed against the Jews in Spain about two months before Columbus set out on his voyage of discovery. It is hardly probable that he would have been commissioned to undertake this epoch-making adventure were he of the Jewish race.

The account in *The Jewish World* is replete with counterfeit assertions, false quotations, illogical deductions, and full of conjectures. In other words, to use a vulgar expression, it is "bunk." (See *The American Historical Review*, April 1913, pp. 505-512; "Columbus a Spaniard and a Jew," by Henry Vignaud.)

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

A.M.L., Baltimore, Md.; M.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; E.H.M., Lowell, Mass.; J.R.W., Hartford, Conn.; M.L.H.M., Green Bay, Wis.; M.F.W., Garden City, L. I.; M.J.E.McG., Steubenville, Ohio; E.P.S., Queens Village, L. I.; J.W.K., Baltimore, Md.; A.M.B., West Orange, N. J.; M.K.M., Camden, N. J.; J.G.O., New York City, N. Y.; L.W., Owensboro, Ky.; C.W., Brockton, Mass.; G.M.F., Hartford, Conn.; S.M.B., Hastings, N. Y.; M.S., Lawrence, Mass.; M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; M.E.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; K.H., Cincinnati, Ohio; C.J.McN., Brooklyn, N. Y.; W.J.M., Crafton, Pa.; M.H., Kahoko, Mo.; M.J.W.H., Wheeling, Va.; M.R.A.V., Union City, Ind.; F.A.W., Phila., Pa.; A.M.G., West Somerville, Mass.; J.W.K., Baltimore, Md.; M.C.S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; E.D., Chestnut Hill, Mass.; H.T.McG., New York, N. Y.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.; M.D., Jamaica, L. I.; R.W.R., Yonkers, N. Y.; C.B., Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Mother, M.E., McG., Watertown, Mass.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Joseph, S.M.R.N., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, A.V.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Virgin, H.E.M., Brighton, Mass.; St. Lucy, M.T., Philadelphia, Pa.; Blessed Mother, A.M.B., West Orange, N. J.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.A.P., South St. Louis, Mo.; Miraculous Infant of Prague, F.B., Union City, N. J.; Sorrowful Mother, M.D.H., Hillsboro, Oregon; Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, K.McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Nemesion, J.G.O., New York City, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, Holy Family, Little Flower, P.J.H., Appleton, Wis.; Blessed Mother, Sacred Heart, M.T.L.D., Corona, L. I.; St. Gabriel, E.J.D., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Little Flower, A.T., Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Gabriel, M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; Blessed Mother, St. Paul, St. Gabriel, M.R.W., Jersey City, N. J.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, L.E., Tamaqua, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.T.J. O'B., Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

COMMENTS ON M. H. DAVIES' LETTER AND ARTICLE

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

In the *Sign-Post* of your December issue I have just read the letter by "Enquirer" in reference to the article in your October issue, entitled "Walking With God"; also the reply to "Enquirer" by the writer, M. H. Davies.

I would like to say how much I liked that article when I

read it last October. I passed the magazine on to a nurse when I finished with it; also to one of the nuns. Both, on returning it, drew my attention to the article, remarking how good it was and advising me, a patient, to read it again. I am glad M. H. Davies ends his or her letter by saying: "But it does not mean I shall not try again."

I hope it is possible for you to forward my letter to M. H. Davies, just so as to have the author know that in England, at least three people appreciated her effort very much.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

D. BENEDICT.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In re December 1934 issue of THE SIGN, page 285, letter by M. H. Davies. Too much pride about being so holy. And why "ranting, raring convert?" Converts are courageous and may be enthusiastic sometimes. And why not?

Another thing—THE SIGN management is much too gratefully humble for our help in the form of subscriptions. Personally I think there is more value in the magazine than in the price asked. It is the reader who should be humbly gratified.

And to H. Paul Conway (December 1934 issue, page 284). Being married has nothing to do with the justice of having a job. What does count is the need for the job. Some single men and women are much better situated financially than some married women. And since when did marriage reduce the cost of living? Probably what Paul means is that married women who do not need to work should not take a job. But that applies to single people also. So why all the fuss?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

STUART ROBINSON.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your "Enquirer's" unsympathetic criticism of Mrs. M. H. Davies' really quite satisfactory attempt to describe her final acceptance of her every day life as being ordered by Our Blessed Lord, and her description of her joy when she recognized her Lord in every moment and in every act of her life, brought forth a most unexpected answer from Mrs. Davies. At least to this reader her answer was unexpected.

I am wondering whether her ideas concerning converts are unique or whether they are generally shared among Catholics. She says she is not a "ranting, raring convert." I am wondering just where she received this impression of the convert to the Catholic Faith and why.

I imagine a former Methodist looks back upon the group among whom he once worshipped with a feeling of great sadness and humility; sadness that so many sincerely wishing to live in accordance with the teachings of Christ have never been taught the Catholic Way; humility that he out of so many has been shown God's chosen way. Perhaps a convert from the Presbyterians regrets the zeal and devotion showered upon personal and collective misinterpretations of the Scripture, but he knows how to transfer that same zeal into reverence and thanksgiving for what God has chosen to reveal in His Church. I know that a one-time Episcopalian sinks to his knees and prays for all who kneel in adoration before what they believe to be the Blessed Sacrament, that their great yearning for true intimacy with Jesus may be realized in the true Sacraments. Are these converts to be described as "ranting and raring"?

No. The convert is an orphan who in the changes and chances of this mortal life may have been brought up in the care of some foster-mother, or else allowed to come to maturity without any mother at all. The foster-mother nourished her child and gave him the very best she could. In her ignorance she may have poorly educated him, in her poverty poorly fed him, in her darkness have robbed him of the knowledge of beauty; yet she was his foster-mother and in most cases she believed herself to be a true mother.

When the orphan actually experiences the love of the true mother, the Holy Catholic Church, he knows the difference at

once and his new rush of love and devotion ought not to be thought of as "ranting and raring." He surely may be permitted to hope to bring his foster-mother into the true Mother's embrace, for he would be an ingrate indeed were he to forget the church which fostered him. The unmothered orphan who suddenly achieves a Mother may be dizzy with the experience and blind to everything else but the practices of the Holy Faith, yet such practices in themselves are never "raring," never "ranting."

My reason in writing that which may seem to be a rebuke to Mrs. Davies and others in their opinion of converts is really an humble effort to gain understanding for the convert. The convert is not blessed with a vision of God and His angels beyond other mortals. Nor is he necessarily something less fine than those who have always been Catholics. He is an orphan who has found a Mother. All ought to rejoice over and be sympathetic with the union of Mother and child.

BISBEE, ARIZ.

A CONVERT.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You will probably remember that Father Purcell had the kindness to publish, in the Editor's Note Section of the April issue of THE SIGN, my appeal to the American Catholics for instructive books, pamphlets, Catholic magazines and religious articles, and thanks be to God, many of those who have had the opportunity to read my appeal have generously responded to it by sending me religious articles and Catholic literature in the form of books, magazines, pamphlets and papers. As soon as the articles mentioned above were received, I at once sent letters of acknowledgment and appreciation to each of those who answered my appeal, but with great regret to my heart, some of my letters of acknowledgment were returned to me, due perhaps to the fact that some of the senders have moved to other places. This is the reason why I now beg to request your kindness, Reverend Father, to publish in THE SIGN this letter in order that those American Catholics who were kind enough to send me Catholic literature and religious articles, may be informed that I not only sent to each and every one of them letters of acknowledgment, but that I am grateful to them for their kindness to me.

The books, pamphlets, papers and magazines which I received have proved to be of great use and of great value. Thanks be to God that many American Catholics have realized the great value of sending here Catholic literature, now and ever more, for many students of the public schools are day by day becoming practical Catholics.

May I request those generous American Catholics who in the past have been sending and are still sending me Catholic literature and religious articles, books, papers and magazines, to continue sending same to me, as also any other matter which in their judgment can best help me in my missionary works. May I ask through you, dear Father, the other American Catholics to extend to me their valuable help? I have no doubt that by thus promoting missionary works, those generous American Catholics will realize their act is very pleasing to Our Lord Jesus Christ, and that He will surely grant them abundant spiritual and temporal graces for their benefit and for the greater glory of His Name.

BACARRA, ILOCOS NORTE,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

REV. CELEDONIO G. ALBANO.

COMMUNIST MENACE IN SPAIN AND UNITED STATES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The last part of Denis Gwynn's article in the November issue of THE SIGN is an excellent interpretation of the recent revolution in Spain. Many of us, previously, have found it difficult to understand the furious and brutal acts of violence against religion in so Catholic a country. Now we know that for a long time Spain has had its share of well-organized

Communist centers. Years ago Trotsky predicted it would become the Russia of the West.

To quote some very significant sentences: "If Spain were captured by the Communists there is not the smallest doubt that France also would in time be revolutionized on the Russian model. Anti-religious Socialism, absolutely committed to the extirpation of Christian faith and morals, is firmly in power in Russia, and the same forces which achieved the overthrow of Christianity in Russia are still active in trying to organize revolution by every means throughout Europe. If they can achieve their purpose in Spain they will be able to spread through France to link up with Russia in the East. . . . During the past few years Catholic resistance in Spain has been organized with a deep conviction that it is a race for time whether Catholic Action can organize itself before the Communists are able to gain control."

In every important center in the United States, under our very noses, we, too, have trained groups of Communists. Down on our Mexican border there are officials of a bitterly anti-religious government. I wonder whether American Catholics are conscious of a "deep conviction that it is a race for time" whether Catholic Action in these United States can organize itself before American Communists (supported by Russia and Mexico) are able to gain control?

I wish to commend M. H. Davies for her beautiful and inspiring article, "Walking With God," in the October number. There are many fine features in *THE SIGN* upon which I would like to comment, but I dare not take up more space. All praise, too, to G. M. Godden for his informing articles on various phases of the Communist movement.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J.

J. A. CERULLO.

NOTRE DAME'S MELTING POT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Thank you very kindly for the warm endorsement of Notre Dame's melting pot, in the current issue of *THE SIGN*. I understand that most people do not take time out to write to editors unless their pet peeves are aroused—but I want you to know that Notre Dame is deeply appreciative of such loyal support.

NOTRE DAME, IND.

JOHN F. O'HARA, C.S.C.
President.

A BISHOP WRITES FROM INDIA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I presume that you have, by this time, come to know of the Catholic Reunion Movement among the non-Catholic Syrians of Malabar, India. It has now been four years in existence, and has brought more than 16,000 souls into the true fold of Jesus Christ, the Catholic church, of which more than four thousand belong to the Diocese of Thiruvalla. Since the diocese is in its infant stage, and consists exclusively of recent converts scattered over a vast area, it is entirely dependent on charity for its maintenance, and progress. It is experiencing great hardship, and its needs are numerous. I should be thankful if you render a helping hand, by publishing the accompanying article which explains one of those various needs.

BISHOPS HOUSE,
THIRUVALLA,
TRAVANCORE, SO. INDIA.

MAR THEOPHILOS,
Bishop of Thiruvalla.

[ENCLOSURE]

The condition of the Diocese of Thiruvalla is utterly poor. Practically speaking the Diocese has no Religious to cooperate with the Bishop in his many-sided work of building up his diocese. Imagine how difficult it is without monks and nuns to carry on the work of conversion both of non-Catholics and pagans, building up the diocese, and raising the spiritual standard of the newly converted subjects of the diocese, who are

scattered throughout the length and breadth of the diocese. This need of Religious, both men and women, forced the Bishop to establish a diocesan order of monks and nuns. The Syro-Malabar Carmelite Tertiary congregation has sent him two of their best Fathers to help him in this important step. Two sisters of the Imitation of Christ in Trivandrum are taking charge of the house for the nuns. He has provided each congregation with a building for a temporary home. He has taken six girls, and six boys this year. Since these aspirants are received from other dioceses, and rite, he has to provide them with all the necessities, at this initial stage of the congregation. Each one has to be given a bursar of \$500, as patrimony for his (her) expenses. Since the diocese itself is dependent on the charity of the Catholic world, he has no other course but to write this appeal.

Dear Reader, will you yourself, or in company with others, help a soul who aspires for the life of perfection, and for bringing many a non-Catholic, and pagan into the company of the children of God? Every priest will say a mass annually for his benefactor. The benefactors will surely have a share of the merits and prayers of their beneficiaries.

FRIENDS OF CATHOLIC MEXICO

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Last Fall, after the persecution broke out afresh in Mexico and as I read the melancholy reports in the press and remembered the sufferings of the faithful Mexican people during the dark years of 1926-9, I exclaimed, "Good God, cannot something be done for them?"

Then I happened to think of the many societies which our American "Reds" have organized to defend Communism in Russia. There was (to name only one) the "Friends of the Soviet Union" with access to the huge Garland Fund. Apparently such societies have thousands of members and millions of dollars at their command. Yet, although persecution had been the lot of the Catholics of Mexico for more than a century, nobody had ever organized a society to help them. Such a scandal, I thought, must end. I resolved to do what I could.

After consulting with one of our American Bishops and with several friends I began to organize the "Friends of Catholic Mexico." The editor of *Our Sunday Visitor* was generous. He invited me to prepare a letter for publication. Other Catholic periodicals—such as the *Catholic Daily Tribune*, of Dubuque, Iowa; *The Monitor*, of San Francisco, California; and *The Commonwealth*, of New York City—have also shown a commendable willingness to cooperate. These periodicals published my letters.

The idea has "caught on" very well; in fact, the enthusiasm of those who have responded to my "call to action" has been notable. I was agreeably surprised when the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, His Excellency Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, after reading one of my letters in *Our Sunday Visitor*, sent to Bishop Noll of the diocese of Fort Wayne an unsolicited letter in which he endorsed the society and even expressed the wish to see all efforts throughout the Union to relieve our Mexican brethren coordinated under our society. Clubs, sodalities and even parishes are enrolling in a body. Thus, on December 23, a zealous California pastor enrolled his whole parish; and, on December 31, the enrollment of a class of ninety-eight Notre Dame University students was sent by the teacher of the class.

The requirements for membership in the society are simple. Only "politicians"—that is to say, political office-holders, candidates for political office and persons connected in some official capacity with a political party—are barred. Each member promises to write and speak at every opportunity in behalf of Catholic Mexico or to circulate literature in her defense. Each member will try to interest his friends and neighbors in the cause of Mexico.

Every member is given the opportunity to take the "pledge of

abstinence," but it is not a requirement for membership. It is entirely optional. The pledge is intended to testify to both God and men that those who take it are thoroughly in earnest; and it is hoped that many, desirous of obtaining for themselves or others the supernatural merit which will surely be the reward of those who make such sacrifices, will take the pledge. The pledge reads: "In union with Jesus Christ and my suffering Mexican brethren, I shall abstain from all alcoholic liquors and from all attendance at theaters or movies for one year or until such time as Almighty God shall please to deliver my brethren from their oppressors and restore to them that freedom of conscience which is their right."

The society happily combines prayer and action. The members will not purchase goods of any kind which are manufactured in Mexico; they will cancel arrangements they might have made for tours in Mexico and will persuade as many others as possible to do so. They will not deposit money in banks or have financial dealings with companies that loan the people's money to the atheistic Mexican Government on its very doubtful "promise to pay." They demand the recall of Josephus Daniels and the appointment as ambassador to Mexico of one who recognizes the right of the Mexican people to profess and practice the Catholic religion. They will petition their National Senators and Representatives, the Secretary of State and President of the United States.

Our Sunday Visitor is not itself sponsoring the society. The society's officers desire to have everyone believe that their invitation is indeed as wide as the human family itself, with the one exception noted in the fifth paragraph of this letter. The readers of *THE SIGN* are especially invited to enroll in the society.

The society is supported entirely by free-will offerings. There are no dues. Donations of any amount will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Funds will be used for the publication of literature, organization and the relief of the poor Mexican exiles.

Address all inquiries or applications for membership to the undersigned, as follows:

MR. ROBERT R. HULL,
Corresponding Secretary,
"Friends of Catholic Mexico."
c/o *Our Sunday Visitor*,
HUNTINGTON, IND.

CHAPLAIN'S OBSERVATIONS

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

"Conserving Civilians," an article published in the November issue of *THE SIGN*, was of particular interest to me, since I have charge of the spiritual welfare of the Catholic C.C.C. men of a camp in this district. Charles Carter Boldrick pointed out many commendable features relative to the Civilian Conservation Corps. I take no exception to the things he wrote. My hope is that in some future issue of *THE SIGN* an article will appear relative to the moral and religious or spiritual atmosphere actually prevailing in the ranks of the C.C.C.

Never having been accused of being a pessimist, I must admit that my associations with the C.C.C. brought me in contact with a number of young men who are splendid Christian gentlemen, young men a credit to God and to our country. May I add that these came to the camp as such. It is the exception, to my mind, who has acquired these truly noble habits after enlisting in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The ages 18 to 25, are among the most carefree and most irresponsible years of the average young man. It is, therefore, by no means ideal, that such young men leave their parental home, take up their abode in an unnatural environment, being thus to a great extent deprived of that personal influence for good which is a peculiar attribute of parents. Their presence in the C.C.C. camps does afford to young men of weak moral fibre and of strong passion an opportunity to sow the proverbial youthful "wild oats." The week end "passes" or leaves of absence provide the opportunity. From this Chap-

lain's knowledge of his own camp and several others, many take advantage of the same.

My hope is that ours is not representative of moral conditions existing generally in C.C.C. camps, in spite of the fact that our Catholic boys for the recent several months have been conceded over all camps of our district the best average attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. With tedious effort this Chaplain has on occasion enticed about 60 per cent of the Catholic young men to observe the serious duty of being present at Sunday Mass.

Giving due credit to the young men, there seems to be little of duplicity among them. I have found them frank and honest. Ranged against their fine qualities of character there seem to be two handicaps—self-respect (seems contrary to honesty) and youth's strong passion. By no means is it the exception that otherwise fine young men, purely out of self-respect—fear of being laughed at, a "sissy," pious—will join in conversation of the morbid, vulgar, obscene variety; speaking with levity of those things which St. Paul says "should not so much as be mentioned among Christians." This process being oft repeated produces a habit and a callousness when oft repeated, which cannot but drag low even the finest type of character. Actual moral abuses are but the next steps, and these advances are not infrequently made.

The Chaplain's contacts with the men in C.C.C. camps are ordinarily contacts with them as a group. Their term in camp of six months or a year is too short to enable him to get into personal and intimate contact with all. The Catholic Chaplain has, however, a distinct advantage over the non-Catholic Chaplain through confession, where the priest has the opportunity of giving personal and intimate advice.

Several of my finest Catholic C.C.C. men have frankly told me that our camp is a good place to lose one's faith. One cited to me this incident. He had inquired upon arriving in camp for the first time how often Catholic services are given. He was rudely told by his Catholic friend, a member of the camp for some time, "don't worry, you will forget about such stuff after you are here a while." This is of course one of several isolated instances of such indifference to religion. That is not the attitude of the generality of the young men themselves, nor of the War Department, nor of the officers in charge of individual camps. I have not been definitely refused permission for any spiritual service I personally desired to give to the men in camp.

From a moral and religious viewpoint, it is no doubt debatable whether or not these men, at least many of them, would not be led to greater temptations against faith and morals.

WISCONSIN.

A C.C.C. CHAPLAIN.

PLEA FOR A CATHOLIC DAILY

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Some time ago, there was much enthusiasm in the readers' letters in *THE SIGN* concerning a daily Catholic newspaper. In the last issues, though I haven't had time to examine them closely, I fail to see anything further on the subject. I hope it isn't just another idea that occurs in some reader's mind and is forgotten. I think it's too important to let drop.

Is there a national, daily, Catholic newspaper in this country? If so, I'm sorry to confess my ignorance, as I have never seen it. If not, then it seems to my young and biased judgment that such a publication is badly needed. It would be insulting your intelligence to quote reasons why such a publication would fill a great need to combat ignorance and error. The present Pope and his predecessors have spoken much more eloquently than I could on the subject.

The only Catholic newspaper I know of in this part of the country is *The Pilot*, organ of the archdiocese of Boston. It comes out once a week. While it is a splendid publication, it is not a newspaper in the sense I have reference to. It is, in general, a publication of the church—doings of the Boston archdiocese.

What we the Catholic laymen want is a daily newspaper. Most of us are too poor to buy two newspapers, and many of us have to scratch even to buy one. We want the news, the news of the whole world, and when I mean news, I mean the truth. I would expect to find the truth in a Catholic publication. We have plenty of news sources in the N.C.W.C. news service, and other Catholic sources could be depended on for that. We want to hear the truth about Mexico and Spain and Russia. We can't expect to get this in the newspapers today because too many of them are not our friends. We don't want to continue to purchase cheap tabloids that have sprung up like mushrooms all over the country, with their trash and smut, but we continue to purchase their wares and support them because we have no decent paper to turn to.

Can a church publish and continue to publish a daily newspaper and get away with it? Yes. The *Christian Science Monitor*, organ of the Christian Scientists, a very much respected paper in New England, is an old and thriving news-sheet. *If a newspaper of a "cracked" religion can thrive and flourish daily, as has this one, then it seems to me that there is very little room for argument.*

What we would wish for is a Catholic newspaper having chain publications in all parts of the country, a New England edition, a New York edition, a Washington edition, etc., in order that local news may not be slighted.

Just who will organize this newspaper is beyond my ken, but I am convinced that there is enough money in Catholic pockets awaiting investment and enough Catholic brains to do a right, royal good job of it. There is only one name for that newspaper—*Catholic Action*. Nothing else will do.

Kindly understand my position in the matter. I have no axe to grind. I have no money to invest personally, that is, beyond \$5.00, and I do not seek to be even an office-boy on the paper. What I'm getting at is that, if such a newspaper makes its appearance, I'll buy it in preference to tabloids, biased Republican organs, biased Democratic organs and propaganda sheets of the Power Trusts. So will any other genuine Catholic, I believe.

I hope that if this newspaper does get started it won't start out with a "bang," because anything that does usually falls with a thud. I hope it starts out slowly at first, and then becomes the finest paper in this our land. The time is ripe for such a publication, and I'm hoping that some Catholic layman or churchman with sufficient money and brains puts this plan into action.

HOLDEN, MASS.

JOS. S. CELLE.

CONFLICTING OPINIONS ON EDITORIAL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I call your attention to a quotation from "Current Fact and Comment," page 325 of the January issue of *THE SIGN*? I do not agree with the writer. I should like to protest and to give a few of my reasons. He says: "Religious souls (and bodies, Mr. Idealist) who study ponderous tomes on mystical ascension and contemplation, and who spend their days in the cloister, never having to combat a harsh world (they do have the flesh and the devil), and prate (Webster says "prate" means to "talk idly," "to utter without sense or meaning") about mystical marriage (Catholics participate in His Divinity by mystical marriage with Christ on earth), degrees of prayer and other forms of stereotyped (an inappropriate adjective) spirituality, would do well to talk to God in the simple (the prayer of simplicity is contemplation) terminology and humble accents ("accents," Webster says, are "syllable emphases") of "The Forgotten Man."

What can one think of the quotation as it was printed? The writer condemns mystical contemplation, and hence mystical theology, which is the study of the mystical states, also the cloister, the place where a life most conducive to "mystical marriage" is lived. It follows that he condemns the teaching of the Church on religious life, and the virtue of chastity, which

is more easily preserved in a monastery or convent encloistered from the "combat" of the "harsh world," and the great contemplative saints (Magdalene, Paul, Augustine, Anthony, Gertrude, John of the Cross, Theresa of Avila, Catherine of Siena—to name but a few of the most glorious).

Does he know what it means to "spend one's days in the cloister"? Cloistered men and women do not flee from the combat of the world, rather, having the will and the means, they aim at accomplishing the duty of contemplation (incumbent on every Christian as his chief pursuit) in the utmost perfection. They give up all occupations inconsistent with it (what the writer calls the "world"). The combats of the cloister are vigils, fasts, austerity in food, clothing, etc., and often manual labor, and there is an almost complete lack of transient pleasure and natural satisfaction—all that the "world" enjoys. The life is essentially one of self-denial and self-sacrifice.

Also, this "simple terminology" and these "humble accents" (called by the Church "vocal prayers") are less perfect than contemplation which is the most sublime of all human acts. It renders greatest glory to God and brings the greatest good to man. It is essentially an act of adoration and of the utter self-surrender of man's whole being. Should not then the "devout souls" called to this life run to this jubilant worship in the cloister and thank God unto eternity with their whole heart and mind?

But it seems hardly possible that a Catholic or that anyone but an extreme anti-Catholic, could be guilty of such prejudice (bigotry). I have read *THE SIGN* for some years and, but for this one unfortunate quotation, have found it worthy of praise.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

M. T. R.

[The deductive reasoning of Subscriber M.T.R. is somewhat extravagant. Nowhere, in the editorial referred to is there a condemnation (even implied) of the cloister or of the religious life. The statement that there is such a condemnation is an entirely gratuitous assumption. The virtue of chastity is not once mentioned. Moreover, to use the words of Subscriber M.T.R., the virtue of chastity "is more easily preserved in a monastery or convent encloistered from the combats of the harsh world." From this it could be argued that virtuous persons living in the world are deserving of greater merit than those in a monastery or cloister. Which, of course, is not so. The sentiments expressed by "The Forgotten Man" constitute a perfect "act of adoration" and are an example of "utter self-surrender." Subscriber M.T.R. would do well to realize that there are many people in the "world" today with whom there is "an almost complete lack of transient pleasures and natural satisfaction—all that the 'world' enjoys." The life led by such people "is essentially one of self-denial and self-sacrifice." The cloister has no corner on virtue. There is no aristocracy of virtue. There is no more virtue in wool than there is sin in silk. We might add that the writer of the editorial knows well what it means to "spend one's days in the cloister." He has spent many years therein. Doubtless, that is why he has an understanding heart and is so outspoken in his admiration for the heroic lives led by good Catholic lay-people suffering temporal adversity.—Ed.]

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The article in the January issue of *THE SIGN* entitled "The Forgotten Man Prays" is splendid indeed, as well as the editorial calling attention to it. I am writing to request your kind permission to reprint both the article and the editorial note in our Parish Monthly Calendar. This permission will be highly appreciated and note of it will be made in our calendar.

I am glad to see that *THE SIGN* still measures up to the very high standard that it has set for itself.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

(REV.) JOHN J. WEST.



THE SOLEMN CONSECRATION OF BISHOP CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

NOT long after the civic celebration in honor of the consecration of the new Vicar Apostolic of Shenchow, the threatening Red Army, which had been maneuvering beyond the borders of that province, joined forces and began its march of death and destruction. As town after town fell before their onslaughts, the missionaries were forced to flee with the frantic populace. All existing means of communication were destroyed. As a result, it has been impossible for us to get a very detailed or lengthy description of the ceremonies of Bishop O'Gara's consecration. That which follows is made up mainly of excerpts from various letters that have reached us hurriedly written by the missionaries as they were in flight.

THE ceremonies at St. Joseph's Cathedral in Hankow, together with the civic demonstrations which followed, have been described by eye-witnesses as the greatest events in the history of the city. An immense throng of Chinese Christians had come in from the province for the celebration. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Mario Zanin, made the journey from the Coast. Five Bishops were present, and several Prefects Apostolic as well as scores of priests of the various missionary organizations in China. The Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph from the Passionist Vicariate had made the long journey down river, bringing with them groups of women and girls from their various institutions. In addition to the representative ecclesiastical group, many public officials and members of the various diplomatic corps, together with delegations from the Army and Naval contingents in that region, were present in the Church and at the banquet.

The consecration ceremonies took place on Sunday morning, October 28, 1934, the Feast of Christ the King. The Apostolic Delegate, with his deacons of honor, was preceded into the Church by the Bishops, Prefects Apostolic, and a large number of priests and religious. Upon his entering the Cathedral, the organ burst forth into the thrilling strains of the antiphon "Sacerdos et Pontifex" which was intoned by a choir composed of Seminarians and Franciscan students, under the direction of Rev. Father Benigar.

When the long procession had reached the sanctuary, the Apostolic Delegate and the co-consecrating bishops, Most

Reverend Eugene Massi, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Hankow and Most Reverend Raphael Palazzi, Vicar Apostolic of Hengchow, began the ceremonies of consecration. It was a spectacle of beauty and grandeur that the onlookers will remember for years to come.

The sermon on the solemn occasion was preached by Monsignor Tchang, the Prefect Apostolic of Puchi, who spoke in native Chinese. In the afternoon, there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the vast gathering made the annual renewal of their consecration to Christ the King. The Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Zanin, was celebrant at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

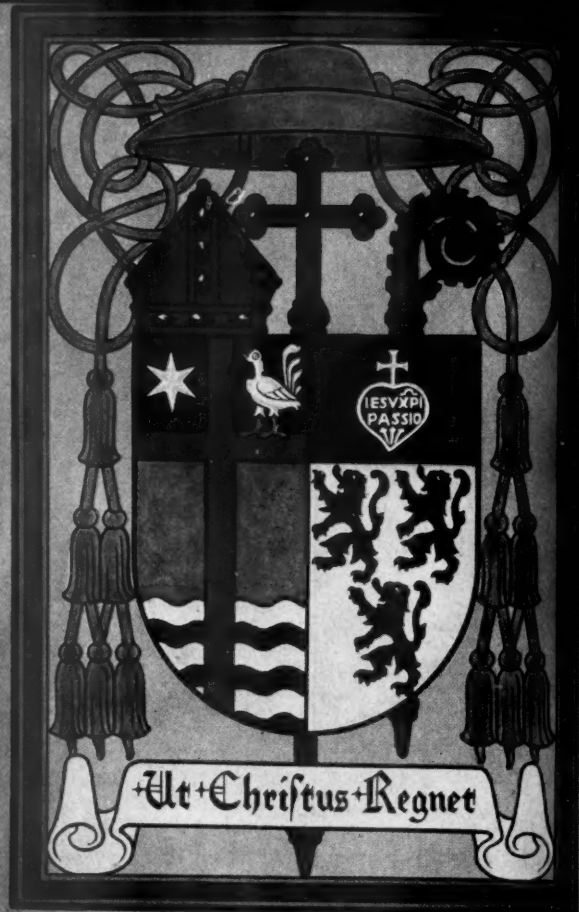
FROM LETTER OF MOST REV. BISHOP O'GARA

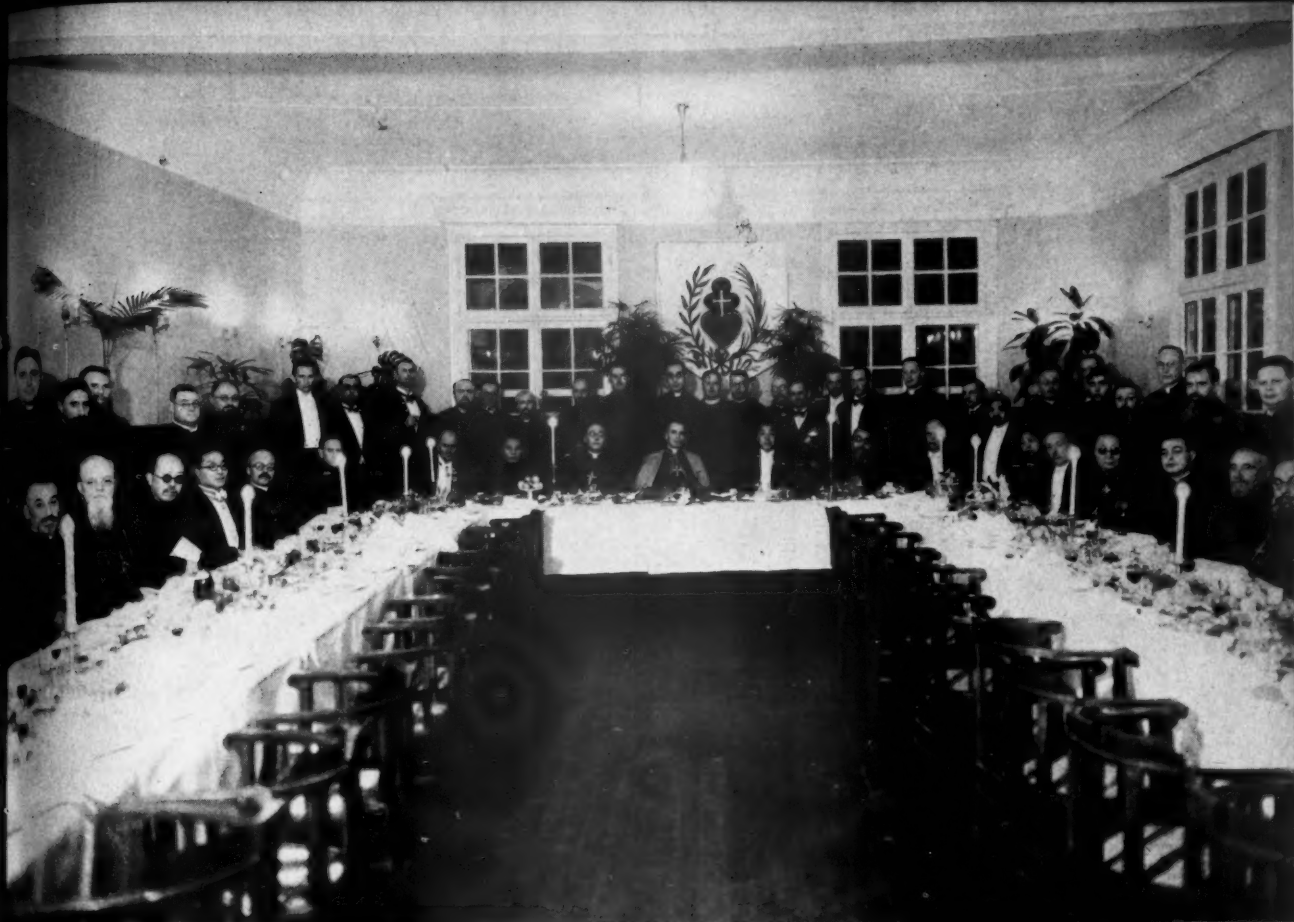
FATHER QUENTIN and myself remained here. For almost a week the city was in a state of hysterical panic; quite the worst I have seen. Practically the entire city moved across the river; Shenchow was almost deserted. Had the Reds seen fit to make a raid nothing would have stopped them; but for reasons known only to themselves they did not press their advantage; their visitation has only been delayed. There are soldiers now in town and for the time being the place is safe.

However, the future looks very dark. The Communists having been driven out of Kiangsi are literally pouring into our province at the south. During September some twenty thousands Reds forced their way through Hunan into Kweichow. Still larger bands are on their way and they are exerting every effort to open up a new and shorter road to Kweichow and Szechuan; our territory is right in the line of march. The Government forces are politically divided which gives the advantage to the Reds.

They are coming in such huge numbers that nothing can stop them. The question is will they occupy western Hunan permanently or will they continue into the richer fields in Hupeh and Szechuan? Time alone will tell. Best informed circles say that they will congregate in the pocket made by the conjunction of Kweichow, Hunan and Szechuan. They already hold the eastern border of Kweichow. At the very best we are in for much trouble; there is every likelihood that all our missions will be demolished by these merciless Red troops who seem bent on destroying everything along the line of march.

Shenchow, Dec. 1, 1934.





Arms of the Vicariate Apostolic of
Shenchow



FROM LETTER OF V. REV. QUENTIN OLWELL, C.P.

AFTER the departure of the Sisters and the other missionaries, the Bishop and I decided to stay in the town and await results. The Red armies approached the gates of the city but were repulsed and pitched their camp outside the walls where they began a siege. On Friday, December 7, it looked as if the Reds would be victorious, so the Bishop and I got out of town and crossed the river to await developments. The Reds surrounded the town but failed to fight their way in. We waited a day or two and then returned. Conditions are quite bad. There is not much to eat and the soldiers are behaving quite roughly, but one has to expect that in times like these. The affair will be a long drawn out one, I fear.

Unless a miracle happens it looks as if we may have to get out of most of our territory. The three days we were out we kept changing around in the country from one place to another. I got quite a bit of exercise tramping over mountains. Couldn't get my mule out with me so I had to foot it. The Chinese fighting looks like the real thing now. Machine guns, hand grenades, and even airplanes bombing the enemy. Thus far all our men are safe. There are only eight of us in the territory. The Sisters and the rest of the men are all down river in places of safety.

Shenchow, Dec. 13, 1934.

FROM LETTER OF REV. ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C.P.

A FEW days before the scheduled celebration in honor of Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara's return to Shenchow, Communists attacked Yungshun. Fathers Timothy and Bonaventure had to flee during the night taking with them only the sacred vessels. The Communists took the town and destroyed everything. The Fathers reached Wangtsun where Father Anthony was stationed. The following day the three Fathers had to flee on hearing that the Red Army was approaching Wangtsun. They hired a small boat and proceeded to Shenchow. Wangtsun was later plundered and we fear that the mission was destroyed.

In the midst of all this excitement, Bishop O'Gara arrived

at Shenchow, November 16, to take possession of his Vicariate. We were hoping that the soldiers would be able to drive back the Reds and Shenchow would be safe. But on the evening of November 18 word came that the Reds were approaching Shenchow from two directions. They were reported to be twenty miles south of the city and another detachment thirty miles north.

The Bishop and his Consultors held a meeting to decide what was to be done. Several missionaries were at the central mission to welcome the Bishop back, and to take part in the ceremonies of installation. Many Christians were there with gifts from all the various missions. It was decided that the Sisters and Fathers Sidney, Michael, Bonaventure, Linus, Harold, Cyprian (Leonard) and James were to get on boats immediately and be prepared to leave for Hankow. Fathers Timothy, Anthony, Leo, Denis, and Francis were to try to make their way to Wuki. Fathers Dunstan and Jeremiah were to go down river to the Liulincha mission and remain there. Fathers Cyprian (Frank), Joachim, Antoine and I were to return to our own missions immediately. All the visiting Christians were to return to their various homes. Bishop Cuthbert and Father Quentin were to remain at Shenchow till it was certain that the city would fall into the hands of the Reds. Then they would retreat with the soldiers.

At the other end of our territory the Reds were making progress and it was feared that Lungtan and Supu would soon fall into the hands of the Reds. If that should happen the rest of our territory would be open to them. Here in Hankow we can only hope and pray that our missions may be saved and our missionaries left in peace.

Hankow, Dec. 17, 1934.

FROM LETTER OF REV. SIDNEY TURNER, C.P.

IN THE morning at eight, the Bishop came to the shore and told us to get away towards Changteh as soon as possible as very bad news had arrived. While waiting for the boats to start, we heard such news as, the Reds are thirty li away—the three ranking military officials with their soldiers have been beaten, or captured, or killed.

We travelled until seven P.M. in the dark. The next night found us thirty li from Taoyuan. The following day we reached Changteh. There we learned that Father Ernest had headed for Lungtan; Fathers Joachim, Antoine and Cyprian were at Chenki; Fathers Flavian at Fenghwang, Raphael at Supu, and Gregory unheard from. We still don't know where he is but we have heard that Paotsing is still safe. Fathers Paul, Germain and Eduard were at Yungshun.

Fathers Francis, Leo and Timothy who headed for Wuki via Liulincha (due to the bandits on the Shenchow-Liulincha road) discovered that the Liulincha-Wuki road was, too, unsafe and no soldiers could be had. Father Jeremiah was appointed to Liulincha mission and is still there. Fathers Leo, Francis, Timothy, Denis and Anthony are at Changteh. The last report we had was that the Reds who had been halted at Wusu, had advanced to eight li from Shenchow and the telegraph had moved across the river. There is no operating Post Office at Shenchow and all mail is stopped there.

Preparations for all the Fathers to come here for a sojourn are being made. The future for the whole of Hunan is very, very bad. The Kiangsi Reds will certainly take over the whole place with Ho Lung, unless Nanking steps in. And it is said that Nanking will be pleased to see the Provincial troops beaten by the Reds; then leisurely the Reds can be taken care of. Chiang Kai Shek is said to be concerned only from the angle of the movements of the Cantonese.

We know that the whole mission at Yungshun has been looted completely but it has not been burnt. Outside of the Bishop's clothing and archives, we others have little more than the clothes on our backs.

Hankow, Dec. 10, 1934.

EXPLANATION OF PICTURES ON PRECEDING PAGES

Upper Left: The Most Reverend Cuthbert Martin O'Gara, C.P., D.D., Titular Bishop of Elis and Vicar Apostolic of Shenchow, China.

Lower Left: On the steps of the Bishop's house in Hankow. Standing behind and to the side of the dignitaries may be seen the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph, who brought with them, to the consecration ceremonies, a large delegation of women and girls from the missions. To the right of the processional Cross, in his uniform as Knight of St. Gregory, is Mr. Lo Pa Hong, often referred to as the Rockefeller of China.

Upper Right: Guests at the banquet following the consecration of Bishop O'Gara. Seated in the center is Archbishop Zanin. On his right is Bishop O'Gara. On his left, General Chang Hsiao Liang, second in command in the National Army. Grouped around the festive board are members of the various diplomatic corps, well-known prelates, priests and Catholic laymen.

Lower Right: The high altar of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hankow, during the ceremonies of consecration. Seated on the faldstool is the new Bishop. To his right are Archbishop Zanin and the co-consecrating bishops.

Washington as Upholder of American Catholics

By Joseph Gurn

IN the American calendar, the month of February, smallest of the twelve, has a distinction all its own. It is the birth-month of two of the nation's greatest men, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

We shall confine ourselves, in the present article, to the Father of his Country, or rather to one important aspect of his career—his Catholic relationships.

Recently the writer received from a critic in Chicago a letter taking him to task for citing, in his biography of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a statement from General Bradley T. Johnson's study of Washington containing a tribute to the high regard in which the Father of his Country held Catholics. The correspondent affirmed that he had read Johnson's book some years ago and had no recollection of such a passage. As an extra token of good will he declared in a postscript that "Washington always hated popery." The classic spelling of the equally classic word *popery* furnishes an expressive term for the utterances of those who know not whereof they speak and insist upon making themselves heard.

Bradley Tyler Johnson was a commander in the Confederate service. His father served in Washington's army as a colonel. In 1894 he contributed his biography of Washington to the Great Commanders Series, published by Appleton of New York. In the seventeenth chapter, which deals with post-Revolution matters, we read:

"Washington had gone into the war with a bitter feeling toward the French and the Papists, and a sentiment of regretful affection for the mother country; he had come out of it with a warm affection for the French and the Catholics—for the French had proved friends in need, and the Catholics, native and foreign born, had been ardent patriots—and with an intense hostility to the English Government and its adherents, the Tories in America."

Strong aversion to Catholicity was a marked feature of American life anterior to the War of Independence. The tortuous road which history was compelled to take as a result of the Reformation—Deformation would be a better word—of the sixteenth century led to a mis-

understanding in many lands as to Catholic tenets and practises. Time only served to make the confusion of ideas more befuddled. As leader of the anti-Catholic movement, the influence of Great Britain, official and otherwise, in fashioning American religious thought, was all-powerful. It would be surprising in the extreme had the American colonists been favorably disposed toward the Catholic Church.

The first Continental Congress, which sat at Philadelphia in September and October, 1774, and of which George Washington was a deputy, evinced strong opposition to Catholicity. Its manner of doing so was amusing, but the consequences were tragic, since they were an important factor in keeping Canada from joining the Revolution on the side of America.

Let us turn to the proceedings of that august body. In an address to the people of Great Britain adopted on October 21, we discover this pronouncement: "Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country [Canada] a religion that has deluged your island in blood and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." The members of the first Congress no doubt prided themselves upon being statesmen. But the declaration just cited has none of the attributes of statesmanship. It evinces a fanaticism akin to that rampant in Mexico at the present time.

AS if to show what its wisdom was capable of producing, the Congress, on October 26, less than a week after it had recorded its ferocious dislike of the Catholic faith, adopted an address to the people of Canada, whom it was extremely anxious to secure as allies in the struggle with Great Britain. One paragraph sets forth this plea:

"We are two well acquainted with the liberality of sentiment distinguishing your nation to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you against a hearty amity with us. You know that the transcendent nature of freedom elevates those who unite in her cause above all such low-minded infirmities. The Swiss cantons furnish a memorable proof

of this truth. Their union is composed of Roman Catholic and Protestant states, living in the utmost concord and peace with one another, and thereby enabled, ever since they bravely vindicated their freedom, to defy and defeat every tyrant that has invaded them."

When the Canadians, Catholic almost to a man, read and digested these mutually antagonistic addresses, they drew the logical conclusion that Congress was playing a crudely dishonest game so far as they were concerned. Fatuous diplomacy could hardly have been better exemplified.

THAT the first Congress gave such an example of inconsistency is in itself proof that all its members did not take an attentive part in its proceedings. In an assembly of the kind it was an easy matter for an active group to take matters into its own hands. Four decades later John Adams said of the first Congress: "America is in total ignorance, or under infinite deception, concerning that assembly. To draw the character of them would require a volume, and would now be considered as a caricatured print." Adams himself had been a member.

The foremost Catholic in the land, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, paid a visit to Philadelphia while this conclave was in session. He was not, of course, a delegate. Adams was introduced to him, and in his diary described him as "a very sensible gentleman, a Roman Catholic, and of the first fortune in America." And in a letter penned seventeen months later, he pays tribute to Carroll's fearless patriotism, which prompts him to continue "to hazard his all, his immense fortune, the largest in America, and his life," in the cause of American freedom.

When the guns began to flash at Lexington a new phase of the Anglo-American contest was inaugurated. Events moved with rapidity. Canada was invaded by a detachment of Washington's army, and the Catholic question became one of the most critical with which America had to deal. Washington directed that the utmost consideration and respect be shown the religion of the Canadians and its ministers.

At this period it was an old Anglo-

Saxon custom in the colonies to observe Guy Fawkes day by publicly insulting the Catholic Church. In this connection Washington issued a significant order to the army, from headquarters, Cambridge, Mass., on November 5, 1775.

THEREIN he declares that having learned "of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot avoid voicing his surprise that the army should contain officers and men so lacking in common sense as to fail to perceive how improper such a proceeding is at the present time, when the Americans are soliciting and have actually secured the friendship and alliance of the Canadian people, whom they should regard as brothers engaged in the same cause, "the defense of the general liberty of America." And he goes on to say:

"At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these, our brethern, as to them we are so much indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

Early in 1776 the Continental Congress named a commission of three, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, to go to Canada to advance American interests there. Carroll, the wealthiest man in the colonies, was selected because he was a Catholic. In addition Congress, by resolution, asked Carroll to use his influence with Father John Carroll (the future Archbishop) to the end that he would accompany the commissioners and assist them in their embassy. The good priest acceded albeit he could readily have found a just excuse for refusing.

The American army achieved a measure of victory in Canada, but when the commissioners and Father Carroll arrived in Montreal in April, 1776, the condition of American affairs beyond the St. Lawrence was extremely grave.

The mission was a failure, so thoroughly had the manifestoes of the Congress of 1774, and other unfriendly manifestations, wounded the Canadian soul. Canada was irretrievably lost to the Republic that was soon to be proclaimed at Philadelphia.

Washington's order to the army, November 5, 1775, is one of the key documents of American history. It marks a new orientation in matters spiritual. If necessity is the mother of invention, then, too, does fruitful thought arise from political crises which bring men into the field with firearms in their hands. It was all very well for the Congress of 1774 to bang the big drum of religious hate in the City of Brotherly Love. Actual warfare brought soul-

searchings, shook men out of the traditional groove, so to speak, and gave them a new outlook on matters spiritual and temporal. George Washington was one of those who benefited by the changed state of things, as his attitude toward Catholicity following the outbreak of hostilities clearly shows.

To Washington belongs the glory of having, in his army order of November 5, 1775, struck the first great blow against religious intolerance in the new America then in the making. It was not intended to apply to the Canadian situation alone. It was a stern admonition applicable in the embattled colonies as well.

Worthy of record is the fact that one of the most strenuous men in the army at the time was the Catholic Stephen Moylan, whom Washington had appointed Muster-Master General in the preceding August.

A great deal of misunderstanding exists as to the strength of the Catholic element in America during the Revolution. It was much greater than many suppose. Archbishop Carroll has left on record that when New Jersey, during the struggle, adopted a constitution hostile to Catholicity, "the American army swarmed with Roman Catholic soldiers." And in the political sphere, it was a Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who pledged the biggest fortune in the land to the cause of American liberty, when he signed the Declaration of Independence. A great deal remains to be done before the full extent of the Catholic contribution to Washington's army, and in the Revolutionary political sphere, can be completely evaluated.

It would be an excellent thing if some means could be found to arouse the American Catholic body from that state of somnolence in which it finds itself *vis-à-vis* the Catholic contribution to the founding, preserving and upbuilding of the Republic. Those of other persuasions are pursuing an aggressive course in regard to their own interests in the field of American history. Even the Jews, with a remarkable faculty for transmuting fiction into fact, lay claim to the Discoverer himself.

TAKE the aid given by Catholic France—and France was Catholic then—in the War of Independence. This, one of the most valuable assets possessed by our American Catholic element, is rarely heard of. The heart of General Washington filled with emotion and gratitude when he learned that a powerful Catholic nation had thrown its weight into the scales on the side of America. News of the event reached him at Valley Forge on April 30, 1778, and his correspondence of the period evinces his warm enthusiasm after the tragic months he and his army had just experienced. To his brother he wrote: "This is great,

'tis glorious news, and must put the independency of America out of all manner of dispute." His order to the army on the momentous event, and the manner in which all ranks celebrated it, furnish sufficient evidence that Protestant America had undergone a tremendous change in relation to Catholicity since the days of the Congress in 1774.

FRENCH naval and military assistance was forthcoming, under d'Estaing and de Rochambeau. And when, finally, the mighty Catholic armada under Admiral de Grasse arrived in the Chesapeake, the fate of Cornwallis was sealed and the triumph of Washington's army assured. The ever-famous surrender at Yorktown took place on October 19, 1781. On the following day Washington, in a communication to de Grasse, declared that the honor of the event belonged to the Catholic admiral. There could hardly be a more significant tribute from the Father of his Country to the value of Catholic aid in the Revolution and the achievement of American independence.

After the Revolution, when the liberty so dearly purchased was in imminent danger of being lost through the weakness of the Congressional system of government, Catholics contributed their share to the task of retrieving the situation. Two of the ablest members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, which, under the presidency of Washington, brought into being the present form of government, were Catholics—Thomas FitzSimons of Pennsylvania, and Daniel Carroll of Maryland, brother of the Father of the American Church. Both signed the completed instrument.

In spite of all that Catholics, American and foreign, had done for the Republic, certain States penalized those of the faith by legal debarments. From Washington's diary we learn that on March 15, 1790, a large delegation, including such prominent Catholics as Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Thomas FitzSimons and Daniel Carroll, waited upon him at New York, where he was residing as President of the United States, and presented him with an address. This document, from the Catholics of the Republic, congratulated him upon his elevation to the highest office in the land, and took occasion to point out the inequitable status accorded Catholics by some of the States. It affirmed the just right of Catholics to enjoy equality of citizenship with their fellow Americans, as the price of their blood shed under the General's eyes, and of their efforts in the nation's defense.

Washington could not, of course, dictate to any State regarding the policy it should pursue. The Catholic spokesmen were well aware of this. Their objective was the securing of his moral support in behalf of Catholic rights. This was quickly forthcoming.

"I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality," he affirmed in his reply. "And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

IN Great Britain the Catholic religion was then subject to severe disabilities by reason of penal enactments. The Catholics there read with delight the address of their American coreligionists to the President, and the latter's response. Their value as material for the advancement of the cause of religious equality in Britain did not pass unobserved. Both documents were promptly published in London, with an effective introduction, as we find from a reprint issued by John Gilmary Shea in 1857. The introduction opens in this manner:

"The following address from the Roman Catholics, which was copied from the American newspapers, whilst it breathes fidelity to the States which protect them, asserts with decency the common rights of mankind; and the answer of the President truly merits that esteem which his liberal sentiments, mild administration and prudent justice have obtained him."

It makes a telling comparison between the enlightened policy of America, under the guidance of Washington, and the condition of affairs in Great Britain under "the fettering sanguinary edicts" still the law of the land there, and ends with the exhortation: "Britons, view and blush!"

Today we are told, in connection with the situation in Mexico, that America must not concern herself with religious persecution in other lands—when that persecution concerns Catholics—even so far as to bring her moral influence to bear in behalf of the wronged. The same un-American doctrine was preached in those days. At a public meeting in support of religious and political freedom in Ireland, Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, said: "But perhaps there are Protestants who have scruples of conscience, and decline to *interfere*, even in opinion, with Papal matters." This attitude did not appeal to his sense of justice:

"If these are Americans let me say: When you felt the full force of the Lion's merciless fangs, who first gave you the aid, not of words but deeds? There was a time when Americans were not sticklers in doctrinal matters; it was when to our wasted war-worn ranks we were glad to receive the religionists of any creed, and found to our comfort, and to our independence, too, that a Catholic heart could drive a bayonet on the

foe and a Catholic heart beat high for the liberties of our country."

The response of President Washington to what he called the "affectionate address" of his fellow citizens of the Catholic faith is a precious document in the story of the Catholic Church in the United States. Neither evasion nor ingratitude found a place in his being. He was a firm upholder of the absolute equality of all citizens before the law. For this the Catholics of his day, in common with all other right-thinking citizens, gave him the fullest meed of honor and respect.

We have the written word of Washington's adopted son as to the high esteem in which he held the Father of the American Church, Archbishop Carroll, because of his tried and trusted patriotism, his upright character, and the sacred nature of his calling. He was the author of the address to the President from the American Catholic body.

When Charles Carroll of Carrollton, richest signer of the Declaration, and Roger Brooke Taney, who subsequently became first Catholic Chief Justice of the United States, wept in the Legislature of Maryland as that body was paying homage to Washington following receipt of the news of his death, they well typified the poignancy of the Catholic heart on the passing of the great soldier and statesman.

It can readily be seen, then, that the deep veneration which our American Catholics of today cherish for the Father of his Country is not prompted by an afterthought, so to speak, but flows from

a continuity of sentiment reaching back to Washington's own time.

Almost a century and a half has gone by since the Catholics of the United States made their solemn plea to President Washington in behalf of their just right to absolute equality with their Protestant fellow citizens. They manfully based the reasonableness of their plea upon the blood poured out by them under the General's eyes, and the exertions which they had put forth, in the cause of American independence. This right Washington gladly and gratefully acknowledged.

Today the Catholic element of the American people is a mighty force—if it but availed itself of its own strength. Unfortunately the "crumb-gatherer" mind is entirely too prevalent. If our Catholic element were fully alive to its just rights, to the strength it possesses to enforce them, to the respect and admiration it would gain by the pursuit of a virile policy based upon the Catholic record of patriotism from the days of Washington, the Prohibition Law—the aged unwritten Prohibition Law—which denies equality of citizenship to Catholics, would vanish beyond recall, and unheard-of would be the spectacle of an American ambassador applauding the Neronian anti-Catholic code now being enforced beyond the Rio Grande. This is a subject of vastly more than academic interest. Catholic complacency within the United States carries within itself untold dangers. Let there be a change, and let it come quickly, for we are living in a period of deceptive security.

Prayer for a Pilot

By Jennette Edwards

TRAVELLING on a stormy night,
A horse and rider lost with fright—
His father's father this tale told
Of crossroad shrine, remote and old,
Half-hidden in the forest wild,
That brought him back to wife and child.

Above the earth, above the sea,
In charted currents fearlessly
He threads the highways of the air,
An aviator's thoroughfare:
Within the clouds no human shrine
Can be for him a guiding sign.

Beyond the sky's blue distant rim,
A heavenly shrine is watching him,
And Mary Mother dwelling there
Will listen to my daily prayer:
"O still all storms with thine own hand,
Bring plane and pilot safe to land."

When Communism Comes

By Rupert Lang

WHEN Communism comes into power, its forces are captained by Violence, Destruction and Death. The Spanish people were made to realize this fact during the Communist revolution that broke out in Spain on October 5, 1934. The incidents characterizing that rebellion seem almost unbelievable to those who merely read about them. Their reality was such that some of the Communists' victims were driven to madness by the sheer horror of it all.

Communism had been organizing in Spain for quite some time. When at last its moment came, there was the possibility that the civil power of the whole country would fall into its hands. The leaders gave their orders and awaited results—but the outcome was not what they had hoped for. Nearly everywhere, the revolution was put down at once. Only the province of Asturias was the sad exception. In this beautiful, mountainous district in northern Spain, on the Bay of Biscay, the Communists enjoyed considerable success for nearly two weeks; but their success was brief, since the rebels were not strong enough to withstand the military forces that flowed in from other parts of the country. The history of the short Communist rule in this province, however, shows what Spain would have suffered had the revolution been universally successful. And it hints at the price other countries may have to pay eventually for their indifferent tolerance of Communism and Communist propaganda.

Communism's three chief centres in the province of Asturias were Turon, Mieres, and Oviedo, the capital. On the afternoon of October 4, Father Innocencio, C.P. went from Mieres to Turon to hear confessions at the school conducted by the Christian Brothers. Since the following day was the First Friday of the month, there were a large number of confessions, and Father Innocencio found it necessary to remain over night. It was that night when the Communist order went forth to begin the revolution on the morrow.

The following morning, a Communist mob surrounded the residence of the Christian Brothers to prevent their escape. The local Communist leaders were not yet sure just how far they dared to go. Towards noon, however, they were informed that the revolution was succeeding all over Spain. They waited no longer. They took over control of the city. Arrests were rapid.

Among those arrested were the eight

Christian Brothers and Father Innocencio, the Passionist. They were led through the frenzied mob that had surrounded the house, and were placed in the jail together with a number of government officials and prominent people of the town. There they remained for four days.

During these days, the prisoners underwent not only physical privations and sufferings but even mental torture. The guards, as one of the prisoners later related, were of very changeable temper. One minute they would threaten the prisoners with immediate death; the next moment they might be promising to let them go free and unharmed. Nothing was certain or definite. The suspense was terrible.

One of the guards, Fermín by name, seemed to hold some rank in the Communist Party. He wore a red shirt with Communist insignia on the sleeves. His favorite diversion was to bring in his automatic revolver and toy menacingly with it before the prisoners. One night, as he fixed his vicious look upon them, he patted his gun and said to it: "Tomorrow you will work. Don't be impatient!"

The prisoners were frightened, but as the following day came and went their terror began to wear off. But, then came a day when a number of Communist guards came in and openly spoke of assassinating the prisoners. The Communists' next move was to invite the prisoners to join their ranks. They threatened them that, if they refused, they would be taken with them when they advanced to fight the government troops, and would be placed in front of

them to shield them from government bullets.

On the 4th day of their imprisonment, eleven of the prisoners were suddenly removed from the jail. These included Father Innocencio and the Christian Brothers. The prisoners were not handcuffed. They were told that they were to be taken to the battle front. The leader of the Communist soldiers came back and said to the remaining prisoners: "Tomorrow, it will be your turn!"

FROM the window of the jail, those who were left could see that the prisoners were headed not towards the front, but towards the cemetery. Arrived at the cemetery, the prisoners were lined up facing a shallow pit that had been hastily dug, and with their backs to the cemetery wall. Then, the rebels stationed themselves in the center of the cemetery and mowed them down with bullets. Without waiting to see whether or not they were really dead, their executioners immediately pushed them into the open pit, and covered them with earth. As was later discovered when the bodies were exhumed, some of them died not so much from their wounds as from suffocation. They had been buried alive!

While all this was going on in Turon, similar scenes were being enacted in the Passionist Monastery back at Mieres. The first signs of the Communist outbreak came on the night of October 4. The sound of pistol shots and the explosion of bombs and dynamite made the religious realize their danger. They knew the attitude of many of the townspeople and were under no illusions as to what lay before them.



FRATER SALVATOR

PADRE INNOCENCIO

FRATER ALBERT

THREE SPANISH PASSIONISTS KILLED BY COMMUNISTS

Early on the following morning, the priests celebrated Mass and the students and lay brothers received Holy Communion. Afterwards, the Superior assembled the religious and told them frankly just how serious the situation really was. It would be necessary for them to leave the monastery until the present disturbance should pass over. He exhorted them to meet whatever might lie before them with true Christian courage. The members of the community then changed their religious habits for secular clothing. They said good-bye to one another and, during a lull in the excitement, left the monastery.

Not realizing how widespread the Communist uprising had become, one group of the religious hoped to be free from it by going to the next town, Valdecuna. On the outskirts of the town, they came to the house of the parish priest. With dismay, they discovered that the Communists had preceded them. The house was empty—save for the blood-stained corpse of the priest.

Since the mountains offered them their best chance of escape, the religious now turned in that direction. For days they pushed on, making their way through mountain passes, fearing to stop, never sleeping, resting only now and then. Their nourishment consisted of water and some chestnuts that they gathered on the way. Frequently they were fired upon by passing "Reds." Three times in particular, it seemed as if all were lost; and their lives would most certainly have been lost if the Reds had realized that they were religious. But each time, Providence seemed to intervene to save them, and they continued on, and on. Finally, they arrived at Passionist monastery in Valladolid—utterly exhausted, but safe.

ANOTHER group of Passionist religious who left the monastery that morning did not fare so well. Confrater Salvador and Confrater Albert, two young students, were just leaving Mieres when they were recognized by a group of Communists. With yells of triumph, the Reds came after them. There was no thought of mercy, no thought even of half measures. Drawing their revolvers, the Reds opened fire on the two students with an unconcern with which they would have shot brute animals. They were determined that they would not be Reds only in name. They would be Reds in the full sense of the term—red with the life-blood of innocent victims. The two religious fell under the hail of bullets. The revolution had achieved another victory of the kind in which it glories.

A third group of those who set out on that fateful morning had experiences hardly less tragic. This group consisted of three Passionist students, who had friends at Mieres who offered to shelter

them. For three days, they remained with these good people, in a house near the Monastery. They watched while the Reds dynamited their church. They watched as the Communist women brought forth the sacred vestments, garbed themselves in them and celebrated a sacrilegious orgy that would have equalled some of the vile revelries we read about in the French Revolution. They watched the women sack the monastery and commit horrible profanations there and in the church. And they knew what would be their own fate if they were to fall into the hands of the frenzied mob. The cry for victims was being raised by these blood-thirsty men and women, and it would satisfy itself if it could.

The presence of the religious was a source of real danger to the friends who were sheltering them. A house to house search was being made and, if they should be found, not only they but also their friends would be victims. Therefore, they thanked them for their great kindness and took leave of them.

ON Sunday afternoon, one of the students, Confrater Avelino, was caught and arrested. Being identified as a religious, he was brought back to his monastery to assist his captors in a search for arms. Since there were no arms there, the trip was merely a waste of time. Angered at their failure, his guards took him into the yard, and having tied him to a tree, pointed their guns at him and made a pretence of shooting. After torturing him thus for some time, the Communist leader told them to suspend the execution for the time being. Finally, he was brought to the jail, where he remained for four days. The food was scanty. Frequently, he was told that since he had not been shot, he would be poisoned. Once, he was offered a glass of liquid which they told him was aspirin; but he refused it since he had not the slightest doubt but that it was poison. The Communist women seemed to revel in these threats of poisoning, and they made them so realistic that, in every bit of food they ate, the prisoners were almost certain they could taste the poison that they feared. The mental strain was almost unbearable. The future looked hopeless. If the Reds were triumphant, they would surely shoot their prisoners. If the Government were successful, the Reds would probably kill the prisoners out of revenge.

On the morning of October 12, the situation took an unexpected turn. The jailer awakened the prisoners and told them to flee at once, saying that if they did not, the fury of the mob would certainly demand their lives. The prisoners emerged into the dusk of early morning, and took the road of Oviedo, where they believed they would find safety.

Oviedo is only about twelve miles away. Confrater Avelino and a group of others were approaching it, when they were overtaken by a number of Communist soldiers and again taken captive. They were placed in an improvised jail, and told that they were under sentence of death. For several days, they remained here. Communist soldiers would enter the prison and strike the prisoners with their guns, taunting them: "You are going to die! Get ready, you Christian dogs!" With almost unbelievable cruelty, they would keep up this kind of torture. Pointing a revolver at a prisoner's eyes, heart or forehead, they would cry: "Now! Now! Fire! This fellow won't live any longer! Here he goes!"

Some of the prisoners could not endure this mental and physical torture. They were driven to insanity. One of these approached the guard and placing his breast against his rifle, begged him to kill him. "It is not yet time. If you want to die, jump out of the window," was the reply. The poor wretch waited for no second invitation. Opening the window, he cast himself to the street, and, lest his fall might not have killed him, the guards riddled his body with bullets.

The next day, the Communists saw that their own end was near. The government troops were increasing steadily, while their own men were deserting quite as rapidly. They set a fuse to the supply of powder and of dynamite. The explosion shook the prison and many of the near-by buildings. The prisoners were being shot down by the Communist soldiers, when the fuse at last reached the dynamite. With a terrific explosion, a part of the roof was torn from the building, killing four of the soldiers and putting the rest to flight.

THE Catholic Church in Spain has taken up the work, which the Communist revolution had interrupted. Priests have been substituted for the slain. Rebuilding will begin. The Passionists have returned to Mieres. The place is filled with many sad memories, but there is a reason which demands their return. These people, though erring, are still their people. They need the Passionists. They need a knowledge of the Passion, not merely to console them in life's hardships, but to explain to them the purpose of life here on earth. They need it as a philosophy of life, for they have tasted the fruits of Communistic philosophy and found them bitter. Spain's illusions about the beauty of Communist teachings have been rudely shattered. One wonders if other nations will learn from her experience, or if each will prefer to pay the price that Spain paid—for every nation pays that same price when Communism comes.

LAUD

A Study of the Character and Influence of an Anti-Catholic and Anti-Puritan Archbishop of Canterbury—The Seventh of a Series

By Hilaire Belloc

LAUD was the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury under Charles I of England. He belonged to that generation which was born somewhat before the year 1500 and which was old by the middle of the seventeenth century—that is by the time that each party in the great religious quarrel of the Reformation was dimly appreciating that the battle was a drawn one, and that there could not be a complete victory on either side.

It will be remembered that the middle of the seventeenth century, and more particularly the date 1648 (The Treaties of Westphalia) marks that moment of exhaustion on the two sides. After it, what used to be united Christendom was permanently divided into the two camps of the Catholic and Protestant cultures, the boundaries of which have not appreciably changed from that day to this. Laud, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was the principal figure in English official Protestantism; that is, in the new establishment set up by William Cecil, and known as "The Church of England" in the critical period when the conflict was being decided. He was put to death by the English revolutionaries a little before the general settlement just mentioned; and he had begun his characteristic activities less than twenty years after the beginning of the century.

His personality was most interesting. He was of the middle ranks of society, with no special advantages of birth, and gained public attention wholly through his own energy and character. That energy was intense and never failed him to the end; it was as great in his last days as in his first and it animated a very small body—for he was almost a dwarf in size. His volume of work and correspondence was enormous, his power of attention to detail was equally great, and he followed a fixed clear policy with great chances of success, which was only defeated by the rise of a general rebellion against the English Royal Government, in which his own activities and office were included.

The importance of Laud in any study of the great religious quarrel and its unsatisfactory drawn settlement in the seventeenth century is considerable, and it lies in this: he was an early example of how the great Catholic recovery which had marked the end of the sixteenth

century reacted upon the Protestant world. But at the same time Laud is a still more striking example of the way in which the Reformation had made the Protestant attitude of mind inescapable for those who had broken away from Catholic unity. In other words, the interest of his career lies in this—that in spite of certain sympathies with Catholic tradition and in spite of their recovering certain sides of the general European culture, the Protestants throughout Europe and even in England, (where Catholicism was still so strong) were condemned to be the victims of the original violent rebellion which had taken place in their fathers' time.

In the case of Laud, and of England in general, this was particularly striking because the force which made against their returning to Catholic unity was the force of nationalism; that is, the claim of lay society was its Prince (or King) to independence from the general moral unity of Christendom and the West. All of this is summed up of course in the refusal to accept Papal Supremacy.

LAUD was the chief and leader of those who had come to deplore the losses inflicted by the Reformation and the wounds which it had inflicted upon normal human habit. He was the leader and representative of those who feared and disliked Puritanism as a moral disease. He had sympathy with the natural and excellent use of images in worship. One of the counts on the indictment against him on which he was put to death was his having put up a statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child, which one may still see standing above the main door of the University Church at Oxford (St. Mary's). He and those like him, who were now becoming numerous in the English Established Protestant Church, not only felt a sentimental attraction towards the lovely and human externals of Catholic worship, but were also inclined—one cannot use a stronger word, but at any rate inclined—to consider the fullness of Catholic doctrine in nearly all points.

They inclined (as their descendants, the High Churchmen, do today) to an explanation of the mystery of the Eucharist more and more approximating to the truth. They inclined to Sacramen-

tal Penance and the Sacramental view of religion in general. They were particularly strong upon the necessity of a hierarchy and upon what they hoped was in their own case and what they admitted in the case of Catholics, to be the Apostolic Succession. They desired to regard their clergy as priests and some of them indeed would come to say even "sacrificing priests." But with all this they remained Protestant. They remained (though they would not have admitted it) thoroughly anti-Catholic, because they rejected that one part of Catholic doctrine which is its essential—the combination of unity and authority. The unity of the visible Church and its invincible authority were repugnant to their growing nationalism, and those who preserved such an attitude of mind were just as much the enemies of Catholicism as the most rabid Puritan could be, or the most complete agnostic.

Laud himself used a phrase which has become famous in this regard; he said that he could not consider reunion "with Rome as she now is." Now that phrase was not only a rejection of unity, but by its wording it implied that there was no united visible Church of God on earth. The use of the word "Rome" in this connection emphasized and was intended to emphasize the doctrine that "the Church of Rome hath erred"—which inevitably includes the doctrine that "all the Churches (as the phrase goes) had erred;" and that therefore there was no united visible infallible Church.

THERE is to be remarked, embarrassing Laud and his followers in this early stage of the Great Quarrel, just the same difficulty which embarrasses High-Churchmen or so-called "Anglo-Catholics" today. It is impossible for them to give a clear definition of their position, because they, while abhorring the word Protestant, are essentially Protestant in refusing unity and in preferring a national religion, which can include any degree of heresy, to an international religion which excludes all heresy.

If you were to have asked Laud what doctrines he taught, he would have replied with some, though insufficient, definition. If you had gone on to ask him, "Do you separate yourself from those within your national Church who

deny these doctrines? Do you cut them off from their communion?" he would have had either to answer "No," or to remain silent. To those Protestants of his own day who were violent against other Catholic doctrines besides that of unity, who hated the doctrine of the Real Presence, who detested any sacramental system, who were excited to anger at the idea of a priesthood—in other words the Puritans—Laud and those who thought with him seemed to be half Catholic. They seemed to be leading England back to Catholicism. They were even spoken of as "Papists" by the more extreme of their opponents. But all that was false and an illusion. In certain externals they proposed to imitate or recover certain Catholic practices, and they did cherish an affection for much of the Catholic spirit, but that which is the very heart of the whole affair, "*ut sint unum*," they rejected.

Nor did they reject it with reluctance; their rejection of it was fundamental to their whole position. It was a position expressed in many phrases, all of which strongly illuminate its character. Thus there is the phrase which speaks of the Church of England as "The Church of our Baptism;" there is the phrase which calls the Pope "an Italian Priest." (We were implored only the other day by a high dignitary of the Church of England "not to grovel at the feet of an Italian priest.")

JUST as the rejection of unity, coupled with infallible authority, is the intellectual or doctrinal test of Laud's Protestantism, so in that equally important matter of the emotions, of affection, repugnance for the true Church in communion with the Pope as the center of unity, is the test of his Protestantism also. The Catholic Church of its nature excites either great affection or repulsion. When it excites repulsion in a man, that man is the enemy of the Faith, even though he accept the greater part of its doctrine and the greater part of its traditional externals, and an organization and discipline under a hierarchy similar in name to the Catholic.

Now for the Catholic Church Laud and his followers felt repulsion instead of affection. They felt (to use a modern phrase) that it was "un-English." In other words, their religion must be national, and the fact



William Laud was born at Reading in Berkshire, England, October 7, 1573, the son of a middle class clothier. By dint of great energy and learning he gained the distinction of being the strongest upholder of church authority in the realm. He was conspicuous for his antipathy to Puritanism, which he loathed as a moral disease. After having risen rapidly to many high offices in the Established Church, he was made Archbishop of Canterbury by Charles I in 1633. During the period 1635-1637 he attempted to establish the episcopacy in Scotland, but the first attempt to read the liturgy in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, excited a dangerous tumult. Proceedings were taken against him, and on March 1, 1641, he was sentenced to the Tower of London by order of the House of Commons. Here he was stripped of his honors and visited with many indignities. When brought to trial before the House of Lords for treason and other crimes, November 22, 1643, he was found not guilty. But the Commons, which had already decreed his death, passed an ordinance for his execution. To this the Lords consented, and despite Laud's producing a royal pardon, was beheaded on January 10, 1645.

that a true and universal religion must necessarily be international was to them a strong irritant. It is this which explains the deep and permanent sympathy which existed between Laud and his King, Charles I, who had made him Archbishop. Charles had not the same

sentiment of sympathy with many Catholic externals that Laud had; he was by temperament what we call today Evangelical. An experience of his very early youth—his voyage to Spain and the failure of his Royal marriage there—had emphasized his strong dislike of Catholicism. He sincerely believed that the Church of England, as he had known it with its ceremonies and ministers in his boyhood, was the most perfect Christian organization; and therefore his attitude implied that there could be many such organizations side by side, many Churches, and no one infallible authoritative Church.

Charles disliked the Mass in spite of his increasing affection for his Catholic wife, the sister of the King of France; he disliked the Catholic priesthood and their whole spirit; he had nothing about him of what we call today the High Anglican. Yet he got on capitally with Laud and Laud with him, the reason being that the real devotion of each was towards the Royal and national power, the complete independence of the English realm and the English King from all other authority, spiritual or temporal.

THE effort at unity which Laud made had little to do with spiritual unity, even within his own communion. He was there concerned with unity of practice, with imposing a similar liturgy upon England, Scotland and Ireland. For the sake of dignity and for the sake of historical tradition Laud would see to it that the liturgy was interpreted in terms of considerable pomp and careful ritual, but he did not impose dogma.

He was determined that the English Communion should be the only Communion service wherever the King of England ruled, that it should be given at the altar rails and not haphazard at a table in the middle of the Church, that the Elements should be received kneeling—and so forth. But he was content to leave aside the essential definition of what the Real Presence was—whether or no Jesus Christ appeared on the altar at the con-

secrating words of a priest. These, which are to the Catholic mind the essentials, seemed to him things no doubt important, but not essential; the essential was the unity of the Church of England and its independence from the general Christendom of Europe.

The activities of Laud's life and the manner of his death have between them made him of considerable effect upon the subsequent history of the Anglican Church. His activities were political, strongly supporting that monarchical government which was then the traditional government of England—personal government by a King responsible to the nation, the centering of power in an individual whose duty it should be to defend the weak against the strong and prevent the wealthier classes from lord-ing it over their fellows. On account of this political activity Laud was swept into the great revolutionary battle of his time.

The interests of the wealthy, the merchants and money-dealers of the City of London, the interest of the squires and the great land-owners—all these made for rebellion against the power of a personal King. In many the movement was hardly conscious, many hesitated to join the rebellion, very many went against their own class interest and defended the monarchy when it came to the actual issue of arms. Nevertheless what are called "The English Civil Wars" were essentially a struggle between wealth and the Crown.

EARLY in that struggle the interest of wealth allied themselves to, and were mixed with, the violent religious passions of Puritanism. A very large proportion of land-owners and a far larger proportion of the great merchants were Puritan. Therefore, as the struggle increased in violence Laud became the target for a double attack. He had repressed Puritanism in religion, he had supported personal monarchy in politics. His person was seized by the rebels, he was imprisoned, and at last they put him to death.

Such a career and such a termination to it created what may be called "The Legacy of Laud." Politically that legacy came to nothing. The victory of the wealthier classes in England was so complete and the corresponding defeat of the monarchy so thorough that the very idea of government by a King died out in about half a century after Laud's death. One long lifetime after his beheading on Tower Hill the English throne was filled by a puppet monarch who was not even allowed to attend the governing Council of the realm. And from that day onwards England has been governed by the great land-owners and by the money-dealers of the City of London.

But the legacy of Laud in ecclesiastical matters had more vitality. It fell very low during the eighteenth century, but it was revived before the end of that century when a sermon—famous in its time—was preached from the pulpit of the University Church of Oxford in favor of Sacramental Absolution and the

revival of the Sacrament of Penance in the Church of England. There followed, in the same lifetime, the Tractarian Movement, and there now exists in greater force than has hitherto been known, a Laudian spirit acting in varying degrees throughout one great section of the English Protestant Establishment. The more devoted followers of that spirit go far beyond Laud himself in their imitation of Catholicism, and even in the attempt to recover the spirit of that from which they are separated; a considerable minority express themselves openly in favor of that reunion with the Catholic Church which Laud himself rejected.

Such is the Legacy of Laud. We must beware of being led by its present form

from reading into his own life more than that life meant. He was in his own time distinctly and clearly anti-Catholic, wholly devoted to a separate English Church of which the special mark was refusal of communion with the Catholic Church as a whole and rejection of its authority. But he does show how the recovery of Catholicism after the first assaults of religious revolution affected one section of Protestantism in Europe.

As against this, within the same Protestant society was organized the Calvinistic spirit manifested as Puritanism. By an accident of war, the man who became most prominent in that connection was Oliver Cromwell; and it is upon Cromwell, what he symbolizes, that the next paper will turn.

Re-Armament

By J. B. Walker, Jr.

DEAR silent souls of those
Whose life-blood warmed
The soil of France,
Where youth bewildered by
The hates of other years
Spent itself in sudden suicide—
Look not on us.

You knew not why you died,
But dying, hoped
We who remained
Would for your sacrifice
Rebuild a finer world
Wherewith the heart of man
Might be renewed.

How bitter now it is
For us yet here
Report to make
Of wasted golden years,
And but to realize
We've broken faith with you.
Naught has been done.

We've striven selfishly
Each for his own
Against the rest—
Yet knowing in our hearts
The truer road which leads
Through love and selflessness
To peace on earth.

Again we've nourished hate,
Built up distrust,
So that our sons
Inherit only sin
And must atone with blood.
Dear silent souls,
Look not on us!

MARY MAGDALEN

By Ralph Gorman, C.P.

THE identity of Mary Magdalen is one of those many questions about which scholars argue without coming to any certain conclusion. This question has more than a mere academic interest. In the popular imagination Mary Magdalen is the great penitent. She is the model and advocate of those who have freed themselves from the thralldom of the flesh and have experienced the sweetness of Christ's forgiveness.

There is no question of Mary Magdalen's sainthood. That is agreed upon beyond any possibility of doubt. She is portrayed in the New Testament in such a manner as to insure for her the eternal veneration of the faithful. But students of the New Testament are not so sure that the facts warrant attributing to Mary Magdalen the rôle of penitent. Several groups of incidents popularly attributed to her are considered by many Catholic scholars to concern one or perhaps two other women. It would be rash with the information at hand to give a definite answer either way. What is certain is that whether all the events popularly associated with her name are to be attributed to her alone or to one or two, others, they lose none of their significance nor of their touching appeal.

The events under consideration and which are all associated in the popular mind with Mary Magdalen may be classified under three headings: the sinful woman who anointed our Lord's feet at the house of Simon the Pharisee; Mary of Bethany, sister of Martha and of Lazarus; and finally Mary Magdalen. It is to be noted immediately that only one group of events is attributed expressly by the sacred authors to Mary Magdalen.

In two of these events there is question of anointing, a practice quite common at the time. Besides anointings which had a religious significance there were others whose purpose was medicinal or hygienic. In the hot, dry climate of the East oil rubbed into the skin prevented rapid evaporation through the pores and excessive dryness. After a bath the whole body was anointed, or again only parts were anointed, as the head, feet or hands. It was a duty of hospitality for a host to provide a guest with ointment for anointing himself or to have a slave anoint his feet. Later writings show that it was the custom for the women at the wedding of a Jewish maiden to honor the Rabbis present by anointing their heads. Sometimes pure olive oil was used or again olive oil

mixed with perfumes. In the latter case the ointment was allowed to evaporate slowly, filling the house with its odor.

1. The incident of the sinful woman who anointed Our Lord's feet is related by St. Luke (7:36-50). It took place in an unnamed town of Galilee in the house of a certain Simon the Pharisee by whom Christ had been invited to dine. Christ had aroused the opposition of the Pharisees. Some were not openly opposed to Him but thought it well to watch him. Simon was of this number. Although he had invited Christ to dine with him, he received Him with a minimum of courtesy. Christ took no notice of this at the time but reclined at table with the others. Instead of sitting at table as we do now, the guests lay on their left elbows, their legs stretched backward away from the table. While they were thus reclining a woman entered with an alabaster vase of ointment. St. Luke speaks of her as "a woman that was in the city, a sinner." She was a woman of evil life and known as such in the city. That she should enter uninvited would not appear strange to Orientals. Their childlike psychology overlooks formalities. As in the *Thousand and One Nights* where music is heard one enters without further ado. Standing in back of Christ and bending over His feet to anoint them, she burst into tears. This was unforeseen, and quickly undoing her hair she wipes her tears from His feet with it, then kisses them and anoints them with the ointment she had brought.

JESUS did not raise Himself nor take notice of what was going on. Simon concluded within himself that Christ could not be a prophet or he would have known what sort of woman it was who touched Him. But Christ showed Himself a prophet by reading Simon's thoughts and in a parable illustrated the great love of the woman. He showed Simon how beautifully she had supplied his lack of courtesy and hospitality. The scene ends with Christ forgiving the woman and telling her to go in peace. As far as the Evangelist is concerned, this woman leaves the scene as anonymously as she had entered. She is "a woman that was in the city, a sinner." Beyond this the sacred writer gives no information with which to satisfy our curiosity with regard to her identity.

2. Several events narrated by the Evangelist have to do with Mary of Bethany. St. Luke says that our Lord

entered into a certain town and was received by a woman who had a sister named Mary. (10:38-42.) Other passages show that this could only be Bethany and that the one of whom there is question is Mary of Bethany. Martha busied herself with the serving while Mary sat at our Lord's feet and listened to His words. Martha's remonstrances elicited the reply from Christ that but one thing was necessary and that Mary had chosen the best part.

THIS same Mary is mentioned in St. John's account of the resurrection of Lazarus. (11:1 sq.) She and her sister Martha sent to Christ to inform Him that their brother was sick. He arrived four days after the sick man had died. At Christ's approach to Bethany Martha in her impetuous manner ran out to meet Him, leaving Mary at home. Later Martha sent for her sister and she too went out to meet Christ, and falling at His feet said to Him: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

The anointing of Christ by Mary of Bethany must have taken place but a short time later. (John 12:1 cf., Matt. and Mark.) Jesus was reclining at supper in the house of Simon the Leper. Mary approached with an alabaster vase containing a large quantity of very precious ointment perfumed with nard. This she poured on the head and feet of Christ and then wiped His feet with her hair. When the disciples, especially Judas, complained of this apparent waste, Christ not only justified Mary's action but declared that wherever the gospel would be preached Mary's action would be told for a memory of her. This reference to Mary of Bethany is the last to be found in the New Testament.

3. Mary Magdalen is first introduced in the gospel narrative as one of those women who had been healed by Christ of evil spirits and infirmities and who out of love and gratitude followed Him to His apostolic journeys, ministering to His needs from their own substance. She is spoken of as "Mary who is called Magdalen, out of whom seven devils were gone forth." (Luke 8:2.) Her name indicates her place of origin, Magdala, a town of considerable importance at that time, a few miles north of Tiberias on the Lake of that name. Today it is called El Mejdal, a village of a few Arab huts. Its 210 inhabitants, all Moslems, blackened by the fierce heat of the sun, present a miserable appear-

ance. Possession by seven devils would indicate a particularly grave state but is not a certain indication of a sinful life. Physical possession by the devil could very well be accompanied by moral delinquency and this is the probable but not certain sense of the text.

MARY MAGDALEN stood beside the Mother of Christ on Calvary and after the death of Christ stood afar off with the other Galilean women watching all that took place, observing particularly where they laid the body of Jesus. Very early on the first day of the week Mary Magdalen and the other women appeared at the tomb of Jesus carrying spices with which to complete the work of anointing the body. They find the tomb empty. Mary immediately returns to inform the Apostles that someone has taken away the Lord's body. They too hasten to the sepulchre and finding it empty return. Mary lingered there weeping at the entrance. Stooping down she glanced into the interior where she saw two angels who questioned her as to the cause of her weeping. As she answered them she turned back and dimly through her tears she sees Jesus but mistakes Him for the gardener. Jesus said "Mary" and at the sound of her name on the Master's lips she recognizes Him and casts herself joyfully at His feet. Jesus then sends her with a message to the Apostles but they refuse to believe what she tells them. No further mention is made of her in the pages of the gospel.

Is there question in these events of but one woman, Mary Magdalen, or of two or three? The perusal of the relevant texts shows that they give little clear, definite, help toward a solution. Tradition too gives no certain answer. The grouping of all these incidents under the name of Mary Magdalen was unknown to the earliest Fathers and is still unknown to the Greek Church. In the Latin Church it has been popular since the time of Gregory the Great. Needless to say the question is not of faith and one may freely decide for or against the identification.

Those who think that all these incidents are to be attributed to Mary Magdalen base their opinion on several arguments. The liturgy of the Church in the office at St. Mary Magdalen (July 22) includes under her name what is related of the sinful woman who anointed our Lord and of Mary of Bethany. They also contend that the fact that seven devils were cast out of Mary Magdalen, although not conclusive, indicates that she was a sinner. In mentioning her immediately after the anointing by the sinful woman, St. Luke would seem to associate the two, although he does not in the first instance mention her by name because he did not wish to reveal her past evil life. Furthermore, they argue,

Mary of Bethany is the sinful woman who anointed our Lord in Galilee, because St. John (11:2) before speaking of the anointing at Bethany speaks of Mary as having anointed our Lord. This they say could refer only to the anointing in Galilee, described by St. Luke. The psychological arguments put forward have a certain undeniable weight. In all these cases there is manifested the same temperament, the same manner and the same fervent love of Christ.

Those who distinguish several women in the events in question appeal to the lack of evidence in the New Testament for any identification. It is clearly more in conformity with the letter of the text of the New Testament to distinguish three women. There is no reason to believe that Mary of Bethany was a sinful woman. She appears on the contrary as a woman of good family and irreproachable character. St. John does indeed refer to her before the anointing at Bethany as the woman who had anointed Christ, but he is referring to the anointing at Bethany which was in the past at the time he wrote. Thus before the betrayal the Evangelists speak of Judas as the one who betrayed Christ.

This Mary is spoken of as of Bethany, while the other is of Magdala, a fact which of itself sufficiently distinguishes them. After relating the incident of the sinful woman, St. Luke introduces Mary Magdalen as one of whom he has not yet spoken. The reason why some Fathers identified Mary of Bethany and the sinful woman is that they admitted but one anointing, a view rejected today by all Catholic scholars.

The psychological argument does not necessitate an identification. Mary of Bethany who sits quietly at our Lord's feet and hears His words without troubling herself about serving Him, who sits at home while Martha hurries out to meet the Master is calm, affectionate, contemplative. Mary Magdalen, as St. John pictures her, is active, ardent, restless, an apostle of the apostles, ready to attempt the impossible. There is a closer resemblance between her and the sinner of Galilee.

Whatever opinion we may adopt, we cannot help but be inspired by the love of Christ which is evidenced in all these incidents. Our devotion will not be lessened by being directed to three nor will it be intensified by being confined to one.

Kings

By John Richard Moreland

"They perish all but HE remains—" Omar Khayyam

ARROGANT kings,
With hate and lust,
Stamp on intrinsic
Things of dust

Their impress.
Tiny coins of brass
Show forth their face
As in a glass.

While superscriptions
Boast their name,
The years they ruled;
Their weight of fame.

Only one King
Has shed His blood
That men might walk
In Brotherhood;

Whose coin is love,
And graven thereon:
A scourge, a cross,
A crown of thorn;

Whose reign
Is without period . . .
The King of Heaven;
The Son of God!

"BY THIS SIGN"

The Story of a New Nation in Evolution

By George Stuart Brady

STANDING in the snow just under the peaks of the Zenta, where the Tropic of Capricorn sweeps across the lower fringe of the ancient empire of the Incas, one is awed by the sense of the smallness of man, and humbled by the slow progress of civilization in the immense span of time since a race perhaps older than Egypt first built its great stone cities in the *Puna*, the gigantic amphitheater of mountain valleys three miles in the air.

Five thousand yards below lies the Chaco, the wooded section of one of the largest plains in the world. A whole year of seasons is in that descent, and the Teuc-tach, the Great River, that curves around the mountain chain and stretches out to the east like an enormous serpent, passes through dense tropical forest until it finally joins the Parag-uay, the "Water that goes to the sea," two hundred leagues away.

From far over that plain came a low muffled rumble, and my awe increased as I could see the man at my side bring his fingers to his forehead and his lips mumble prayer as the monotonous booming increased now and again in a sharper pitch that echoed mournfully in the solemn silences of the bare brown mountain passes. In the far distance a long line of trucks wound its way from a pass, moving eastward with its freight of guns and ammunition.

Often in ancient days must the mountain chiefs have cast covetous eyes over that vast fruitful *Chaco*, "hunting ground." But as often as the armies of the old Incas had descended to the plain they must have been beaten back by the fierce tribes and by the fevers of the jungle, for never were these lands counted as part of the empire that reached from Tucu-man to far-off Quito, and never did the Quichua tongue of the family of the Sons of the Sun leave an impression on these lands except in the new name of the Great River, *Pilcomayo*, that we could see from the hills.

To the south this rich plain gradually loses its forest until it becomes a land of sweeping alfalfa and grains, nine hundred miles of prairie capable of supplying meat and breadstuffs for the whole three billion population of the earth. To the north the forest grows denser and wilder, dotted with palm groves, and with ugly *pantanos*, huge morasses of

tangled vines, until a horseshoe of mountains cuts off the plain from the wide sweeps of the Amazonian jungle.

It was down these mountain slopes that Ayolas, the founder of Paraguay, retraced his steps after raiding the Inca towns and carrying off stores of gold and silver. It was here that Nuflo Chaves, the Paraguayan, founded the first civilized village in a fold of the lower mountain chain.

Santa Cruz, "Holy Cross," was the name that Chaves had given this barbarous land four centuries ago, a name that only the idealism of a Latin could have tacked on a country where the reign of Satan himself had been so strong. But what are four centuries in the whirl of time in the story of the Cross? Have not anthropologists told that it took thirty thousand years for man to develop his intelligence to emerge from barbarism? And philosophers said that another five thousand years had to elapse from the time of the first written word until the day when man had developed his sense of right and wrong to the point where he could merit his Redeemer of the Cross?

All the long ages the races of Guaycarus, Chiquitos, Moxos, Tobas, and a hundred other nations, had inhabited these lands and remained in the primitive state of barbarism. The doctrine of the Cross had reached out from Palestine and covered Europe, but here where a dense population worshipped only their passions and held only rites of incantations and drunken feasts, the Devil claimed the land as his own and fought for it long and hard. So it was written by the scores of missionaries who passed over this land, each gaining so little for the Faith that he himself knew it not.

FOR five weary months during the year 1707 Father Lucas Caballero, from the missions of Paraguay, determined to conquer the Devil where so many others had failed, and leave the seed of the Word among the tribes, wandered from village to village, north of the country of the Chiriguano into the lands of the countless tribes of *Santa Cruz*.

Everywhere the pious priest met ridicule for his efforts to exhort the people in tongues that varied in every group; everywhere he was abused for seeming to interfere with the demoniacal rites;

but always was he marveled at for his constancy in refusing to join in the lustful dances and brawling feasts, and for his strange desire to suffer any hardship to tell them of his strange God; only content if he could baptize sick men or a few humble women or teach the children to make the Sign of the Cross. No *Padre* had been so persistent since the Franciscans had left the land a century and a half before to abandon to their obstinacy these wild tribes who murdered the Christians and burned the missions.

WEAK and sick from the constant exposure, shoes gone and clothes reduced to shreds from the tangled bush, the indomitable Father one day watched a strange festival at a *rancheria* in the depths of the forest where he had taken refuge to rest and pray at the Christmas season. Wonderingly he gazed at the men and women as they danced in a religious rite, beating themselves with thorn branches. And with infinite patience, by signs and broken words of many tongues, the missionary extracted the story from the chief.

"Once, many moons and suns ago," related the chief, "our warriors swore to exterminate the villages that had disdained our customs and turned away to follow the ways of the white medicine men. Our people attacked them one by one in the night and killed all of their men, carrying off the women. But shortly a terrible plague came to our nation, and death came fast among us, until our very medicine men were stricken. And the women of those *Borillos* told us what they had heard of the greatness of the God of the *Paos*, and that the anger of that God must be on our people.

"And our fathers remembered the custom of the *Paos*, to placate their God by disciplining themselves, and every man who was not sick beat himself with thorns, and they built a wooden cross like the ones they had burned in the towns, and they asked mercy of the Great Spirit of the Cross. At once the pestilence ceased; no more died; and those who were not touched by the sickness remained healthy. Since that time, longer ago than the memory of the fathers of our oldest men, at this summer season of the fevers, our tribe has kept veneration to the God of the Cross."

Taking the *Padre* to the edge of the clearing the chief showed him a crude wooden cross which had been erected for the ceremony.

With infinite labors, and with the martyrdom of many of them, the missionaries who followed Father Lucas from the communal towns of the Alta Parana welded together the tribes speaking hundreds of different tongues into one nation whose people could converse with each other in a common language, the aboriginal tongues of the Chiquitos of the plains and the Guaranies of Paraguay, enriched with Spanish and the words of the multitude of tribes that united into the *Reducciones*. Then came the time when the Decree of the Spanish King withdrew all the Fathers of the Society of Jesus from the missions, and the people of Santa Cruz through two centuries went their own way, until now when simply, blindly, wonderingly they took the guns thrust into their hands.

Once more below the headwaters of the Teuc-tach the trucks that had so recently gone down the mountain slopes continued a rattling course to the east over the newly made military roads, but now not as conquerors but as captives, with new drivers of the Guarani race and loaded with prisoners from Santa Cruz. As in the days of the Incas the armies of the high altitudes were weaklings in the heavy atmosphere of the plains and against the fierce fighting nation that knew only one battle cry of "Conquer or Die." The struggle for oil had added eighty thousand dead to the bloody ground that had known incessant warfare for ages until the days when the tribes had been gathered into towns about the Cross.

BUT the men of Santa Cruz, Holy Cross, conscripted into the armies of the mountains, lacked desire for fighting. Now they openly showed their pleasure in being herded as prisoners into the trucks. Blandly they smiled in Indian fashion as they received greeting waves from other prisoners working mile after mile along the roads grading the new highways, clearing the brush, and squaring the great hardwood *vigas* that would make timbers for the new bridges over the wide pantanos that had once been the plagues of the missionaries who had toiled on foot up and down this broad plain.

"We never wanted to fight you; we speak your language; we have no love for the officers from the mountains; we do not want those white strangers of the North who dig our oil; the Paos of the Cross who were our Great Fathers were the same as yours." Their eyes spoke these things answeringly to the stoic Guaranies who stood as guards at the rear of each truck.

Time rolls its circle rapidly, but compared to the short cycle of man's life

events move slowly. Two hundred years passed here before the advance of the white race brought forth a simple seedling of its civilization; and another two centuries before the seed had grown to a tiny blossom. But how different from the advance of the blond races in the North that had crushed out all traces of the blood of the aborigines in the lands they settled. Here in this wild forest the men from the Mediterranean shores had followed the colonizing ways of their ancestors, the Romans, who had brought light to the followers of the Gallic Druids and of the Teutonic Thor.

From Vespasian, the Roman, to Clovis and Alfred, the Frenchman and the Englishman, four hundred years elapsed. From Ayolas, the Spaniard, to these laughing prisoners from Santa Cruz, with their strange sing-song language, four centuries! I wondered if here was not a new nation in evolution in that slow tedious progress of civilization. And as I noted the frequent touching of the forehead by these men when in danger, I marvelled at the genius of Father Lucas and his followers who had inspired the children of long ago to repeat this bless-

ing by prefixing a significant formula: *Oi neucipi Santa Crucis O quimay*, "By this sign of the Holy Cross defend us."

ALONG a great arc from the far reaches of the Teuc-tach to the upper Paragua-y two hundred thousand men lay in trenches and behind forts, and the incessant rattle of machine guns told that those who would turn over this land to the oil plunder of the men of the North were still held back. And I wondered if victory here for the exploiters of oil would mean bitter reaction against their whole system of civilization as it had with the descendants of the Aztecs of far off Mexico. And absentmindedly I recalled the line that the monks of Alfred's rising kingdom inserted into their litanies: "From the scourge of the Norsemen, Deliver us, O Lord." Absentmindedly, also, I recalled what the Paraguayan chief had told me long before at the outbreak of this war: "We will never take away that land of Santa Cruz; but it does not belong to the *Punados* of the mountains. It will some day be a new country of its own, with its own people, its own language, Holy Cross."

Memorabilia

By Mary Fabyan Windeatt

SHE has not gone away.

Just then, upon the stair,
There was a murmur and a fragrance,
A lovely silence caught and hung upon the air,
As if she had but sought to make us smile
By hiding in the dark a little while.

She is still with us.

The beauty of a rose within the grass,
The winds that stir and pass
From tree to tree—the splendid tides
That are the ripened fields of grain,
The liquid symphony of rain,
Bid us be sad no more.
How could she be away?
In deep green woods alive with April things
The voice of her still sings when Beauty sings.

Her steps are in the garden as of old,
Her touch is on the hyacinthine bell,
And where she passed her radiance is told
By cream narcissus and by asphodel.
Her smile is in a baby's grey-blue eyes—
If she had gone . . . we should not be so wise.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN ENGLAND

The picture which emerges in the *Catholic Directory* reflects a very steady and vigorous growth in organization, and the organization has never lacked vitality in all its parts. In more recent years it has been developing on lines specially suited to those modern problems which have arisen since the death of Cardinal Wiseman and his contemporaries. The main development, especially since the War, has been in founding small churches and schools in areas where the Church had not previously revived; but the large churches in the main centers of Catholic population have been often enlarged or have thrown out offshoots which never cease to expand. Yet with all this progress in organization the total Catholic population does not increase as rapidly as might be expected. It is growing faster than could be hoped in the scattered little districts which are being developed all over the country, but in the big centers it is obviously not multiplying as it should

By Denis Gwynn

THE official *Catholic Directory* for England and Wales, which has just been published, gives the latest statistics showing the number of Catholics in Great Britain, the number of priests and churches, and the progress made in building Catholic schools throughout the country. As usual, the year's returns show a definite increase upon the figures for last year, but the general picture which they present is in some respects much less satisfactory than would appear. The total figure for the Catholic population is in fact very little more than guesswork in the industrial cities, but the results have been compiled for so many years that some basis for comparison exists.

The total shown for 1934 is 2,320,000 as compared with 2,279,000 for 1933. The number of clergy has continued to increase and there are 3,299 secular priests as compared with 3,182 a year ago. The number of regular clergy has also increased from 1,643 to 1,683. Still more satisfactory is the increase in the number of churches and chapels. An error in the returns published last year makes an exact comparison impossible, but there is an increase of 36 compared with two years ago; and this increase does not take account of the frequent cases in which new churches have been built to replace older ones or where smaller churches have been enlarged.

One of the most interesting figures records the number of conversions during the year, about which more will be said presently. The total last year was 12,206, which is almost exactly the average figure for the past ten years. Why

there should be almost exactly 12,000 conversions year after year, with very little difference between one year and another, is a mystery which cannot easily be explained.

By a coincidence, the same week which has seen the publication of the *Catholic Directory* figures has also brought news of the death of the oldest member of the English Hierarchy, Bishop Singleton of Shrewsbury, who has died at the age of 83, had been in very feeble health for several years. He is succeeded by a younger Bishop, Monsignor Moriarty, who had been appointed as his coadjutor two years ago. His long life covered almost exactly the entire period since the Hierarchy was restored in England in 1850. He was born in the following year.

Only a few months before Bishop Singleton was born, the announcement by Cardinal Wiseman that the Pope had arranged to revive the English Hierarchy and had made him the first Archbishop of Westminster and a Cardinal, provoked tremendous outbursts of anti-Catholic feeling all over England. Cardinal Wiseman had made the announcement in his first Pastoral letter, which reached England at the end of October, just before he returned from Rome. It was published in the English newspapers within a week before the annual celebration of Guy Fawkes' Day and the celebrations assumed a national character after many years during which they had ceased to be taken seriously. Huge bonfires in all parts of the country and particularly in London were lit to burn effigies of the Pope and of Cardinal

Wiseman and his newly appointed Bishops. There was such fear of rioting against the Catholic churches that some of Wiseman's friends even hurried to the Continent to meet him on his way home, and to implore him to stay away for fear of provoking violent disorder.

Wiseman's famous reply to the attacks upon him and upon the Pope produced an unexpected wave of sympathy which he was able to develop in the years that followed. Much of the bitterness with which the Pope's decision had been received in 1850 was really caused by the Romanizing movement within the Church of England. The converts from the Church of England, and particularly John Henry Newman and his friends at Oxford, had incurred the hatred which is felt towards those who are regarded as traitors to their own traditions. But by the year 1850 the converts were already no more than a fraction of the very large Catholic population which had grown so rapidly as a result of immigration from Ireland.

BISHOP SINGLETON was born at Birkenhead outside Liverpool in 1851. Both Liverpool and Birkenhead have grown past all recognition since those distant years. Liverpool itself was then rapidly becoming one of the chief shipping centers of England, and its later prosperity was derived largely from the Irish immigration which was then at its height. Previously the shipping centers had been chiefly in the south, like Plymouth or Portsmouth, or in the southwest at Bristol; and the traditions of the British seamen were connected chiefly with

trade either with the Continent or with the East. But the famine which swept through Ireland in 1845 and the two following years produced a frantic stampede to escape from starvation and famine fever; and the emigrants flocked either to Queenstown in the south of Ireland or to Liverpool on their way to America or Australia.

THE British transatlantic shipping fleet grew with amazing rapidity while that emigration continued, and the emigrants headed more and more towards the north of England, in the hope of finding employment in the new industrial and mining districts. Many of them stayed in Lancashire and the northern cities; and as the industries and the mines developed, considerable Catholic centers grew up around them. Liverpool itself became the chief Catholic center in England, largely inhabited by the poorest class of Irish laborers.

Twenty years before Bishop Singleton was born, when the Catholic Emancipation Act had just been passed, the Catholic population of England was estimated at considerably less than half a million. It grew very little, except for the slight increase due to early conversions in connection with the Oxford Movement, until the Irish exodus began in 1846, gathering momentum in the following years. But by 1851 the total had risen to at least two millions and it continued to increase as the Irish immigrants continued to come in in great numbers during the following years.

The most surprising feature of the annual returns in the *Catholic Directory* is that this total of something more than two million Catholics has scarcely grown to any substantial extent during the eighty years of Bishop Singleton's long life. [Bishop Singleton died on Dec. 17, 1934. R.I.P.—Ed.] There was no considerable return of the Irish exiles to Ireland, and most of those who settled in England have remained there and have undoubtedly multiplied, especially in the cities. If they had all remained actively Catholic, the Catholic population in England today would be at least double what it is now and quite probably more than double. Many of them certainly drifted further into England and became lost to sight as Catholics in those parts of the country where no Catholic churches or priests were to be found. But the great majority remained in the industrial cities, in Liverpool and Manchester, Newcastle and Sheffield, or later in the shipping centers of Cardiff or Plymouth, or especially in the London area. These places have since remained the principal centers of Catholic population and in them the churches were first built and the clergy first concentrated their efforts.

In the new returns of the *Catholic Directory*, no less than in the previous

years, this localized distribution of the Catholic population is as apparent as ever. Before the Hierarchy was restored in 1850 England was divided into a small number of Districts, each with a Vicar Apostolic. Until a few years after the Catholic Emancipation Act there were still only four Bishops for the whole of England, having jurisdiction respectively over the Northern, Midland, Western and London Districts. As a result of the remarkable Catholic revival in the eighteen-forties and still more because of the rapid influx of Catholic laborers from Ireland, the number of Vicars Apostolic was doubled. When the Hierarchy was restored the number of Bishops was further increased and each was given jurisdiction over a defined area with his headquarters in some famous city. At that time it was found difficult even to supply enough priests of sufficient distinction or capacity to justify their appointment as Bishops.

Cardinal Wiseman himself was the only Archbishop, with his See at Westminster and he had twelve Bishops under him. These conditions continued for nearly thirty years until Beverley, one of the Northern Sees, was divided in two, Leeds and Middlesbrough. A few years later the See of Southwark, including South London, was also divided, to form a new diocese of Portsmouth. Later again Wales was made a separate Vicariate and before long this was also divided so that Wales had two Sees. In 1911 a much more important change occurred when the complete restoration of the Hierarchy took place and Archbishops of Liverpool and Birmingham were appointed with jurisdiction over the North and Midlands respectively. A few years later Wales also got an Archbishop, of Cardiff. Thus there are now four Archbishops; whereas there was only one during the greater part of Bishop Singleton's life; and the number of Sees, apart from the Archbishops, has been further increased by the division of Liverpool and of Westminster.

JUDGED by population the Northern province (which is under Liverpool) is still by far the most important of the four. More than half the entire Catholic population live in the part of England above the Midland district; and of these the great majority are still to be found in the principal cities. Liverpool itself has nearly 400,000 Catholics, which is more than double the whole Catholic population of the Midlands, and more than three times the Catholic population of all Wales. In each province there has been a general increase as in every other year in the recorded population, in the number of churches and clergy and schools and pupils. But the proportion of churches or clergy to population varies widely. Thus the diocese which has considerably more churches

than any other is Southwark, which ranks only fifth in population.

A closer examination of the figures shows that the chief progress has been made in the more backward dioceses and that the consolidation and expansion of the Church has been most important in the areas where it has most headway to make. Southwark is in many respects the most interesting diocese in the country and for over thirty years its Bishop, Doctor Amigo, has been organizing and building with systematic energy which has produced extraordinary results. The northern part of his See, which is most thickly populated, includes nearly half of London and the Catholic population consists chiefly of poorly paid laborers who have suffered greatly from unemployment. His See also includes a chain of seaside towns along the south coast which have increased greatly in size during the past fifty years, and in these places the number of converts has been most exceptionally high. In between these sea-coast towns and London there is much open country where churches have not been built unless Bishop Amigo himself had built them; and in recent years this part of his diocese has been developed most remarkably, around small centers supported by small groups of Catholics who happen to live there, while converts continue to increase the local congregations with unflinching rapidity.

THE most surprising feature of the annual returns is that in spite of this considerable development of new districts all over the country, the total of converts every year remains almost the same. Everyone who knows the typical modern churches which have been built in the new suburbs surrounding London and other cities is familiar with the very high proportion of converts in such congregations. I remember one such parish in which fully half the congregation of about 100 Catholics were converts. They were a very mixed company. There was an old lady who had been a lady-in-waiting at the Royal Court; there was a motor coach driver who had become a Catholic through marrying a Catholic wife; an elderly grocer who had always taken a deep interest in religious controversy; a retired naval commander; a well-known lady novelist; and many others from all walks of life who had become Catholics for the most varied reasons. Very similar conditions exist in almost any district of that sort around London. In one seaside town which I know well there are now six priests and three churches, with another church in contemplation, whereas the greatest difficulty was found in even obtaining a site for the first church fifty years ago. In that particular town I have heard one extremely active priest say that there was no limit to the number of converts

who could be collected if the clergy had time to undertake such work. All over the country similar conditions are to be found and the chief reason why the number of conversions does not grow is certainly that the clergy are too few and are too fully occupied with ordinary parochial duties.

ON the other hand, the number of conversions each year accounts for at least half the relatively small total increase from year to year. If the Catholic families all continued to be practising Catholics, the natural increase would be nearly double the present rate. Cardinal Manning fifty years ago always counted that there were fully two million Catholics in England; and the total is very little larger now than then, although more than 120,000 converts have come in during the past ten years alone. Undoubtedly the chief "leakage" is in the industrial centers, while the chief growth is in the hitherto undeveloped areas, and in the newly built towns or suburbs where small churches are being rapidly built and congregations grow quickly round them.

One of the chief difficulties, which must have been found in America no less than in England, is that the religious Orders are very seldom able to contribute much towards the general expansion of the Church. Cardinal Wiseman tried again and again to find some new religious community which would undertake the missionary work that he had always desired. But almost invariably the communities which he introduced would settle down to establishing schools or colleges or some special form of work which left them no time to undertake missionary work. Cardinal Wiseman's successors have found the same difficulty. Cardinal Vaughan even established a new society of priests called the Catholic Missionary Society, which was to devote itself to preaching throughout England as though it were undertaking missionary work in a country where the Church was previously quite unknown. The Society has attracted many of the best known priests in England during a long period. Its first rector was Cardinal Vaughan's nephew, Father Herbert Vaughan, who retired from the rectorship only last year. The most famous of his associates for a good many years was Archbishop Downey, until he was recalled by the Liverpool diocese over which he soon afterwards had to preside as its new Archbishop. The present rector of the Society is Father Owen Francis Dudley, who is well known for his popular writings.

But it would seem that a new phase has gradually developed since the War and that the progress of the Church will in future be on rather different lines. Eighty years ago its chief problem was to provide churches and priests for the

large numbers of Irish settlers who were completely alien to the country where they had found refuge from the famine. The old English Catholics disliked them intensely and were completely out of sympathy with the Irish priests who came over as volunteers to minister to their countrymen in exile. The converts, who were already a numerous body and who in the early stages of the Catholic revival were for the most part men and women of the more prosperous classes, found themselves distrusted by the old Catholics and exposed to a natural jealousy if they were given large responsibilities soon after their conversion. With the Irish Catholics they had scarcely any common ground at all.

It was Cardinal Wiseman's most difficult task, which scarcely anyone else could have attempted so successfully, to encourage and organize and as far as possible amalgamate these three distinct elements in the Catholic revival. He was an Irishman by his parentage, and although he had practically no direct contact with Ireland, his generous and enthusiastic temperament gained the confidence of the Irish immigrants. The converts regarded him with infinite gratitude as almost the only prelate who had sympathized with them during the Oxford Movement, when almost all Catholics thought they were insincere and almost resented their efforts to become Catholics. The old Catholics, on the other hand, could not disregard Wiseman's claim to represent them as he had been educated at Ushaw and at the English College in Rome which he had himself brought back to flourishing life as its rector soon after its restoration.

When Wiseman died in 1865 his successor, Cardinal Manning, devoted himself largely to creating organizations for the children of the Irish immigrants and especially to safeguarding the Catholic schools. Immense progress had been made by his tireless and strenuous work when Cardinal Vaughan succeeded him in 1892. By that time the more urgent needs of the poor Catholic population had been fairly well provided for and the time had come for a more vigorous development on new lines. Vaughan's two greatest achievements were the building, within ten years, of the vast Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, and his enterprise in founding the Missionary College at Mill Hill which has since grown to be the largest Seminary in England and which has supplied missionaries to pagan countries in every continent.

WHEN Cardinal Vaughan died he was succeeded by the youngest member of the English Hierarchy, Monsignor Bourne, who was at that time almost unknown outside the sphere in which he had worked as Bishop of Southwark. More than thirty years have since elapsed and Cardinal Bourne today ranks

third in seniority in the Sacred College of Cardinals and is one of the principal ecclesiastical figures in the whole Church. Great progress in organization has been made during his long rule at Westminster, and the position of the Catholic Church generally in relation to public life in England has been greatly strengthened during those thirty years. Looking back on those years and on the progress which is reflected in the bare statistics of the *Catholic Directory*, Cardinal Bourne may well feel gratified by the achievements accomplished within so short a period. [Francis Cardinal Bourne died on Jan. 1, 1935. R.I.P.—Ed.] The number of priests in some parts of Great Britain has nearly doubled within that time. The increase in the number of churches has been extraordinary. The number of religious communities has continued to increase rapidly. New congregations both of men and women have multiplied; some of them being of English or Irish origin during the past century and others of quite modern growth like the Salesians. But there has also been a most remarkable revival of some of the older Orders, particularly of the Dominicans.

THE picture which emerges in the *Catholic Directory* reflects a very steady and vigorous growth in organization, and the organization has never lacked vitality in all its parts. In more recent years it has been developing on lines specially suited to those modern problems which have arisen since the death of Cardinal Wiseman and his contemporaries. The main development, especially since the War, has been in founding small churches and schools in areas where the Church had not previously revived; but the large churches in the main centers of Catholic population have been often enlarged or have thrown out offshoots which never cease to expand. Yet with all this progress in organization the total Catholic population does not increase as rapidly as might be expected. It is growing faster than could be hoped in the scattered little districts which are being developed all over the country, but in the big centers it is obviously not multiplying as it should.

The problem is in fact very similar to that which likewise confronts the Church in America—that the earlier development in the industrial cities has failed to maintain the previous rate of increase, while the pioneering work in the more scattered and more difficult districts produces more fruitful results. [Most American priests would question that statement.—Ed.] Each generation has to face its own problems in its own way. The subject involves many considerations which will be set forth more fully in other articles that I hope to have in *THE SIGN* in the near future.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

It is still a haunting memory to me, the first day I went to visit in Bellevue Hospital. I thought I had fortified myself for this work by taking a two-year course in the School of Social Service at Fordham University in the Woolworth Building. But, when on a day in June, I stood at the threshold of the ward, assigned to me, in Bellevue Hospital, with my arms laden down with copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, I felt I was beaten in my work before I began.

A long room of beds—about a dozen on each side of the ward, and a number of cots down the center of the room—each occupied by a suffering human being—how could I go in? I know it was only the grace from on high, and my motto, "For the greater honor and glory of God," that pushed me over the door sill.

I relate all of this for the benefit of those, who like myself want to do something for God's suffering poor, and who may be deterred by just such a feeling as I experienced. May I ask them to listen to my reaction? I was not five minutes speaking to the patient in the first bed, whom I remember was a large, colored man, until I entirely forgot every thing about me in the joy of this poor creature telling me about himself. After that first encounter I went every Monday for nine years, with the exception of summer months when I came back to the city occasionally, and during two sojourns in Europe.

I have seen sunset on the Jungfrau, candle light in the Catacombs, but the peace of my twilight hour is the voice from a hospital cot: "What have I ever done in my life to deserve a friend like you?"

REGINA M. LAMB
November 25, 1934.

I spent a Sunday last month with friends on a big farm. They are city people who farmed at first for fun and now because they must and the earning is not so easy. I saw a man working hard putting up a stone wall back of their house and when I asked how did it happen he was working so hard on a Sunday they said it wasn't really that: he had work of his own all week, and because they had helped his boy with his lessons he had wanted to do something in return: he was just being neighborly.

THEY took a poll the other day—the Seniors did—to decide whether they wanted large or small diplomas. Most of the men voted for large ones and most of the girls decided on small ones.

By Katherine Burton



MONTH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES

When the news ran through France that a little girl had seen the Blessed Virgin, a very ordinary little girl, that Our Lady had made strange requests of the child, that the child had made even stranger promises—there were various reactions. The secular press of the day sneered at one more instance of Catholic superstition. The magazines had their more intellectual sneers: In Harper's Weekly of 1858 the editor says the results were "hardly worth the trouble of a bodily reappearance in the world." The child's own bishop was most severe. They did many things to Bernadette but one thing they could not do—make her change her mind. She had seen a lovely lady and to that belief, that fact, she clung. Later the priest who had taught her remembered that several times he thought he saw a light above the child's head. He had thought it only imagination, but now he was not so sure.

The mystics know this light. It was the light that shone from St. Francis and St. Clare and lighted the hillside where they met. It is an emanation of man's spirit—a sign that the spiritual is in the ascendant. Where could it be better observed than on this child—a child selected for one of the loveliest and most charming of modern miracles by one who loved the heart of a child?

Art pictures Bernadette kneeling at Our Lady's feet, looking up at her, not asking for anything, not adoring, not analyzing, but simply listening to her and loving her. It would be well for us to remember the words of Our Lady's Son—that one must have the heart of a child to know Heaven. Loving and listening are two qualities that will help us gain it. If we do only one or the other, when we kneel at Our Lady's feet, it will still be well with us, for if we listen we cannot but love, and if we love we cannot help but listen.

Some of us want to clean up the movies; some of us want to decorate Communism with two black eyes; some of us want the good old days back, forgetting that even the song admits they are beyond recall. All these things are, no doubt, good to want. But my heart goes out to a new drive recently launched at Chicago, sponsored by the Parent-Teachers Association there, to "Take murder out of the nursery." It centers its attack on toy guns, feeling that they lead not only to accidents but to crime. The people behind the idea are getting pledges from the children to get rid of toy weapons, hoping thus to begin at the beginning, which is in early childhood, to stop making mock gangsters out of the nation's children. It deserves the active cooperation of everyone in the land and I hope it will spread out from Chicago in all directions.

Nothing is more irritating to anyone who has dealt with healthy children than to watch the misguided efforts of people to make a child eat when it has no appetite. If it will not eat the simple food set before it then it certainly should not be encouraged to eat something more tempting. We are all for serving a child's food as appetizingly as possible

but we do feel a bit annoyed when we see a headline like this in a paper: Picture Bowls for Kiddies' Porridge. It is called the Stori Bowl, just like that, and it is a red bowl in which you put a series of fluted paper cups. Each one has a picture on the bottom and a bit of the story of Goldilocks printed thereon, and when Kitty or Willie has downed the porridge, like a pup digging up the ground to find his best buried bone, you can wash and iron the cups flat and then you clip them together and you have a book.

In fact maybe it will do to while away some hours for Kitty or Willie while they are recovering from the stomach ache they got from eating lots of cereal so they could see more pictures.

Some students of the College for Men, of Rochester, New York, dropping in after classes at their club rooms, saw something that was a pretty disturbing sight: a young woman sitting placidly knitting. They investigated and found she has a right to be there, because she is enrolled in the College for Men—the only woman. She is studying mechanical engineering and if she wants to knit by their fireplace the young men will just have to bear it—or maybe learn to knit too.

JACOB: SUPPLANTER AND HUSBAND

*The Third in a Series of Prototypes of the
Sacred Passion as Found in the Book of Genesis*

By Herbert McDevitt, C.P.

TO the unbelieving Jews, Jesus gave a reproof for their obstinacy and at the same time offered them a means of attaining Faith in Him when He said: "Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting; and the same are they that give testimony of Me." (John 5:39.) In the Old Testament, prophecy and type foretold Him, described His character and virtues, gave numerous details of His birth, life, sufferings, death and resurrection. With so many evidences in their own sacred books the Jews were inexcusable in not acknowledging Jesus as their Messiah. All these things were written also for our comfort and instruction, as St. Paul says, because they give a reason for the Faith that is in us, they enable us to enlarge on the meager details given by the Evangelists and they excite us to adore and love the Wisdom and Goodness of God in His eternal purpose of giving Salvation to fallen man. With the same sentiments we should consider that even the Church, the mystical Body of Christ, of which we are members was also the subject of type and prophecy. The language of the prophets on this subject, all aglow with ecstatic ardor, forms some of the most beautiful and poetic pages of the Bible as they describe what St. Augustine calls "the whole Christ." In the type we have come to study there are many things worthy of devout contemplation for we see Jesus breaking down and overcoming all opposition and through labor and pain, espousing to Himself a glorious Bride, His Church.

The marriage of Isaac and Rebecca was for twenty years childless, until God at the earnest prayer of Isaac promised to give him children. To Rebecca also God spoke, declaring that she would have twins and that "the elder shall serve the younger." (Gen. 25:23.) The first-born was red, and hairy like a skin and his name was called Esau. The other reaching forth his hand, took hold of his brother's heel—an action which

seemed as though he was already seeking to displace his brother according to the promise God made to the mother before birth. Hence he was named Jacob which in Hebrew means Supplanter—one who takes the place of or who displaces another. From that moment there was enmity and discord between the brothers, Esau holding the birthright by natural priority and Jacob claiming it by divine appointment. In the ancient families nothing was more important than the rights of the first-born son. To him belonged by inheritance a double portion of his father's goods. He succeeded his father as head of the family and bore a priestly dignity in the sacred duties of prayer and sacrifice to God. As the boys grew to manhood their characters developed along different lines. Esau was bold and violent in temper, worldly, "a profane person," says St. Paul. (Hebr. 12:16.) He "offended the mind of Isaac and Rebecca," his devout parents by marrying two of the idolatrous women of the country. Jacob on the other hand was a quiet, peaceable, industrious man, waiting in patience the fulfillment of the Divine promise and for that reason, the special object of mother's solicitude and love.

IN a reckless and sensual manner Esau actually did forfeit his birthright. Returning one day, tired and hungry, from hunting in the fields, he saw Jacob with a dish of pottage. Selfish and greedy, he accepted his brother's proposal to give up his birthright in exchange for the satisfaction of his appetite. This and the ever present memory of God's promise made Rebecca and Jacob feel justified in resorting to deception in order to obtain the blessing of Isaac, for in patriarchal times the father's blessing was a ceremony equivalent to a last will and testament. Old and blind Isaac desired to bless Esau before being gathered to his fathers. The watchful mother, learning his purpose, called Jacob and together they planned and executed an

action by which Jacob obtained the blessing. Clothed in Esau's garments, with his neck and hands covered with the skin of kids, he effectively deceived Isaac and obtained the blessing. The fury of the elder brother when he learned this, knew no bounds and he resolved to kill Jacob as soon as his father died. To prevent this both mother and father urged Jacob to go into Mesopotamia to his uncle, Laban, and while there to take a wife from among his own kindred.

IN all this there are profound mysteries of grace, but what concerns us here is the fore-shadowing of our Lord as the Supplanter of Satan, sin and the synagogue. In the beginning God created two orders of rational beings, to adore and serve him, first the Angels and then man. But dazzled by his own excellence, Lucifer was so lifted up by pride as to rebel and refuse service to God His Creator. Together with kindred spirits he was cast out of heaven. First in the order of creation and superior in nature to man, the fallen angel saw that Adam and Eve, possessed of original innocence, were destined along with their posterity to fill the places in heaven which he and his rebellious followers had forfeited by pride. Hatred of God and envy at man's happy lot turned him into a tempter, resolved to destroy the innocent inheritors of his lost glory. He succeeded in his wicked design and thereby acquired a certain dominion over man. But a merciful God promised a Redeemer Who would supplant Satan by crushing his head, by breaking his power. To effect this the Son of God did not assume an angelic but a human nature. Just as Jacob put on the skins of a beast to resemble Esau and win his father's blessing, so Jesus "was made a little lower than the angels." (Hebr. 2:9.) He became a partaker of flesh and blood, that "through death, He might destroy him who had the empire of death, that is to say, the devil." "It behooved Him to be made like unto His

brethren that He might become a merciful and faithful High Priest before God that He might be a propitiation for the sins of the people." (Hebr. 2:14-17.) In the garb of His Sacred Humanity wounded and dying, Our Blessed Lord gained for men from His Father blessings of infinite worth—forgiveness, grace and glory.

TO supplant sin it was necessary to give men a convincing example of its hatefulness, so "God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and of sin, hath condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. 8:3), in the mangled, crucified Body of Christ. Never again can man doubt the evil that sin is and the hatred God bears it. It was also "in the likeness of men and in habit found as man" that Jesus gave the most wonderful example of virtue, especially of those virtues against which angels and men sinned—humility and obedience, for "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross." (Phil. 2:6-8.) Likeness to Him will enable us to appear in the presence of His Father and to win an eternal blessing—a heavenly inheritance.

The synagogue, the Jewish church, was held in trust by its rulers. All its ceremonies and sacrifices were only shadows of the better things to come when their Messias, the true heir, would fulfill all things even to the last jot and tittle. But the Scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees through the corruption of their hearts, were impervious to the light when He, of whom all the prophets gave testimony, stood before them. It is easy to recognize in them the disposition of Esau. Greed and worldliness and unbelief and anger all worked together in their rejection of the Christ. In their awful act of apostasy they sold their birthright and they were rejected, cast off by God. They are the wanderers of the world without temple, sacrifice or priesthood. All that they did against Christ merely proved that it was He of Whom the prophets spoke. When Jesus bowed His head in death, the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top to the bottom exposing and making void all their mysteries and sacrifices. Jesus had supplanted in the synagogue.

All this is illustrated in the vision which Jacob had on his way to Mesopotamia. Resting one night in the open country with a stone for a pillow, he had a dream in which he saw "a ladder standing upon the earth and the top thereof touching heaven; the angels also of God ascending and descending by it; and the Lord leaning upon the ladder saying to him: "I am the Lord of Abraham, thy father and the God of Isaac." (Gen. 28:12-13.) After renewing the promises He had made to his fathers, God said: "And I will be thy keeper whithersoever thou goest and will bring

thee back into this land; neither will I leave thee, till I have accomplished all that I have said." When Jacob awoke from sleep he said: "Indeed the Lord, is in this place and I knew it not. . . . How terrible is this place! this is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven." And taking the stone, he poured oil on it and called the place Bethel, which means the House of God. This ladder is a lively image of our Redemption. The Cross of Christ, planted in the earth reached even to the throne of God and gave to His offended Majesty infinite satisfaction for sin. The gate of heaven was opened to admit all souls saved through the Blood of Christ. God became again a Father, looking down upon His children and ready to bestow on them, through the merits of His Son, every grace of comfort, protection and guidance. And how unlike the envious Lucifer is the rôle of the angels, the first and superior creation of God! "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" (Hebr. 1:14.) Wherever the Cross is set up and the complete mystery of Redemption is preached, there is the House of God, the Holy Catholic Church, for in her it is taught that there are seven Sacraments—no more, no less—which are channels of abundant grace for all men and for every stage and condition of human life.

Laban, the uncle to whom Jacob had fled, was a cold, hard, deceitful, grasping man. Jacob engaged to work for him seven years for the hand of his beautiful daughter Rachel. At the end of that time the uncle deceived him by substituting the less favored, blear-eyed, elder daughter Lia. Another seven years of toil is set as the price of marriage with Rachel. In the course of all this labor Scripture says that to Jacob the years "seemed but a few days because of the greatness of his love." In every way the crafty Laban sought to prevent his nephew from prospering, changing his wages ten times and overreaching him when the occasion offered. Only through his industry and knowledge of the secrets of nature was Jacob able to acquire in the course of another six years the possessions he wanted for his large family, which now consisted of eleven sons and one daughter. It was the despised Lia who was the most fruitful, while Rachel died later in giving birth to her second son Benjamin.

THE Church is indeed the Body of Christ; it is the extension visible and organic, in time and space of the life and ministry of the word Incarnate. St. Paul has already told us this fact and modern science in its descriptions of the growth, nourishment and reproduction of the cells of the human body has supplied us with analogies which are both enlightening and devotional. But the

full thought of St. Paul is not here. To his mind the Church is the Body of Christ in the same way that husband and wife are two in one flesh through an indissoluble marriage. It is while admonishing husbands to "love their wives as their own bodies," that he brings out in his sublime doctrine: "Husbands, love your wives as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it: that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver water in the word of life, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. 5:25-27.)

IT is significant that John the Baptist, the Precursor, before retiring from the scene calls himself "the friend of the Bridegroom" (John 3:29), and Jesus Himself applies the title to Himself when replying to a difficulty proposed by John's disciples. (Matt 9:15.) As one seeking a Bride did Jesus begin His public ministry. With all the blandishments of human and divine love with mighty works and persuasive words, He devoted Himself exclusively to the Jewish Church, for she was His promised bride, betrothed to Him through so many centuries of nuptial agreements. But all in vain were His labors through the treachery of the rulers, the fathers of that unhappy nation. Fair but unfruitful was this bride and he must turn to the Gentile nations, less favored but fruitful. So the Bridegroom preached and prayed; He instituted Sacraments and instructed His apostles; He labored and suffered and died. Then, as in the beginning, when Eve was taken from the side of Adam, so at the end, when Jesus slept in death, His side was pierced with a lance. Then came forth His bride, the Church, washed from all defilement, adorned with every grace, one with Him in a deathless union, the fruitful Mother of all His living children.

The more united we are to Jesus, the Supplanter, the more dominion shall we acquire over Satan, sin and the spirit of the world. These things are of the earth, earthly and they fight to hold rule over us. But there is the simple expedient of having recourse to the Cross of Christ, the Ladder by which we may mount above these things and find grace, the protecting power of God and the ministry of holy angels. There, too, shall we find the Bridegroom of the Church, the Spouse of every soul. "For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and mourning in spirit and as a wife cast off from her youth." (Is. 54:6.) And at the foot of the Cross we hear the gladsome words: "I will espouse thee to Me forever: and I will espouse thee to Me in justice and judgment and in mercy and in commiserations." (Osee 2:19.)

The Uniate Churches and American Catholics

An Explanation of Conditions that Puzzle Many of Us

By Thomas F. O'Connor

AMERICAN Catholics are quite generally puzzled by the Uniate Churches. In the majority of our larger cities—and in some localities even in the smaller towns and villages—there may be found congregations of these various bodies, one in doctrine with the See of Peter but worshipping God by rites differing from those generally prevailing in the Western World. All too often we find Catholics viewing with distrust and not a little suspicion these congregations which place a three-armed cross above their churches, are ministered to at times by a married clergy, follow the Julian rather than the Gregorian calendar in their ecclesiastical year, and in whose churches the Mass is offered after a form which in externals at least differs considerably from that of other Catholic churches in the vicinity.

To many of us who have passed our lives in the Western World and who from childhood have been accustomed to assist at the services of the Church conducted according to the Roman Rite, it may at first seem odd that in other parts of the world and among other peoples these same services are conducted in a different manner—in other words according to a different *rite*. Yet such is exactly the case. The Catholic Church is one in Faith and Morals and it has striven valiantly to maintain this unity, but it has never insisted upon uniformity of rite—the collection of prayers and ceremonies accompanying the exercises of religious worship. It is quite true that every local unit of believers has not been at liberty to form or adopt a rite arbitrarily to suit its own artistic preferences or devotional inclinations. It is also true that the Church does not look with favor on a further multiplication of liturgies. But certain old and venerable forms of liturgical observance which can offer valid and plausible explanations of their existence have been and are not only tolerated, but approved and even protected by the Holy See. Rome respects the liturgical observances of other peoples so long as these observances retain the essentials of suitable worship and remain free from error.

The Uniate Churches are sometimes referred to as the Eastern, or Greek, Churches, in contradistinction to the Western, or Latin, Church. While possessing some measure of conformity with the facts, such a distinction is open to misunderstanding because of the very vital distinction that must always be made between those churches in union with the Holy See and those separated from the center of Christian unity. Moreover, contrary to the common impression prevailing in this country, only a very few of these eastern Churches use the Greek language in their liturgy, a fact implied by the term "Greek Church" or "Greek Churches." It is perhaps better to arrive at our understanding of the nature of the Uniate Churches by tracing in briefest outline the distinctive historical development of these bodies. Institutions may often be more easily appreciated in the light of their origins than in their present state.

The Eastern Churches taken collectively may be defined as those Churches (and the Churches which have been formed from them in the course of centuries) which in early Christian times were subject to the jurisdiction of the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem and Constantinople. In other words, all those churches not originally belonging, either directly or through the churches from which they were formed, to the Roman *Patriarchate*.

AN assertion at once so simple and so inclusive may seem at a first reading too apodictic to serve as a truly satisfactory definition of a subject so comprehensive and complicated as that of the Eastern Churches. Yet upon examination it will be recognized as a fundamental starting point in any study of these churches. Other classifications may be made on the basis of rite or of liturgical language, but such distinctions are likely to retard rather than facilitate our appreciation of the Eastern Churches. The classification on the basis of origin and jurisdiction moreover, far from neglecting the elements of rite and liturgical language, rather place these factors in

their true rôle in the history of Christianity in the countries of the East.

Four elements then are vital to an understanding of the Eastern Churches: patriarchate, rite, liturgical language, and the relation of the individual churches to the Holy See. Let us briefly consider each in turn.

AFTER the early centuries of the Christian Church the term Patriarch came to designate the bishop of each of the three major sees of the Christian world—Rome, Alexandria and Antioch. But only gradually did the term come to acquire a definite significance—that of a hierarchical rank superior to that of a metropolitan or archbishop, and inferior only to the Sovereign Pontif, who was at one and the same time Pope and Patriarch of Rome. With the passing of years the dignity of patriarch became submerged in the West in the greater dignity and much more sublime office concomitantly and invariably possessed by the Bishop of Rome, namely in the Papacy. In the East however, ecclesiastical and civil conditions were favorable to the enhancement of the person and office of the patriarchs. In time too, sectional rivalries and ambitions led to the establishment of the two additional Eastern patriarchates of Jerusalem and Constantinople.

In the schisms of the ninth and eleventh centuries large portions of these four Eastern patriarchates fell away from unity with the Holy See and appropriated to themselves the name of "Orthodox" Church or Churches. Once separated from the center of Christian Unity, these Eastern Schismatic Churches became the subjects of further schism within their own ranks which resulted in the establishment of nearly a score of independent churches organized for the most part along national lines.

We are now in a position to understand more clearly the nature of the Uniate Churches. The Uniates are those former members (or their descendants) of one or other of the Eastern schismatic churches who have returned to unity with the Holy See,

together with such groups of Eastern Christians as the Maronites who never fell into schism.

Most numerous among these Uniate groups are those collectively known as the Byzantine Uniates, all following the Rite of Constantinople and divided into some six groups—Greeks, Melchites, Georgians, Rumanians, the Italo-Greeks of southern Italy, and the Ruthenians—the Chaldees of Iraq, the Copts of Egypt, the Abyssinians, Catholic Syrians, the Uniate Malabars of India, the Uniate Armenians, the Uniate Bulgarians, and the Maronites of Syria, who, as we have said before, never lapsed into schism.

The second important factor in the study of the Eastern Churches is that of Rite—the prayers and ceremonies accompanying the exercise of religious worship. Scholars classify the various rites into four major groups according as they are derived from one or other original, or parent, rite: the Antiochene, the Alexandrine, the Roman and the Gallican. The Uniate Churches follow one or other of the rites belonging to the first two groups, that is, the Antiochene and Alexandrine. The most widely used of these rites is that variation of the Antiochene known as the Byzantine Rite, which is followed by six of the Uniate bodies in various liturgical languages.

THE third element to be considered is that of Liturgical Language, or the language used in official church services. It must be kept in mind that language does not follow rite. In the Western World we are accustomed to having the Roman Rite almost always celebrated in the Latin language, but there is no such universality of liturgical language in the East. The various liturgical languages of the present day were once the vernaculars of the people in whose locality the liturgy was celebrated. But while languages used in everyday life undergo a constant change and may in time evolve into distinct languages, the language of the liturgy, because of the essentially unchangeable nature of these acts of worship, becomes stabilized in fixed forms and after a time comes to constitute what is popularly called a "dead" language. In only a very few cases do these various Eastern liturgical languages approximate the vernaculars of these peoples today. There are some nine or ten languages in use in the liturgy of the Eastern Churches, most of them in the Uniate as well as in the Orthodox Churches: Greek, Syriac, Coptic, Ethiopic, Armenian, Arabic, Georgian, Rumanian, and Slavonic—and for a while Hungarian. These liturgical languages are "dead" languages, with the exception of the Arabic, Rumanian and Hungarian, where at least a form of the modern language is employed.

Again it must be recalled that distinct

languages do not adhere exclusively to any specific rite. The Byzantine Rite, for instance, is celebrated in a number of distinct liturgical languages.

Finally, and most important of all, comes the matter of unity with the Vicar of Christ. Viewed from this supremely important consideration, all Eastern Churches must be classed in one or other of two groups—the Uniate Churches and the so-called Orthodox Churches which are schismatic bodies and separated from the Holy See, though retaining valid orders and valid sacraments.

WE are now in a position to consider the nature and status of the Uniates in the United States. It was not until the second half of the last century that Uniates began to immigrate in any numbers to this country. The first large current of this migration seems to have been stimulated by the operators of the Pennsylvania coal mines who sought a new and inexpensive supply of unskilled labor after the labor troubles of the '60s and '70s. The majority of these Eastern European immigrants quite naturally then settled in the mining districts of Pennsylvania where they are still found in the largest numbers.

The first priest of a Uniate Church to take up active ministerial work in the United States was apparently the Rev. Ivan Volanski, who arrived in the country in 1885 and in the following year opened the first Uniate Church in the land, the Church of Saint Michael the Archangel, at Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. In the succeeding years other priests of the various rites arrived, and as the adherents of the different Uniate bodies moved into other localities, churches and missions were organized. In 1907 the Right Rev. Stephen Soter Ortynski was appointed and consecrated the first Ruthenian bishop in the United States, and in 1924 the Holy See established a second Uniate diocese comprising the Uniates of certain other nationalities in the states.

At the present time there are over a half million Catholics under the jurisdiction of these two Bishops, in addition to the thousands of adherents of other Uniate Churches who still remain within the jurisdiction of the Latin Bishops. So considerable a number is surely no negligible quantity in the Catholic body in the United States. Yet as the vast majority of these people came to America in the humble capacity of unskilled laborers and spoke languages unintelligible to their neighbors, the unity of Faith existing between them and their fellow Catholics was for long unrecognized by the latter. When they sought episcopal autonomy which had been their right in the Old World they were misunderstood by many. Their traditional married clergy has been a stumbling-block to many Catholics.

Even yet their true position is appreciated by relatively few.

The Pontificate of Pius XI has witnessed many evidences of the Holy Father's interest in the Eastern Christians. His many acts of paternal solicitude towards the separated churches do not come within the purpose of the present paper. But towards the Uniate bodies he has shown no less sympathy and interest. The recently completed codification of the Canon Law of the Uniate Churches will, it is hoped, prove as great a blessing to these churches as the monumental *Codex Juris Canonici* has to the Western Church. Of late, moreover, the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church, the official papal body charged with the welfare of these Churches, has issued a number of instructions which place in a more definite light the status of the Uniate Churches in America and reaffirm the traditional attitude of the Holy See towards these bodies. Oriental (Uniate) Catholics, the Sacred Congregation affirms, are to enjoy the free use of their own rite even though they may be living among Catholics of the Latin rite. The Latin Bishops, moreover, are instructed to see that churches and schools are provided for these Uniates living in their dioceses (those Uniates presumably, who still remain under the jurisdiction of the Latin Bishops), and that as far as possible their rite be preserved intact. Ecclesiastical vocations, according to the instructions of the same Congregation, are to be fostered among the sons of these Catholics and when properly prepared these candidates are to be ordained in their own rite.

IT is apparent from these few excerpts of recent legislation that it is not the intention of the Holy See that the Uniate Churches which have for so long retained their identity in the Old World should become submerged in America. The recent dedication of the new mother-house of the Uniate Sisters of Saint Basil the Great at Mount Saint Macrina, near Leisenring, Pennsylvania, is an evidence of very definite achievement in the spiritual life of the Uniate Catholics in the United States. The trying days of material beginnings in the New World have to a considerable extent passed away for these peoples. The intense nationalistic jealousies and rivalries which have for so long characterized the history of the Near East will probably disappear for the most part in the amalgam of American life. But the venerable rites of these peoples should remain, by the liberty and protection of the Holy See, the heart and inspiration of a cherished culture, the while constituting visible links between the Church in the Western World and the ancient Church of Antioch and of Alexandria, of Augustine and of John Chrysostom.

AN IMMIGRANT AND HIS CHILDREN

By Ward Clarke

THERE holds forth on the outskirts of our well-known Greenwich Village a modest restaurateur who, besides being the proud exhibitor of a papal document given in gratitude to one of his ancestors, is the dispenser of the best broiled chickens in the city. And, strangely enough, so strikingly evident are both these dissimilar activities that it is sometimes difficult for a casual guest of the establishment to decide which one has made the meal there so enjoyable. True, there is nothing quite so interesting as an ancient, almost illegible document signed and sealed with pontifical dignity; but then, when one is hungry, a strong case may also be made out for a slightly charred, sizzling, freshly-broiled chicken and—a small bottle of that which goes with a slightly charred, etc., chicken.

However, I must confess that even though the document has lost its initial charm for me and despite the fact that my palate has long since had its fill of fowl, I still drop rather often into this man's quiet little restaurant. Perhaps the personality and philosophy of mine host himself may have a bearing on my continued attendance at his tables.

Now this thought strikes me even more convincingly as I picture him standing before my table gesticulating with the natural abandon of the real Italian. I see him stating earnestly that he does not go to Church, the while he closely presses his heart where, he declares, "I have my God." I hear him say that he will make his children go to Church until they are eighteen because there, "they will not learn anything wrong, anyway." I behold him lift his shoulders and hold out his hands as someone asks him why he himself does not accompany his children to Church. I listen with approving nod as he rattles off the *Ave Maria* and *Pater Noster* in Latin in proof of his early training and present piety. I try not to smile even now in reverie as he asks, "Why should I go to Confession," and answers with, "My wife goes, that's enough, 'cause I tell her everything I do."

The easily scandalized and ill-informed may wonder at anyone's seemingly friendly attitude toward such a man. Those who have constantly at hand a whole heap of "first stones" ready to cast will shake disapproving heads.

Those who still think of foreign-born Italians in terms of banditti and vendettas will raise the eyebrow of shocked surprise.

And yet, where will one unearth the simple piety, the fervent devotion and the virile faith which mark the ordinary immigrant male Italian despite his mistaken beliefs about the majority of priests and his failure to understand American conditions which make it necessary for him personally to help in the support of his pastor? Naturally, I hold no brief for his generally admitted absence from Mass, but I certainly would not mark him as one who is incorrigible in matters of religion or citizenship.

Thus, in order to further my acquaintance with this interesting personage, I have of late brought with me to his hostelry a young lady who hesitates not at all to play the Apostle. It is really a treat to watch her buy a newspaper from a young lad and begin to check up on his schooling and church membership. Should the "newsie" be a Catholic and unfortunate enough to be attending a non-sectarian public school, he is immediately flooded with questions and remarks with which to confound a totally unsuspecting mother at home. It is amusing on Sunday to see her go out of her way to tell non church-goers how lovely the sermon was. It is irksome at times to have her, vis-à-vis, make pointed remarks about the advisability of frequent Confession and evening devotions. But, all in all, she is just the type for assailing mine host.

AND assail him she did. Despite his good-natured protestations and his wholesome references to his goodness and general morality, he could not squirm away from the question as to why he did not go to Church on Sunday. In spite of his appeals to his wife, who joined our post-prandial discussion, he could not balance his habitual gentleness and consideration against the charge of neglecting a fearful obligation. And yet, when the lateness of the hour had finally stilled the warring parties, even the young lady who acts the Apostle could not help but like and admire the religious warmth of the Italian with the different ideas.

The reason for this seeming con-

tradition has been adequately set forth hitherto in the pages of *America* by an Italian priest whose name escapes me, but who explained with penetrating clarity the religious attitude and disposition of the ordinary immigrant Italian who, despite his faults, is in such close communion with his Blessed Mother. And it is not for me to attempt to extend that analysis. Rather, were I not afraid that my own flagrant shortcomings might lay me open to the charge of hypocrisy, I would be openly concerned, not with mine host, but with the ultimate fate of his cherished *bambinos* who are daily subjected to a cultural education which he himself did not receive.

FOR, the poor children are being sent to one of our world-famous public schools of which we are supposed to be so proud and for which we spend so much of our dearly earned coin. And therein lies a danger which is constantly being pointed out by Catholic periodicals but which, so far, has failed to alarm the legislators and the general public, who still labor under the delusion that all education is magic and that the worst element of our population is composed of comparatively uneducated foreigners.

This modern popular fallacy has been repeatedly condemned but it still rears its head to delight the snobs whose Americanism draws its chief virtue merely from a long term of existence. And this, in face of the fact that statistics, in this case reliable, have shown that it is not the immigrants, but the offspring of immigrants who have been most undesirable according to our norms of morality and good citizenship. In other words, it is the product of our public schools, not the poorly educated newcomer to our sacred shores, who lacks the conception of the rights of others and who does not learn that the authority of the State comes from God and must be obeyed as the expression of God's will.

But what else can we expect? Mine host still smiles as he recalls his boyhood training and the lessons he learned from "those smart Jesuits." He tells how really all his discipline, not merely his religious direction, was planned and guided by men who had always uppermost in mind the greater glory of God. So that, notwithstanding his so-called

cultural limitations, he had received in a few years more correct teaching than his children will absorb in their scholastic lifetime, dispensed as it is five times a week by a non-sectarian institution and once a week by the Church.

No, there can be no doubt that his children are the ones to be watched. Removed, as they are, from the daily supervision of unworldly priests and nuns who would try to save their charges' souls even at the expense of some possible loss of encyclopedic knowledge, they are instructed in a system which in theory refuses to teach morality and which in

fact leans heavily to paganism and its allied evils, including Communism. They are reared in an atmosphere which by its very existence and name claims that religion has no part in the major activities of life, and which in effect tends to reduce all religions to a prime factor. What is more, they are constantly thrown into contact with teachers who, if not definitely anti-Catholic, are mainly non-Catholic and un-Catholic.

AND so, when the young lady, who acts the Apostle, came away after her visit to the Italian with the different

ideas, she modestly felt that the encounter might result in good and that the early training which he had received would finally bear worthy fruit, fruit which will be much more acceptable to God than many an intellectual plum. But when she thought of the almost complete absence from their lives of "those smart Jesuits" and the other teaching orders of religious, she felt very sad about the children who still go to Church once a week, but, unfortunately, wend their weary ways to a public school just five times as often when they might just as easily go to a Catholic school.

Peace on Earth

By George Rypins

PREPARING FOR WAR

UNITED STATES. The War Dept. bought 312 military airplanes between July and December, 1934, thus completing its purchases for the current fiscal year.

There are more than 100,000 students who are studying the art of war in universities and secondary schools. They are enrolled in 321 Reserve Officers Training Corps units directed by about 800 commissioned officers and 1,000 enlisted men. The Supreme Court has frequently sustained the right of land grant colleges to require military training as a part of their curricula.

The army brought out a new tank weighing 8 tons which can do better than 60 miles an hour (as compared with a speed of 10 to 15 miles tanks were doing in the World War), is armed with 4 guns, has a crew of four and is equipped with radio.

The Secretary of the Navy approved the construction of 24 warships during the fiscal year, including one aircraft carrier, two cruisers, fifteen destroyers and six submarines.—The total number of warships under construction is now 51.

GERMANY. Krupp, the leading arms manufacturer, had a very profitable year and declared an extra bonus for workers and salaried employees.

A poison gas which is deadly for 8 days, has been perfected by German chemists. A special absorbent clay is impregnated with gases, then dried and sprayed from airplanes in the form of a fine powder. It prevents troop movements and makes the evacuation of cities by civilians impossible.

In 1935, Germany will have a military force of 5,500,000 men available for action of whom one million belong to Reichswehr, police and experienced reserves, another million and a half to veterans, and the remaining three millions to semi-military organizations.

FRANCE. The Government tested light rays that can kill. They can be de-

veloped to unlimited power so that airplane pilots can be instantly blinded and whole battalions be stopped in their tracks.

There are 35 warships being built which will bring the total tonnage up to 658,000 tons.

The Chamber of Deputies increased the national defense budget to twelve billion francs which is more than either the United States or Great Britain have allotted for armament expenditures.

ITALY. The Government ordered military training for all males from the age of eight years until ten years after their dismissal from the army.

The navy consists of 177 warships of 379,000 tons; an additional 38 ships will increase the tonnage to 446,000.

The steel syndicate of Cornigliano-Cogne which manufactured munitions during the World War, will be reorganized with a capital of \$15,000,000 which may be increased to \$23,500,000.

Keels were laid for two battleships of 35,000 tons each; it is estimated that 4,000 workmen will find employment for at least three years.

JAPAN. The Cabinet approved the largest armament budget in the history of the country, 490,000,000 yen going to the army, and 529,000,000 yen to the navy. Military expenditures consume no less than forty-six per cent of the total budget whereas last year it was only forty-two per cent.

Japan has 216 modern warships of 820,000 tons and is building 21 new ships which will increase the total tonnage to 890,000 tons.

The Government abrogated the Washington Naval Treaty to terminate December 31, 1936. Japan aims at outright equality with the United States and Great Britain in navy strength.

SOVIET RUSSIA. Submarines are being assembled in increasing numbers at the naval base of Vladivostok which is only 450 miles from the Japanese coast.

RUMANIA. The Government decided to issue a new tax of \$20,000,000

to cover additional arms expenditures. All other taxes are also to be increased to enable modernization of the army.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA. The Chamber of Deputies voted by an overwhelming majority to extend the term of military service from eighteen months to two years.

SWEDEN. The armament factory "Bofors" received a large order, especially heavy cannon, from the Brazilian Government; it is valued at \$25,000,000. The factory's normal staff has been increased by one hundred engineers.

ESTONIA. The naval defense program includes the construction of two submarines which have been ordered from Great Britain, and of four torpedo boats for which \$2,000,000 has been set aside.

TRYING FOR PEACE

UNITED STATES. The Government presented to the League of Nations disarmament conference a proposal providing for international control of the manufacture of and traffic in arms; it also suggested the establishment of a permanent disarmament commission to exercise this control.—Nothing came of it.

GREAT BRITAIN. The Government proposed a new naval limitation treaty. It would give Britain seventy cruisers instead of the fifty allowed her under the present treaty. It would limit battleships to 30,000 tons. It would give the United States a freer hand in the building of aircraft carriers which Japan wants abolished. It would allow Japan more submarines which the United States wants abolished.—Nothing came of it.

ITALY. Compulsory service was reduced from eighteen months to one year, made possible by the extensive pre-military service of boys and children.

THE R.O.T.C. AGAIN

By Richard L-G. Deverall

THE historian, Gibbon, tells the following story: "Marcellus . . . on the day of a public festival, threw away his belt, his arms, and the ensigns of his office, and exclaimed with a loud voice that he would obey none but Jesus Christ, the eternal King, and that he renounced forever the use of carnal weapons and the service of an idolatrous master." That historical fact is only symptomatic of the conditions that prevailed among the early Christians. They were all motivated by a deep desire for peace . . . for the peace of Christ. The interminable wars of the Empire, the Civil Wars of the Third century, combined to create in these champions of Catholicism a horror towards war. In the *De Officiis* Ministorum of St. Ambrose we read that, ". . . the thought of war-like matters seems to be foreign to the duties of our office, for we have our thoughts fixed more on the duties of the soul than on the body, nor is it our business to look to arms, but rather to the affairs of peace." And, bear in mind that even in a just war it is the privilege of an honest Catholic to refuse to bear arms, and to kill his brothers. Does not this same Ambrose advise us that, "I do not think that a Christian, a just and a wise man, ought to save own life by the death of another." Could anything be more explicit?

There appeared in *THE SIGN* last month an article which was imbued with the love of military science and its associated persuasions—"Military Training and the College," by Edward Anthony Connell. In his defense of the R.O.T.C. Mr. Connell advanced, among others, the argument that it was handy to the needy student to have the Government supply a nice warm uniform. Clearly this is the old perverted argument that a bad end is justified by apparently good means! Furthermore, not only is the R.O.T.C. glorified, but international relations organizations come in for a sound drubbing. Justly or no. Mr. Connell forgets that he himself is a member of Christ's International Relation Club—the Roman Catholic Church. Pacifists are deplored in such a vigorous manner that one is almost inclined to think that a good Catholic student is the most bloodthirsty of fellows.

Before proceeding any further, let us take note of the fact that Holy Mother Church demands, among other things, that every peaceful means of settlement must be exhausted before a nation dare

to engage in mortal combat. This being so, how according to Catholic ethics, can Mr. Connell defend this Government when, in the view of past history we have rushed into wars blindly and have not exhausted all means of peaceful persuasion or conciliation. The Revolutionary War, as modern historians agree, was the result of clashing economic interests which would have been adjusted in good time. It was not the result of an outraged people clamoring for liberty and justice, as public school texts would have us believe. The War of 1812 was thoroughly unjustified. We know today that the War Hawks were more interested in grabbing land in the West than they were in righting wrongs done to American seamen. The Mexican War was fought under similar conditions. The honor of our country was held up to cover the more vicious desire to exploit rich California. No one can doubt that, in view of the tremendous amount of evidence in favor of this opinion. Need we go any farther? Need we go to the Civil War, to the Spanish-American conflict, to the World War? They were, most of them, fought because the popular propagandized imagination demanded them. In the eyes of Christian teachings, they were unjustified wars, hence were immoral—and yet Catholics formed a goodly proportion of the soldiers who engaged in these struggles.

Most sensible Americans have come to realize how veiled propaganda, such as we witness today, can bring an otherwise peaceful people to the very brink of Hell itself. If our young college stu-

A SHORT time ago, a unanimous decision was given by the Supreme Court, upholding the right of the University of California to require military training. It was held that there is a reciprocal duty joining Government to citizen. The one is to maintain peace and security; the other is to defend the Government against its enemies.

THE *SIGN* for January contained an article by Edward A. Connell, upholding the R.O.T.C. The present article takes an entirely opposite view. In neither article are the opinions given those of the Editors. They are offered merely as the expressions of both sides of a burning question.

dents want discipline and exercise let them follow Ignatius or Francis. If they desire the pomp and color of a military parade, its brass bands and its appeal to blind passion and emotion, there are places in Africa where they go in for this kind of stuff. Mr. Sidney B. Fay, Nobel Prize winner, puts the war guilt for the last unfortunate conflict, partly on this very cause—glittering militarism.

CENTURIES ago St. Thomas Aquinas said that only God can satisfy man—God alone is perfect happiness. It is only in Him that the heart of man can rest in perfect beatitude. The militaristic student may be ready to lay down his life for his country, but I cannot see how such a thing is morally possible in view of the fact that this country is NOT a Christian country; it does not recognize that fundamental rights of man as regards a living wage, and recently it went so far as to deny the sacred right of conscience. Totalitarianism is just around the corner, and unlike prosperity, it will soon turn that corner.

America said recently that, ". . . when a false principle is stated by the highest judicial branch of the Government, it is the duty of the Christian and the patriot to take immediate exception." As one who tries, vainly perhaps, to be a good Roman Catholic, I must object to the writings of Mr. Connell. And please bear in mind that I am not a freshman or a sophomore. Juniors can love peace, also!

"Patriot, we want you whole:
Your fighting body, your fervent soul!
All for the sovereign nation's sake."
"My life, oh master, you may take,"
The youth replies, "my blood and bone.
But my fervent soul is not my own—
Not mine to yield at threat of sword:
My soul belongs to Christ, my Lord!"

The Catholic student who knows more about his Training Regulations than he does about the teachings of Augustine, Ambrose or Aquinas, betrays his trust with God, with Church and with his soul. His eyes should be upon the eternal. The writer objects to the R.O.T.C. and its under-cover militarism, its glorification of pomp and splendor, and its subservience to the dictates of economic and class war.

The contemporary cry for militarism is a repetition of an old war cry: "Away with Him, give us Barabbas!"

The Palm *and* the Laurel

By George Carver

DIFFICULT though it may be to agree with Leon Bloy when he says that all art "is an original parasite of the skin of the first serpent," one is more than willing to concede his correctness as far as the cinema is concerned; for—trite as it may be nowadays to say it—never before has a popular art form reached so low a moral level.

I do not mean to imply that an artist should be a moralist. It is his duty, however, as Maritain has it, "to impress an idea upon matter." Hence, the nature of the idea, more particularly perhaps, the nature of the associations called up by the idea, becomes of paramount importance, more important today than ever before because thirty million persons a week are subjecting themselves to the effects of a single art form. This great body need not be taught morality; it should, none the less, be influenced for good. And it can be thus influenced—by beauty. "Beauty," wrote Cajetan, "is a certain kind of good." And "Beauty," wrote St. Thomas Aquinas, "has not the nature of an object of appetite except so far as it assumes the nature of good." It follows, therefore, that what is offered as matter impressed with idea must be projected as virtue—it must satisfy, not merely stimulate. I doubt whether a better standard of cinema excellence could be set up than this same comment by the great Scholastic.

Elder peoples sought in Bacchic rites and Eleusinian mystery the surcease which we seek in popular art, and, according to Aristotle, achieved a "purification of passion." With us, however, there is no such "purification." Instead of rites and mysteries, which, revolting as they were, resulted in exhaustion, satiety, and no doubt complete disgust, and after all harmed only the participants, we have insidious titillations which stimulate only—satisfaction must come later, with harm not only to the one thus stimulated but all too frequently to innocent persons involved in his criminal practices.

However, we can not afford to be too captious. In art as in politics the "thirty million" get what they deserve. The cinema, the radio and the magazines of huge circulation only reflect the spirit of the age. It may be true, as a number of current movements would indicate, that the age is undergoing a change in spirit. Just now, nevertheless, one sees everywhere popular art given over to a servile journalism preoccupied with catering to the least common intellectual mul-

tiplé among us, and to a realism so objective that its success depends upon the faith of its record to whatever is—with not the least sympathy for what might be if what should be were in force. Demand is the mould of supply. But as long as demand is permitted to remain untutored and to retain untutored sway, so long shall we deserve no more than we get: the least good for the greatest number. "But you are aware," wrote Marie-Charles Dulac in one of his letters, "what makes the artist is not the artist: it is the people who pray. And people who pray get what they ask for: nowadays it is not even suggested to them that they ask for something more."

TO bring about improved conditions the Legion of Decency has been established. But valuable though it be, it is as yet no more than a movement against; no constructive force has made itself felt. As a preventive it can hardly fail to prove temporarily effective. The cinema, however, plays too large a part in the lives of the people to become taboo. Added aims and methods in connection with the Legion as it now exists would help; but whatever they may be, or even that they should be, it is not my purpose to enter into even if I could—there remains a matter equally important.

Francis Thompson in his inimitable *Shelley* had this to say: "The Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil: she has retained the palm but has foregone the laurel." And the inescapable implication is that he should not have limited his thought to poetry alone—all art might have been included, not only in the creation but in appreciation as well. Indeed, so apparent is the lack of Catholic art and Catholic interest in beauty that Dulac was moved, in another letter, to set down, "There is something I should like and for which I pray, that everything beautiful be brought back to God and serve his praise. Everything we see in creation and in creatures should be turned back to Him; and what distresses me is to see His Spouse, Our Holy Mother, the Church, decked out with horrors. Every exterior manifestation of the Church is ugly and she within

so fair. No effort is spared to make her grotesque . . . vanity and finally commerce take a hand, and so bedizenized she is made an object of ridicule." In the light of remarks like these and with a thought to what one has seen and heard for himself, it would almost seem—and I say it with full deference—that we have, by our neglect of beauty, encouraged such conditions of ugliness as currently prevail. Had we adhered to our tradition, the Legion of Decency need never have been formed. We would have had a place in the art life of the nation, in keeping with the Catholic contribution of the past, such that no *genre* would have remained untouched. We could no more patronize a cinema of dubious morality than we would project one; and although we might not develop a Palestrina, we could not fail to appreciate him. By the nature of their enjoyments are people, at least partly, to be judged. Literature, painting, music, and the stage once flourished within the shadow of the Church and with her sanction. Is the body of Catholics in America sufficiently interested in these arts to make that interest felt today?

IT is not only, however, that we have failed to preserve our birthright in the arts. We have also permitted ourselves to be drawn into adopting a point of view that has made that failure all too easy: for decades now we have forgotten that *Catholic* means *universal*. Or, as a distinguished Neo-Scholastic has said, "Catholicism orders our whole life to truth itself and subsisting beauty. Christ Crucified draws to Himself everything there is in man: all things are reconciled but at the height of His heart." Yet the Reverend George Bull, S. J. was recently impelled to say that our dominant "ideal is separation—separation of Church and State, separation of science and philosophy, separation of religion and education, even of religion and morality." He then went on to point out how we insist upon departmentalizing ourselves, trying to make a difference between our social and our individual nature, our theory and our practice, our private and our occupational lives, an indication of how far from the true meaning of *Catholic* we are wandering.

The so-called Reformation was the occasion of sufficient evil when it mistook what was unfortunate in matters of discipline for inherent fallacy in matters of faith and so gave rise to the Great Con-

fusion; but it made possible also, it would not be too difficult to demonstrate, a whole troop of minor confusions. Deism, for instance, in the eighteenth century may not erroneously be ascribed to the notion of private judgment, as may likewise be certain characteristics of nineteenth century romanticism, and as undoubtedly may be twentieth century "rugged individualism" with its resultant "guppy school" of economic theory; and not too remotely related to the same general cause is the Subjectivist movement in criticism. But man was not intended to exist without a guide. He can not do so in life, and he can not do so in art. He is good only through the training of his will. He realizes beauty only through the training of perception. And both trainings are a rigid discipline. One must be taught to distinguish between good and evil; one must learn to dis-

criminate between beauty and ugliness—and there is but a hair's breadth separating the processes.

"**B**EAUTY is properly attributed to God," says a modern French philosopher, "like being, unity, and goodness." And "the reason why Beauty is in so many ways the cause of all things," wrote St. Thomas, "is that the good and the beautiful are the same." But neither the perception of beauty nor goodness is inherent in human nature; they are acquired through the grace of God and much toil. Yet, in an age like ours whence is to come the discipline required if not from the Church? As Baudelaire once remarked, "As every one today wants to be king, nobody has learned how to govern himself." And it is just as safe to say that one without training has no more conception of beauty than one

without knowledge of God knows what is good.

We of today, it would seem, require a Legion of Decency to help us avoid cinematic ugliness because we have failed to preserve our inheritance in the arts and because we insist upon separating art from belief to the end that what we know to be good and what we may think to be beautiful are as far apart as the poles. We go to Mass on Sunday morning and then to watch the antics of some cinematographic degenerate in the afternoon—blissfully unaware of the overwhelming beauty of the one and its contrast with the inconceivable ugliness of the other. We are houses divided against ourselves, and only a renaissance of Catholic tradition in art can restore us. Let us cultivate the laurel as well as the palm and wear garlands of both intertwined.

Catholic Terms Defined

By Donald Attwater

CHALCEDON, THE COUNCIL OF. The fourth oecumenical council, held in 451. Its definitions concerning our Lord led to the schism of the Monophysite churches, now represented by the non-Catholic Armenians, Syrian Jacobites, Copts, and Abyssinians.

CHALDEAN CATHOLICS are the descendants of former Nestorians who returned to the Church in the sixteenth century and later. They live mostly in Irak under the Patriarch of Babylon and number 71,000; there are some colonists in South America. Marriage is permitted to the secular clergy. The Chaldean liturgical rites are celebrated in the eastern dialect of Syriac, whence it is sometimes called the East Syrian rite.

CHALICE. The cup used at Mass to contain the species of wine before and after consecration. It must normally be made of gold or silver, and the inside must in any case be gilt. It requires consecration by a bishop. The chalice veil is a square piece of silk used to cover the chalice before and after Mass.

CHALK, THE BLESSING OF, takes place in some countries on the feast of the Epiphany. With it the faithful write the names of the Magi, Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, upon their doors.

CHALLONER'S BIBLE. The revisions of the Rheims-Douay English Bible made by Bishop Challoner in the eighteenth century itself, commonly, but erroneously, called the Douay Bible. The revision of Challoner made in 1859 by Monsignor Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, is the Bible generally used by American Catholics.

CHAMBERLAIN or CAMERLENGO (Italian). The Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church is a cardinal who looks after the revenues and property of the Holy See.

ii. The Chamberlain of the Sacred College performs the same duties for the College of Cardinals.

iii. Privy Chamberlains are officials in and about the Pope's apartments. The dignity of supernumerary privy chamberlain is conferred for merit on priests anywhere in the world. Such a one is addressed as the Very Rev. Monsignor N.... Supernumerary privy chamberlain "of the cape and sword" is a similar dignity for distinguished laymen; they have a special uniform and, when they visit Rome, take a turn of duty at the Vatican.

CHANCEL (Latin *cancelli*, railings). The part of a parish church between the altar and the nave, to accommodate the clergy and choir. The Chancel in modern churches is usually only a shallow sanctuary, and is called so.

CHANCERY, THE APOSTOLIC. A Roman office which issues the bulls for the erection of new dioceses and chapters. Its head is a cardinal, the Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church. A diocesan chancery is an office having charge of diocesan and episcopal documents. The chancellor, its head, must be a priest but his assistants may be laymen.

CHANT. The official chant of the Latin church is called Gregorian, "plain," or Vatican chant; it has certain varieties, e.g., Ambrosian (at Milan), Dominican, Carthusian. Every Eastern rite has its own proper chant.

CHANTRY. A mediaeval name for an endowment to provide Masses for the soul of a deceased person. They were often celebrated in a special **chantry chapel**, sometimes wrongly abbreviated to "chantry."

CHAPEL. This word comes from Low Latin *cappella*, meaning a "little cloak," from the sanctuary in which the cloak of St. Martin was enshrined at Tours. A chapel is an enclosed part, containing an altar, of a larger church, or else a separate building for special use (see oratory).

CHAPEL-OF-EASE. A building in a remote part of a large parish, where the faithful may worship instead of going to the parish church.

CHAPLAIN. One who serves a chapel. The title is given to a priest who has the spiritual charge of a convent, hospital, prison, soldiers, sailors, etc.

CHAPLET (Old Fr. *chapelet*, wreath). A rosary or other devotional beads.

CHAPTER (Lat. *capitulum*, chapter of a book, with reference to the spiritual reading with which religious assemblies often open).

i. **Cathedral chapter.** The college of canons attached to a cathedral to sing the liturgy and advise the bishop under the leadership of a provost. There are none in American cathedrals.

ii. **Collegiate chapter.** The college of canons attached to some non-cathedral churches. There are none in the United States.

iii. **Conventual chapter, or chapter of faults.** A daily or periodical meeting in monasteries and convents, which in-

cludes a self-accusation of faults against the rule.

iv. **General chapter.** A conference of the chief superiors of a whole religious order or congregation.

v. **Provincial chapter.** A conference of the superiors of a religious order from one single province or country.

CHAPTER-HOUSE. A hall or room at a cathedral or monastery set apart for the meetings of the canons or the community.

CHARACTER. In theology, character is an indelible seal or "mark" produced in the soul by the sacraments of baptism, confirmation, and holy orders, giving power to receive or do something sacred.

CHARISMATA (Gk., divine gifts). A word used by St. Paul to denote su-

pernatural gifts (e.g., prophecy) granted by God to an individual for the general good of the Church.

CHARITY. The infused virtue which enables us to love God above all things for His own sake and to love our neighbor as ourselves for God's sake. Charity in this wide meaning is not merely a part of Christian life, it is that life itself. See I Cor. XIII.

CHARITY, ACT OF. An act of the will that expresses the supernatural love of God. Such an act, when made in view of God's infinite goodness, is called perfect and blots out mortal sin (but still leaving the obligation of confessing it). An imperfect act of charity is one that is self-regarding, for example, induced by a consideration of the penalty of Hell.

CHARM, A, is a word, act, or thing supposed to have the power to ward off evil or produce good. To make use of such things seriously is a sin of superstition. To use a sacred object superstitiously (e.g., a blessed medal) is an aggravation of the sin.

CHARTERHOUSE. The name given in English to a monastery of Carthusian monks. It is a corruption of the French (*La Grande*) *Chartreuse*, the first monastery and motherhouse of the Carthusian Order, founded in France by St. Bruno in 1084. The liqueur called *Chartreuse* is made in Spain by lay-brothers of the order with secular assistants; the proceeds are devoted to the support of the monks and to numerous charities throughout the world.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

THE WILFRID WARDS AND THE TRANSITION. I. The Nineteenth Century. By Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.75.

That our age is a period of transition in the great sense, that we have reached one of the climaxes of human history, is a fact now obvious to all thinking men, regardless of what their own views and hopes may be. Yet the tendencies which are now reaching their inevitable crisis have long been present, and penetrating minds have long since been able to discern them. Such a mind was that of Wilfrid Ward, son of the first of the great Oxford converts, William George Ward. To both of these splendid Catholic laymen religion was the most important factor in human life, and the Ward family continues its illustrious tradition. The present biography represents a valuable contribution to the cause of Catholic Action in these trying times, not merely because it exemplifies such action in its highest form, but because it is replete with that sound and stimulating thought which must always be the basis of accomplishment. It will serve, then, not only as a record of the past but as a guide for the future.

As the title indicates, this is really the story of two lives. Maisie Ward explains that her parents were so singularly united in thought and interests that she felt justified in writing of both together. It is true that both Wilfrid and Josephine Ward were born and bred very close to the center of things in Catholic England. Mrs. Ward was a descendant of the Dukes of Norfolk and, like her husband, familiar with the circles dominated by the illustrious Cardinals, Newman and Manning. She, too, was vitally interested in the prog-

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

ress of the Church and, besides the encouragement and assistance she gave her husband, made a solid personal contribution in the shape of several splendid Catholic novels. Still, the combination of the two biographies does somewhat detract from the unity of the work, and some readers will perhaps object to this. This would be, however, no more than a question of technique; and the defect, if such it be, is more than compensated for by the more complete picture it gives us of an ideal Catholic couple.

It is no disparagement of the work as a whole to say that by far its most valuable portion consists of Wilfrid Ward's own reminiscences. As a layman who had studied in the Roman schools, he was singularly well fitted to act as liaison officer between the long estranged sections of English life and thought—the Catholics and their fellow Englishman. By his tact and sympathy,

combined with unswerving orthodoxy, he prepared the way for a more persuasive apologetic and for a more fruitful apostolate. We may not always agree with his opinions, but they are always interesting and worthy of close study. It is consoling to note that Scholastic philosophy in our town times has reassumed that old vitality which he desiderated for it, and that his objections to some of its methods are no longer valid. Yet some of his suggestions as to the means of rapprochement with outside thought still have their relevancy. His own work as the informal leader of the Synthetic Society is an object-lesson in this important field.

The *Reminiscences of Wilfrid Ward* have been integrated and supplemented by his daughter. It is her highest praise that her own hand has sustained the high quality of her father's work. She has, besides, shown an admirable objectivity in her own comments. Her work is handled with filial delicacy, but is far from being a mere panegyric. Readers will eagerly await her second volume, promised for 1935.

SAGA OF SAINTS. By Sigrid Undset. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50.

In this latest book of Sigrid Undset, Nobel Prize winner and leading Catholic author, one discovers a new and fascinating phase of hagiography. *Saga of Saints* tells the story of the coming of Christianity to Norway. It depicts the primitive life of the Norwegians, showing the difficulties and hardships of colonization and the subsequent growth during the Stone and Bronze Ages, the Viking Period, the Iron Age and the Middle Ages. Running parallel with the

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story of national development is the stirring saga of religious development. The primitive religion of Norway found expression in the mythological gods such as Odin and Thor. Then follows the story of how Christ, to use the bold expression of the author, took Norway as his "booty."

With the advent of Christianity we find a noble line of heroic men and women, true followers of "the White Christ." In the pages of this book we are introduced to the saintly Olav Haraldsson, "Norway's King to all Eternity," to Saint Sunniva, a Queen who renounced her kingdom to be the Bride of Christ, to Saint Magnus and Saint Thorfinn and many others. The story of their lives is a saga fully as thrilling as the saga of the Norsemen on the seas.

One of the finest and most interesting chapters is the last which tells the story of the life of Father Karl Schilling, modern Apostle of the Norwegians. It is to Father Schilling and his associates that Christianity owes much of its renaissance in Norway. The life of this little known Apostle, a convert from Lutheranism, is an outstanding tribute to the spirit of evangelization that is still so alive in the Church.

The style of the book is an admirable blend of simplicity and attractiveness. It evidences much study and research on the part of the author. Students of history, secular as well as religious, will find this book to be a welcome and profitable addition to their libraries.

GALLYBIRD. By Sheila Kaye Smith. Harper Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

In a setting of Seventeenth Century rural England, Sheila Kaye Smith presents her third novel dealing with the House of Alard. *Gallybird* tells the story of Sir Gervase Alard, one time clergyman, who with his five unruly daughters, moves to the Alard family manor presided over by his brother, Sir Charles. Through the accidental death of Sir Charles, Gervase becomes the head of the House of Alard, Squire of Conster, and owner of Conster Furnace then engaged in making ordnance for England's wars. At heart more the minister than business man, Gervase entrusts his business ventures to a young French Huguenot. By means of black magic, this new manager acquires an unusual influence over his employer and intrigues to succeed him as owner of the Furnace.

Although well up in years, Sir Gervase befriends and then marries a young country lass in order to prevent her forced marriage to a boorish farmer. In time, this marriage ripens to a real love and is soon to be fruitful. The manager, fearing the birth of a male heir and the consequent loss to himself of

the control over the furnace, employs the subtlety of magic to arouse suspicions of his young wife's honor in the mind of her husband. In a dramatic scene climaxing the story, Sir Gervase pushes his wife causing a fall which results in the premature birth of the child, a boy, and the death of the mother. Grief-stricken, Sir Charles turns to demonology in an attempt to communicate with the spirit of his wife and to receive assurance that he is not responsible for her death. His own death follows this surrender of his body to the demons.

This brief account might lead some to imagine this story as fantastic, unlikely, and far-fetched. Miss Smith's artistry, her ability to portray character, her powers of making her readers live in the times of her characters, are all clearly displayed in this new book. The story is told in language alive with humanness and sustains a constant interest. Never dull, it is often thrilling. *Gallybird* deserves a prominent place among contemporaneous works of fiction.

THE MEDAL STORIES. By the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg, Md. Whitman Pub. Co.

For some years past, in the field of religious instruction of the very young at least, the accusation of Christ has been literally true: "The Children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of Light." In the dissemination of error, or of merely secular truth, every trick of modern Psychology and Pedagogy has been called into play. But in the teaching of religion and of religious truths the drab and uninteresting catechetical method has been almost exclusively employed.

In recent years, however, we have been awakening to the possibilities of modern psychology and pedagogy in the teaching of religious knowledge. Hence there have been an encouraging number of religious books and stories for the young, which employ all that modern pedagogy has to offer, to make the teaching of religion attractive and effective.

The Medal Stories are books of this type. The Daughters of Charity are to be congratulated for this series of seven books. *The Blue Book*, *The Rose Book*, etc., which contain charming stories for the young, told in a charming manner. There is a moral lesson in each one, but it is made attractive, not obtrusive. Juanita Bennett has illustrated them with effective silhouettes. The best feature of all is their utter inexpensiveness. They are even sold at the five-and-ten-cent stores.

These books deserve the foreword Archbishop Curley has penned for them: "May our Divine Lord bless each

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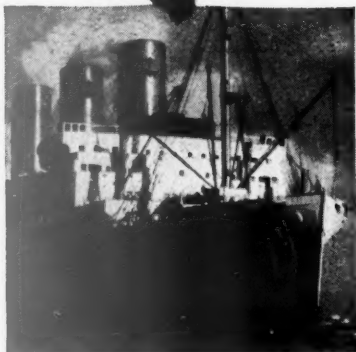
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CHAPTERS IN FRONTIER HISTORY. By G. J. Garraghan, S. J. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.50.

"Epic" is a short but weighty word. It should be used sparingly. It implies submergence of detail in one expansive totality. But it is precisely the word "epic" that occurs in connection with this latest addition to the *Science and Culture Series*.

The book is not large, totalling less than one hundred and ninety pages. In it is found not submergence but rather concentration of detail; yet it is epic in its comprehensive conciseness. Through the cold, objective, unimpassioned style, the bare facts pulse with vibrant life. Here is the West: brawling, colorful, anecdotic. Hunters, traders, soldiers, adventurers, primitive Americans—all the familiar figures of factual history enacting the pageantry we have grown to know and love. Life moves swiftly and vividly, and there are jagged edges. This is the real history of the West, merged and softened by a great faith and a great spiritual courage.

Mercier, Mermet, Marquette, Gibault, Allouez, Marest, Point, De Smet—in the light of revealing research these become names to be inscribed in stone. The spiritual romance of Dom Urban Guillet and his Trappist pioneers may well bear a separate volume.

Histories of America have been written which pass over or ignore the Catholic part in the winning of the West. Ultimately the true story of that conquest will be written. One is assured that it will be a splendid mosaic composed of just such highly finished and colorful details as Father Garraghan has fitted together in his *Chapters in Frontier History*.

SIX O'CLOCK SAINTS. By Joan Windham. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.25.

The little ones of Christ's flock are our most precious heritage and should be our primary care. Hence it is gratifying to note that English-speaking Catholics are at last paying them a long overdue attention. In these days every tiny Jean and Jack is an eager reader, yet how little Catholic material of genuine child-appeal we have to offer them!

In this book Miss Windham shows herself a peer among the increasing number of those who are striving to adapt Catholic themes to the child mind. She has given us a volume whose contents well deserve the qualifications "charming" and "delightful." That aspect of sainthood which most captivates

the young, the marvellous, the extraordinary, the chivalrous, is set forth with a grace that enhances its charm. There is directness, understanding and chattiness without any descent to silly baby talk. For all this Miss Windham deserves our gratitude.

The typography and illustrations are good. There are graphic sketches of the significant incidents of each story. Extensive capitalization and italics have been used, thus arresting the child's attention. It is unfortunate, however, that the phonetic pronunciation of long and difficult words was not included. The six year old who can take in at a stride such words as Heliopolis, Dysmas, Longinus, Rodriguez, Compiegne, etc., must be precocious indeed. The book is intended primarily for the six-year-old. But Sunday school teachers, Sisters and priests, in short, all who must instruct the young, might well take this book as an example of how it can be, nay, how it must be done, if results are to be achieved.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA. By Margaret Yeo. Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.50.

Margaret Yeo has taken the blanched bones from the tomb of history's generalities and reconstructed for us the dashing and conquering hero of Lepanto, Don John of Austria. Those already acquainted with Miss Yeo's former works will expect an easy, fascinating story—and they will not be disappointed.

Don John is universally known as the "Hero of Lepanto," the conqueror of the Turkish hordes, the Saviour of Christendom and European civilization. He was the son of Charles V and a German singer, Barbara Blomberg. When but a child he was entrusted to the keeping of Dona Magdalena and her husband Don Luis de Quijada, "faithful friend and Chamberlain of the Emperor." When Charles retired to a monastery at Yuste, he summoned Don Luis to stay with him. Don Luis arrived, bringing with him the Dona Magdalena and the boy who is known as Jerome. And here Don John meets his hero and assists at his death bed though he knows him not as his father.

One day on a hunt with Don Luis, John meets Philip II who recognizes Jerome as his brother. The whole story of his birth is then told. At Philip's request he goes to the court, first as a page and later to be proclaimed as the son of the deceased Charles V.

Don John's one ambition is to serve God and King. Through many campaigns he serves faithfully and well and is rewarded with the position of Commander-in-chief of all the united forces of the Holy League and is commissioned by Pope St. Pius V to meet the invasion of the Turks. The battle is fought at

Lepanto and Don John is victorious. Christianity and European civilization are saved.

Under orders from Philip II John proceeds to the Netherlands to settle the trouble that had been fomenting under William of Orange. The low country was not the best for his health and he was stricken with fever. His body, already weak from overwork and worry, cannot bear up under his sickness and in a short time the soul of the gallant Don John leaves the battlefield to seek its eternal rest and peace.

Don John of Austria is not a mere chronicle. It is an intelligent and discerning historical biography cast in novel form. It is a book that is filled with vitality and action. The Catholic tone that is so prominent reminds us again that there is a new Catholic literature arising that is fine and well worthy of the splendid and noble Catholic history and traditions. The bibliography and scholarly index evidence the great research work done in preparation for this volume. It is a book that will delight and profit the student of history and every Catholic who desires knowledge of things Catholic and at the same time delights in fine writing.

**SOCIOLOGY: A CLASS MAN-
SUAL IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF
HUMAN SOCIETY.** By Paul J. Glenn,
Ph.D. B. Herder Co., St. Louis. \$2.00.

It is the ill fortune of every true science to be constantly misrepresented by impostors attempting to identify their fallacies with its good name. Such an intrusion is not only detrimental to the progress of the science itself, but also a positive danger to the unfamiliar student who in his pursuit of Truth is apt to imbibe much that is harmful. This evil is manifestly prevalent in the fields of Empirical Psychology and Sociology, where there is a confusion of opinions, indefinite terminology, and an unscrupulous distortion of evidence. A Catholic reader will find in this book an invaluable friend. It will act as a discriminating guide to enable him to separate that which is purely of emotion and sentiment from the fundamentally sound.

The un-Christian sociologist can never adequately solve humanity's problems because he does not understand humanity. "All sane Sociology," writes Dr. Glenn, "must begin from a clear recognition of human worth, and must accordingly shape its theories and plan its programs." There is but one criterion by which to determine Man's worth, and that is his relation to God. The pagan sociologist sees nothing in the social fabric of the Divine Designer. He becomes exceedingly inhumane in his much extolled humanitarianism, for he judges Man's worth

solely from his animality. Human life is but a stage in that blind, necessary process called Evolution. Evolution, however, is bankrupt; scientific data refuses to endorse it. Yet it is upon this source that he bases his arguments for Sterilization, Euthanasia, etc.

The more a sociologist orientates towards the Cross, the nearer does his science reach bed-rock. It was the dying Christ who righted the tilted scale of human values and gave to king and peasant a participation in His Divinity. In the social program of Christ—the corporal and spiritual works of mercy—he counselled the alleviation of misery. The unfit body He would not allow to be weeded out, for maimed though the body be, it remains the temple of the soul.

Dr. Glenn is a genuine Catholic sociologist. He has founded his science upon the strata of Christian principles. Man is invested with his true dignity and then the social organism is constructed about him. His immediate social sphere, the Family, is discussed in its functions, its problems and its destructive elements; the latter uniquely styled: "Modern Feminist Theories." Devoting the next section of his work to social groups, the Author studies the Community, the Church and the State. In a final section the hodiernal problems of these groups is considered and workable solutions are suggested.

The Catholic reader will derive from this book a clear, intelligent grasp of a science whose importance and necessity is unquestioned in a time of economic distress.

THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE, by
Henry Seidel Canby. Farrar and
Rinehart, New York, \$2.50.

A well-known man of modern letters looks back to life in the nineties with a feeling of peace and security and labels that era—the Age of Confidence. This is a book that will cause much discussion as each one's ideas will necessarily be greatly influenced by his origin and station in life. It is true that Mr. Canby



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is fair enough to note that he is expressing only his personal views.

The book treats of such vital subjects as home, parents, society, education, religion, etc. The author goes about his task with an almost artificial matter-of-factness and an apparent effort to be very historical-minded. His comments and criticisms are, for the most part, pointed and well-done.

Mr. Canby is essentially a modernist, a rationalist who has little place in his world for religion. Like many of his contemporaries, he sees in science the panacea for all social ills, the substitute for every unsuccessful remedy—among which he numbers religion.

Religion in the author's youth was merely a social duty. One went to church because of the social taboo placed on those who absented themselves. Presbyterianism was to the author a great moral force—but hardly a religion. Episcopalianism served to provide an esthetic outlet and a stepping-stone to economic and social success. The strangest fact of the whole book to this reviewer is the fact that, though the author was so dissatisfied with other brands of Christianity, yet it never occurred to him to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church. Rather astonishingly he writes, "I leave the Roman Catholics aside, as knowing nothing of their problems, which seemed to us foreign and presumably reduced to the single problem of being a Catholic at all." Such an admission could hardly come from a really fair student of life in the nineties.

One notes with surprise several glaring errors in grammar. At times, also, the sentences are so involved that the sense is quite obscured. Mr. Canby's reputation as a scholar leaves one unprepared for such mistakes in construction.

The book is provocative. The best chapters are those dealing with parents, society and education. The illustrations by Albert Kruse are works of charm and beauty. Anyone reading this book will find many avenues of thought opened to his view.

GOSPEL RHYMES. Sheed & Ward, New York. 75c.

Rudolph Allers says somewhere, in treating of child psychology, that the Colosseum provides far nobler heroes as models for childish chivalry than Arthur and his knights of the Table Round. This is profoundly true, and it is this truth that underlies *Gospel Rhymes*. The Gospel and the beautiful parables of Christ provide far nobler food for the imagination of a child than the time honored Mother Goose and other nursery rhymes of that type.

It was indeed a happy inspiration for the firm of Sheed & Ward to gather together these rhymes inspired by the

Gospels. There is something about the swing of metric rhythm that makes it an attractive vehicle for truths which seem unpalatable in prose, or at least less catchy.

The table of contents presents an impressive array of well known Catholic writers—Fathers Martindale, S.J., Vincent McNabb, O.P., Leonard Feeney, S.J., Mr. Christopher Hollis, Marigold Hunt, Maisie Ward, and others equally well known. All of them possess the rare ability of becoming once more as children, and of seeing things through the eyes of a child.

The typography is particularly happy. Green type on ivory paper—a soothing combination for eyes that tire easily.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS OF PERE S de CAUSSADE. Translated by Algar Thorold. Burnes Oates & Washbourne Ltd., London. Price 6s.

Those already acquainted with the author's other spiritual works will welcome this latest publication. To those striving to advance in the spiritual life who realize the fundamental value of humility, *The Spiritual Letters of Father P. J. de Causade, S. J.*, is sincerely recommended. These letters were written during the second quarter of the eighteenth century to various religious correspondents of Père de Causade, and have been admirably compiled into this present volume. The book sets forth the principles of self-abandonment. The first part induces the reader to esteem and love self-abandonment; the second part illustrates the exercise of the virtue, its application to prayer and daily life; and the third is devoted to obstacles to this exercise.

Still true is the adage that we learn best from experience and the example of others. The many practical difficulties of Religious are much the same in our times as when these letters were written. The proposed solutions of the author ought, then, be welcomed. Père de Causade was one well acquainted with the practice of the doctrine he counsels. He therefore speaks with certainty and precision.

The theme is based on sound principles of mystical Theology. In the letters on prayer the reader will find a source of enlightenment and ought to derive encouragement and intellectual strength to continue in the service of the Divine Master. The beginner and those growing old in His employ will find these *Spiritual Letters* interesting and helpful, for as the Most Rev. Archbishop Goodier writes in the introduction: "In Causade one sees the best of a movement which in his time had reached its high-water mark." May the practice of this virtue of abandonment and confidence be the understructure of the edifice of which this book is the plan.

Who's Who *in* THE SIGN

A Few Thumbnail Sketches That May Prove Interesting.

IT hardly seems possible that any of THE SIGN readers should never have heard of (Very Rev.) **FULTON J. SHEEN**. He is known to thousands of Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, for his inspiring and instructive talks over the Catholic Hour every Sunday. He is further known to thousands more through his numerous books. At present, Monsignor Sheen is broadcasting a series of discourses on the Mystical Body of Christ over the Catholic Hour. It is a great pleasure to welcome him to the pages of THE SIGN, and we hope to publish more contributions from his gifted pen from time to time.—**JOSEPH GURN** makes his initial appearance in this issue of THE SIGN with an appropriate article on George Washington. He is an authority on American historical questions and a frequent contributor to various Catholic magazines.—(Mrs.) **HELEN WALKER HOMAN** must certainly be remembered for her delightful series of letters to the Apostles which appeared some time ago in THE SIGN. She returns this month with a characteristic letter to Brother Juniper. She was formerly Associate Editor of the *Commonweal*, and is the author of *By Post to the Apostles* and *Presenting Mrs. Chase-Lyon*, the latter a book of delicious irony.—**HILAIRE BELLOC**, that grand defender of the Faith, has been a valued contributor to THE SIGN for some years past. He is considered by all authorities as one of the greatest living historians. Space does not permit even a partial listing of the large number of volumes which he has written. Besides his historical work he is equally well known as an essayist and a poet. His article in the present issue is the seventh of a series on leaders of the Protestant Revolt in the Seventeenth Century. He is scheduled to arrive in America to begin a lecture tour some time this month. It is hoped that those of our readers who have enjoyed his articles in THE SIGN will endeavor to hear this great Catholic man of letters should opportunity permit.—**JOHN MOODY** first came to the attention of the Catholic reading public through his book *The Long Road Home*, which traces the story of his religious wanderings and his final conversion to the Catholic Church. He is President of Moody Investors' Service, but manages to find time to write clever and interesting articles such as the one which appears in THE SIGN this month. He

THE SIGN is constantly in receipt of letters asking for information concerning various contributors who appear in these pages. It has never been the policy of THE SIGN to run a Contributors' Column. However, from time to time, for the benefit of interested readers, we intend to publish a brief explanation of who's who in THE SIGN.

is also President of St. Paul's Guild, an organization that is doing splendid work among newly-made converts.—**AILEEN MARY CLEGG** (Mrs. Philip Hagreen), lives in a little village in England by the quaint name of Ditchling Common, Hassocks. There, she and her husband, the well-known artist, sculptor and poet, are members of a Catholic literary colony. She will be remembered for her life of St. Bernadette which appeared in THE SIGN two years ago.—**WARD CLARKE** is a graduate of Fordham University, where he taught English and Latin for four years. He is connected with the "Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee" and is also secretary of the "Spiritual Book Associates." His writings have appeared in several well-known Catholic publications.—(Merlin Shelley) **M. S. BOWEN**, is a native of California. He is now attending the University of Chicago. He became a Catholic in 1930. "A Bottle of Wine" is his first published short story. He is a disciple of the Ernest Hemingway-Morley Callaghan style of writing, as is evidenced in his story.—(Rev.) **RALPH GORMAN**, C. P., is an alumnus of the Dominican Ecole Biblique et Archéologique Française, in Jerusalem. He has been a member of some of the most famous archeological expeditions of modern times. At present he is teaching Scripture in a Passionist house of study.—(Col.) **GEORGE STUART BRADY** is Assistant Administrative Officer of the NRA. He is a native of New England and a graduate of Yale. He served as engineer during the building of the Panama Canal and, during the World War, had the singular honor of being decorated with the Order of the Purple Heart. For six years he was Trade Commissioner to Argentina, Paraguay

and Uruguay, during which time he picked up much of the interesting information which is found in his present article.—**DENIS GWYNN**, London correspondent of THE SIGN, is a member of the firm of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Catholic publishers. He is the author of several books, the most recent being a life of Eamon De Valera. As a commentator on European political and religious affairs he has few peers.—(Mrs.) **KATHERINE BURTON**, whose regular monthly feature, "Woman to Woman" has elicited such favorable comment, was formerly Associate Editor of *Redbook*. She lives in the literary atmosphere of Bronxville, New York, where she is busily engaged in bringing up her family of three children and writing occasional articles for Catholic publications.—**GEORGE CARVER** is Associate Professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh. He is the author of *The Catholic Tradition in English Literature*.—**GERHARD HIRSCHFELD** is a well-known authority on political and economic questions. He is the founder and editor of *Fact*, a weekly news index.—**RICHARD L-G. DEVERALL** is a student at Columbia, and does newspaper work in Paterson, New Jersey.—**THOMAS F. O'CONNOR** is a member of the faculty of St. Louis University.—**WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH** is the author of that splendid biography *Isabella of Spain*. He is also well known for his poetry and is Professor of English at Manhattanville College.—**STUART D. GOULDING** is an Albany newspaper man.—(Rev.) **HERBERT McDEVITT, C.P.**, is the author of *The Life of Christ in Text and Pictures*, *Blessed Vincent Strambi* and several other devotional treatises.—**DONALD ATTWATER** is a well-known British Catholic author. He is an authority on Folklore and Liturgy.—(James Blaine) **J. B. WALKER, JR.**, finds that working every day on unromantic Wall Street does not crush the poetry of soul which enables him to write stuff that is vigorous and manly.—**JENNETTE EDWARDS** is a Tennessee poet and resides in Nashville.—**MARY FABYAN WINDEATT** comes from far-off Nova Scotia.—**JOHN RICHARD MORELAND**, who is a faithful contributor to THE SIGN poetry files, resides in Virginia, and is the author of, among other volumes, *Newry*, a little book of poems about Ireland.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist Missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular



BLESSED GEMMA GALGANI

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Masses Said	27
Masses Heard	38,283
Holy Communions	26,138
Visits to B. Sacrament	39,274
Spiritual Communions	150,511
Benediction Services	8,354
Sacrifices, Offerings	40,742
Stations of the Cross	8,475
Visits to the Crucifix	21,487
Beads of the Five Wounds	12,132
Offerings of PP. Blood	72,977
Visits to Our Lady	28,028
Rosaries	33,334
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,128
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,118,262
Hours of Study, Reading	32,490
Hours of Labor	61,669
Acts of Kindness, Charity	44,643
Acts of Zeal	21,222
Prayers, Devotions	501,837
Hours of Silence	35,256
Various Works	225,460
Holy Hours	1,673

money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7: 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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RT. REV. MSGR. M. F. O'ROURKE
REV. WILLIAM A. WACHTER
REV. ANSCAR ZAWART
REV. W. J. FENNESSEY
REV. J. E. MANNIX
REV. C. J. PHELAN
SR. MARY JOHN
SR. M. SCHOLASTICA
SR. BEANA CORONA
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MARY C. CONNORS
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of {\$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

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GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

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Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

♦ ♦ ♦

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it
with you!

—

Will you hoard it
or spend it?

—

Give it away or
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

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